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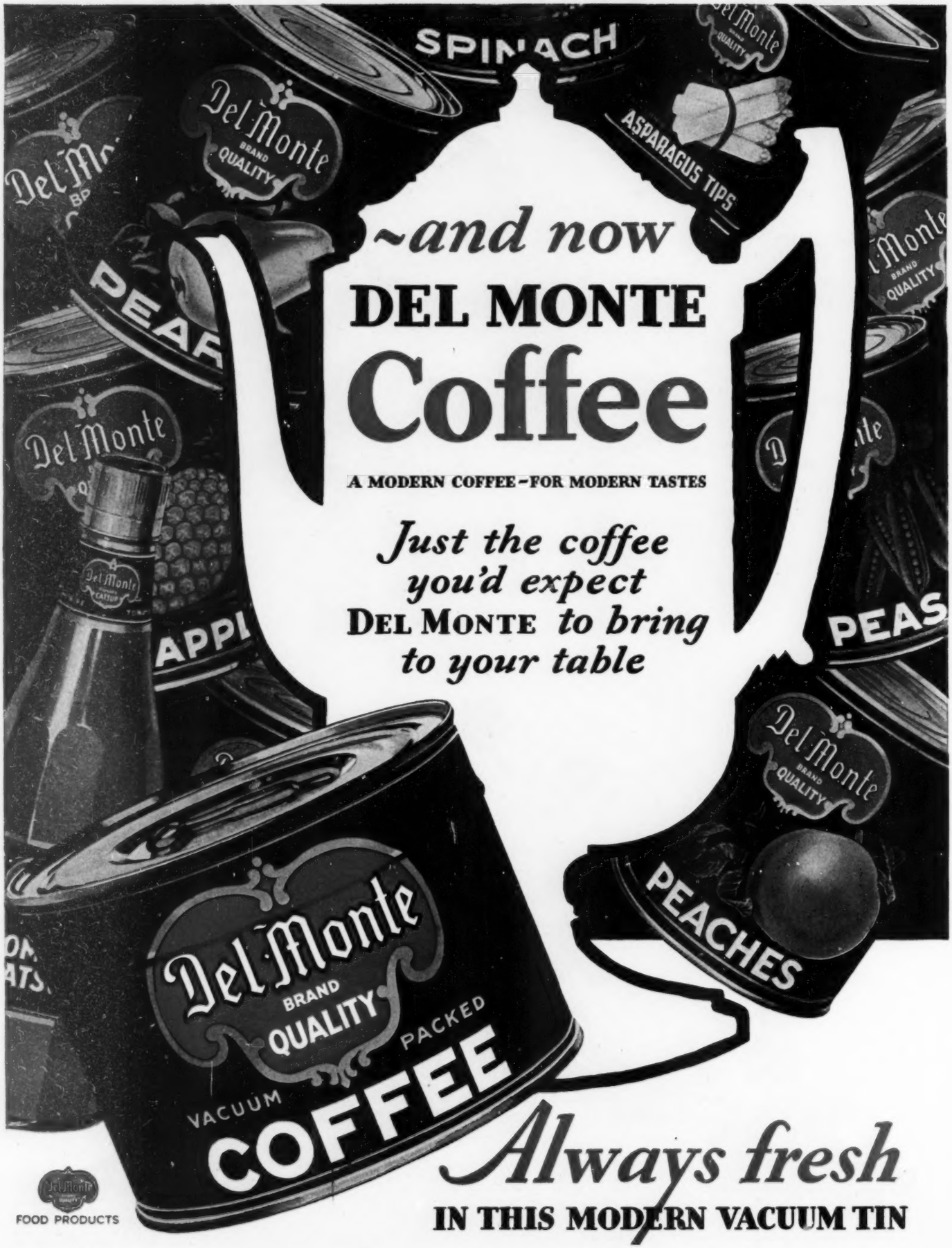

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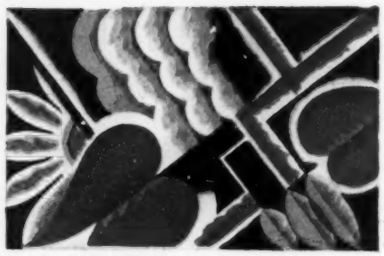

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George Horace Lorimer
EDITOR

Thomas B. Costain, A. W. Neall,
Wesley Stout, B. Y. Riddell,
Merritt Hulburd, W. Thornton Martin,
Associate Editors

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THE WALKING STICK

By C. E. Scoggins

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

FRED HARPER was nearly grown before he knew he was an alien, a misfit in his environment. As a small boy he never thought of defying the law of the herd. He liked being a Boy Scout because he liked the rhythm of marching in step with others, liked to belong to something organized beyond his comprehension. But he wasn't a very good Boy Scout; he was too apt to drift into reverie while Mr. Carmichael, the scoutmaster, was talking—listening instead to timeless harmonies of wind and water and old sunlight in the trees.

He didn't know it was abnormal to hear sunlight. Once Mr. Carmichael caught him at it—asked him a question suddenly, so that the whole troop laughed at his confusion.

Mr. Carmichael inquired humorously, "Listening to the birdies, Freddie?"

"No, sir," explained the literal Freddie; "I was just wondering if the sunshine sounded bigger a hundred years ago, when there was lots of trees."

But Mr. Carmichael didn't know what he was talking about, and the troop laughed. They jeered him about it for a while, but small boys fortunately have short memories; and he learned presently not to speak his thoughts until he heard somebody else say something of the same sort.

He didn't feel abnormal. He supposed everybody had thoughts that wouldn't go into words. He supposed all small boys had to grow up in Mumford, Indiana, and be taught thrift and industry by Hoosier fathers. He hated working in his father's grocery, but didn't all small boys hate working anywhere? His mother made him take piano lessons, but that didn't make him conspicuous; quite a few boys in Mumford, Indiana, take piano lessons while they are yet too young to offer a really hard-boiled masculine resistance. He grumbled about it as much as any of them, which saved him from realizing the shameful truth. He was a born musician.

Fred Harper Was Still Thinking of a Strange, Dark Country Somewhere

He didn't suspect it even when he found himself playing the piano a good deal, and coaching Annie Worsham—surreptitiously, of course, for Annie was a girl. He had a proper scorn for girls in general. But Annie's short girl fingers had such trouble with the piano, and she tried so manfully to keep up with him—it never occurred to either of them to wonder why. Then they arrived at high-school age, and she quit trying. Suddenly, wonderfully, they could be together with no pretext whatever, and with no sacrifice of his male dignity. She was his girl.

Nothing abnormal about that. All boys had girls. Some of them had several in rapid succession, but there was nothing conspicuous about sticking to one. In high-school society they became a unit—named Fred'n'Annie.

At this time everybody called him Fred. He was sufficiently masculine, a chunky boy with stiff, upstanding, ruddy hair and broad, strong hands. He was too short for basketball, but those hands won him a place as quarterback on the football team. He liked football. He heard wild music in the pounding effort, the rhythmic screaming of young voices, the grim strategy of the game. He didn't mind getting hurt—until he sprained a finger. After that he began to fumble passes and let tackled runners slip out of his grasp.

He didn't know why. He could get his hands on the ball, or hurl himself headlong at churning knees; but always, uncontrollably, his fingers saved themselves. The coach gave him special drill, barking at him, "Take hold of it! Clamp on it! What's the matter with you? It won't bite you—sissy!"

He tried, miserable and ashamed; but it was useless. He finished the season on the bench, and the next year he didn't go out for football.

That was when he began to feel the judgment of the herd. He had lost caste. Oh, he was still popular enough; he played the piano; he could amuse the crowd. But always the troubadour has sat below the warriors.

He was the best piano player in the crowd. Of course he had quit taking lessons; his father saw no use in paying for more lessons when he could play so well already. He could pick up almost anything from the phonograph, even intricate modern harmonies. He could imitate the technic of the occasional celebrities imported by the Mumford Evening Musicale Society. On one delirious occasion he heard Rachmaninoff, and imitated him even to the extent of having his hair clipped short.

Nobody noticed that but Annie Worsham; and she understood. What he played publicly was jazz, of course, or the hot mamma songs that young sophistication called for. But one night at Elsie Hartopp's house, in a queer reckless mood, he tried the Prelude in C Sharp Minor.

It was an unfortunate experiment. Some of the girls could play highbrow stuff if they had to, but they never thought of doing it for fun. The crowd thought he was showing off; and Mrs. Hartopp came and stood in the door, staring at him. She cried soulfully, "Why, Freddie! Why, Freddie—you're a musician!"

"I Know it," He Said Miserably. "I Don't Know What's the Matter With Me. I Just Can't Stand People Any More"

"Huh!" said Annie, treacherously loyal. "You ought to hear him when he's hot. This bunch of jazz hounds would discourage anybody."

He saved his face by dashing into the drunken rhythms of Scorching Lips. He hated soulful women. He couldn't be rude to Mrs. Hartopp, who was a real musician—wasn't she president of the Mumford Evening Musicale?—but he snubbed Annie all evening, and drove her home at a wrathful pace that would have cost him the use of the family car if his father had seen it. He didn't even stop for the customary petting on the way.

"Huh!" said Annie shrewdly. "What you ashamed of—Freddie?"

He said furiously, "Don't call me Freddie!"

But Annie only laughed, "Nighty-night—Freddie!"

She had a level Hoosier head under her sleek brown boyish bob; she knew the artistic temperament had no place in Mumford, Indiana. Whenever he got sulky—which he did with increasing frequency, he didn't know why—she tried to laugh him out of it, calling him Freddie.

He hated that tolerant diminutive. He didn't want to be petted and indulged; he wanted to be hard-boiled, masculine, average. He wasn't hard-boiled; that was his secret shame. More and more he became aware of it. A vivid turn of words when he was reading, the dark, wild colors of an afterglow, a sudden chord that swelled from the piano under his groping hands could bring unmanly tears into his throat. He tried to talk and act like other boys, harden himself to ugliness and obscenity; but always he was dismayed, conscious of secret damage to himself.

He wasn't even average. The other boys were outgrowing him. He walked erect to make the most of his scant inches, when it was fashionable to slouch; and he dressed neatly, when a jaunty shabbiness was the mode. He couldn't help it. Disorder caused him acute discomfort.

More and more he hated his hours in his father's grocery. He didn't know he had an unusually keen sense of smell; he only knew that so much food revolted him, depressed him sometimes to the point of nausea.

Quite naturally, his Hoosier father thought he was lazy, rebellious, a shining example of a worthless generation.

"When I was your age, young man," said J. D. Harper grimly, "I was supporting myself and my mother too. I don't ask you to support yourself; I'm willing to give you an education. I want you to have a better start than I had. But you won't even take an interest in learning the business."

"I've tried, father," the boy found courage to explain, "but I simply can't. I don't like groceries."

"Only to eat," snorted his father. "Well, get this through your head: You'll have to learn some business. You're no rich man's son. I can make a living while I'm here, and leave your mother a little something if I go first. That's all. I'll support you till you're twenty-one, and then I'm through. Hear me?"

"Yes, sir. I—I'll get a job now if you say so."

"No," said his father bitterly. "I'll do my duty, whether you do yours or not. I'll give you an education. What do you want to be—a musician?"

The word was a sneer, an accusation. How was the boy to know that this stout, hard-boiled man had nursed a sentimental dream—the dream of founding a dynasty?

He only knew he was unworthy. His father's business was a necessary and an honorable one; therefore it was discreditable to loathe it. A man had to have a business, make something of himself. Music wasn't a business. Musicians were like golf professionals, making a living out of a diversion. Not, of course, the great ones like Rachmaninoff; but Freddie Harper had no foolish dream of being great. He wasn't even average.

Desperately he sought a manly answer.

"I—I want to be an engineer."

There was a rhythm in mathematics and mechanics, power and form and dignity; but he didn't want to be an engineer. He wanted to get away from Mumford, Indiana.

II

ONCE it had seemed a town of romance and of dignity, linked with a storied past. Mr. Carmichael, the scoutmaster, had shown them the very spot that once had been Munn's Ford—named for Josiah Munn, one of the Long Knives of Virginia who had followed George Rogers Clark into the wilderness to wrest Vincennes and the broad Middle West from the British Hamilton—Hair-Buyer Hamilton—and his hired tomahawks. Those tales could stir the blood, stir the imagination like a vast, brave chord of music—conjuring up the brooding reaches of primeval forest, grandeur and danger and the high, unfaltering courage of those men who fought for homes.

Vincennes, Kaskaskia, Munn's Ford!

But the brave chord trailed off into unmeaning noise. The river where Munn's Ford had been was a small dirty stream where sewers emptied; there were no trees about the iron bridge to break hard sunlight into mellow notes; Munn's Road was Main Street now. There was a junk yard here, and yonder the chamber of commerce was building a cheap municipal golf course. There was no harmony in the conglomeration that was Mumford now—half rural, half industrial; brick factories and squalor, wealth and a dull conformity.

The high, clear keynote of the chord was gone. West of the railroad, negroes and poor whites toiled dully to keep alive; east of the railroad, business men worked and schemed to dress their wives as well and have as many automobiles as their neighbors. Labored to be alike. Fred Harper's father belonged to the country club, not because he liked golf—his Hoosier conscience hurt him when he took an hour from the grocery business—but because all the leading citizens belonged. He wouldn't wear knickers—in 1920 they still called them knickers—for fear his customers might think he was swanking, trying to be different.

Courage? Mumford had sent young men to the World War. They had come back, not heroes, but bewildered malcontents; you saw them loafing about the streets with bitter eyes. They had grown different.

It all came down to that: You mustn't be different. Fred Harper's generation was just breaking out, breaking the old taboos, but they did it by the herd. That year the high-school boys had blossomed in spectacular red shirts and toreador pants; Fred Harper wore them too. He hated to be spectacular, but he didn't dare be different.

He thought that in the university, where fellows came from many towns, they wouldn't notice if a man was different. And for a while he was quite happy. He was just one of a thousand freshmen, tall boys, short boys, fat boys, thin boys; his modest size and quiet bearing made him inconspicuous. Here, too, of course, the athletes were the heroes. But he made friends enough. He played the piano; he could amuse the crowd. He won his place as accompanist on the glee club, and he reveled in the sensation of weaving piano notes into the rolling harmony of fresh young voices, being one with them.

He wasn't a very good engineering student, but he was a very good accompanist. He found himself being noticed. Three fraternities invited him, and he joined one.

Oddly he was less happy. He wrote to Ann:

> You'd never know Frederic now. The fellows took my blue serge suit and cap and burned them and made me buy clothes like the rest of them. They said a blue serge cap was hick. You have to wear loud caps and very Oxford pants or you are not collegiate. I look like a retired jockey now.

Perhaps it was his consciousness of subaverage size that made him dread to be conspicuous. He wrote:

> It's positively ridic. If you haven't got a coonskin coat you're not collegiate, and if you're not collegiate you're all wet. I guess I'm the only man in school that could scrape the price that hasn't got one. Feature me in a coonskin coat! I'm short enough without trying to look like a full-size man after a safe fell on him.

He was beginning to realize that the compulsion of the herd extended over all Indiana; probably all the Middle West. He hadn't reached the stage of rebellion yet, but he was beginning to resent it. Why should a man have to dress and talk and act like everybody else? Surely, among so many fellows, there was room for some variety! But any difference made you feel uncomfortable; much difference, positively queer—all wet.

Probably he would have bought a coonskin coat if he had stayed in the university; but that spring, suddenly, his father died and he had to go home to Mumford.

And through his daze of grief and shock he saw a Mumford he had never seen before. Peopl were kind. Neighbors took charge of everything. Women were always with his mother; men stopped him on the street to grip his hand, awkwardly, almost wordlessly, their faces homely with emotion. He had known that J. D. Harper, Groceries, had been respected; he was dazed to find how deeply the community had loved and honored him. The community—more than a town; it was an entity, a spiritual something.

It enveloped him, upheld him through disaster. Neither he nor his mother knew what to do about the store, but people took it for granted that Fred would carry on. The clerks came to him for instructions. His father's banker called him in for consultation.

"Fred," he said, "you're pretty young to have to step into Jim Harper's shoes, but somebody's got to. Have you thought about your policy?"

"Policy?" said the boy numbly. "I —— No, sir. I haven't thought."

"Somebody's got to think. I didn't worry while your father was on the job; he could have swung it. But I'll be frank with you: He did let the postwar boom make him optimistic. He took on a pretty heavy line of fancy groceries. His capital is spread too thin, and there's a wave of unemployment coming. Take my advice: Close out those fancy lines."

"I will, sir," said the boy gratefully.

He found himself working like an automaton, moved and upheld by that collective kindness. The clerks were loyal to his father's memory. The Rotary Club elected him to his father's place. The president of Rotary, presenting him at his initial luncheon, spoke with deep earnestness of J. D. Harper's service to the community.

"Fred," he said, "we honor you because you are Jim's son. You have your own spurs yet to win. But we have every confidence that you will take your father's place, not only in business but in the community. It is a high standard that he has set you—the ideal of Rotary: Service Before Self."

And they all looked at him expectantly—those kindly men, his father's comrades. Under the compulsion of sixty pairs of eyes he found himself on his feet; and a horrible thing happened. Before them all his face began to work. He clenched his teeth and tried to speak the gratitude he felt.

"I'll try," he croaked. But his throat filled and tears ran down his face; he slumped into his chair and dropped his head on his arms, sobbing.

Shamefully. He hadn't cried at the funeral; only in private, with his mother. But that collective sympathy broke down the wall. It wasn't grief alone that wrecked him; it was shame, a wild, unreasoning resentment, mixed with a passionate regret that he had never known his father. How could he ever face them after this?

He heard a curious loud scrape of chairs, and with blurred eyes he saw them on their feet, honoring his emotion.

He told himself that he was grateful, but it wasn't true. What right had they to press so close, break his reserve, gloat when his grief poured out before them all? Surely a man was more than an automaton. Surely he had a right to his own soul, something not shared with the community.

Day after day, driving himself into the smells of food, he felt the pressure of that ever-present kindness. There was no privacy in a grocery store. Night after night he left the place exhausted, spent by the strain of many contacts. There was no privacy at home; his mother's friends were always with her. She always tried to cheer him by insisting that he play for them. She couldn't understand that people drove him crazy.

Even Ann Worsham couldn't understand. She was loyal, tender, but she couldn't understand.

"You've got to snap out of it," she said. "It's not good for you to go on mourning this way. It's not reasonable."

"I know it," he said miserably. "I don't know what's the matter with me. I just can't stand people any more."

"That's hooey," said the practical Ann. "Hermits are not being done. You need a few parties to get you out of yourself."

But he was out of himself; that was just the trouble. He had no words to tell her that. Nothing went on inside him any more. He played the piano on demand, but with his fingers only; there was no music in him. Sometimes at night, tramping on lonely byroads out of Mumford, dumbly seeking solitude, he saw the sliding lights of automobiles on main-traveled pikes, feeding the town—feeding the web of lighted streets that had crept out like tentacles from Josiah Munn's lone trail; he saw the glitter of a thousand windows, the glow of furnaces, busy against the mystery of night; and he felt something.

But it wasn't music. It was noise, the noise of towns, a thing complex and meaningless—a thing men built with their own hands and fed with their own souls. Its name was the community.

III

THERE was a walking stick in the umbrella stand in the front hall. It had always been there; it was so familiar that Fred had never noticed it. Presumably it had been his father's, but certainly his father had never used it. Able-bodied men didn't walk with sticks in Mumford.

It was a slender, dandified affair of some smooth yellow wood. One night as he was escaping from his mother's friends, Fred's eye fell on it. His restless fingers touched it, gripped it, liked the feel of it; drew it out stealthily, so that his mother might not hear and ask what he was doing. Mrs. Harper was one of those darting women who notice everything, no matter how trivial. He thought that was why she got along so well in Mumford. He was getting that way himself—so conscious of many things that he couldn't get hold of anything.

He opened the front door stealthily and escaped with the yellow stick into the night.

He carried it unobtrusively until he had reached the darkness beyond lighted streets. Then he gripped it, swung it, slapped his leg with it, struck out with a queer sense of release. It felt companionable in his hand; it was something to get hold of; it walked with him and didn't think

(Continued on Page 68)

"Haow Naice. I Hope Madame Will Learn Moch Cul-ture"

A Glance at World Aeronautics

By Brigadier General William Mitchell

Former Commander Air Forces, A. E. F.

AS EACH nation of the world has its own particular problems, it organizes, administers and employs its aviation to meet these needs. The basis of all their organizations is military, because that is the predominant value of aviation to the state. It is their offensive arm *par excellence*. Aviation must attack to bring about results. It cannot dig trenches or dugouts in the air and assume the defensive. It must go after its adversary, wherever he is, and either destroy him or be destroyed. There is no middle course.

England, whose far-flung empire extends to all parts of the world, is herself confined to a comparatively small, thickly populated insular territory just off the coast of a continent. The English Channel is only eighteen miles wide. With modern airplanes, from points in France, Belgium, Holland or Germany, London and other great cities of England can be reached in an hour and a half. Even from Russia, Austria, Italy or Spain, aircraft may come and throw down their messengers of death and destruction. An army or navy is powerless to prevent an incursion of this kind. The only thing that can fight it is an air force.

England, therefore, has an air force acting under a minister of aviation, and coequal in importance with the army and navy. It is intrusted with the defense of the British Isles and the seas up to within 200 miles of the islands. This leaves the navy free to get out in the ocean away from the coast and carry out its mission of keeping water areas clear for British commerce. What little aviation the army and navy need for their own domestic use is assigned them from the Royal Air Force, but the main part of Great Britain's air strength is concentrated into one command under its own chiefs and its own ministry.

Britain's Air Ministry

THE Air Ministry is organized into three principal departments—military, civil, and engineering and research. The military department has to do with all military functions of aircraft. The department of civil aviation encourages commercial air traffic, sees that suitable and safe airplanes are employed, that the pilots operating them are instructed in their duties and capable of handling transport airplanes. It regulates and pays a subsidy to civilian aircraft. It provides for airports, landing fields, airways, all the aids to air navigation, a meteorological service, the dissemination of information about aeronautics, and looks after the organization of propaganda societies and civilian clubs which will back up the Ministry of Aviation in a political way. The department of experimentation and engineering studies new types of aircraft, together with all safety devices, instruments, armament and auxiliaries.

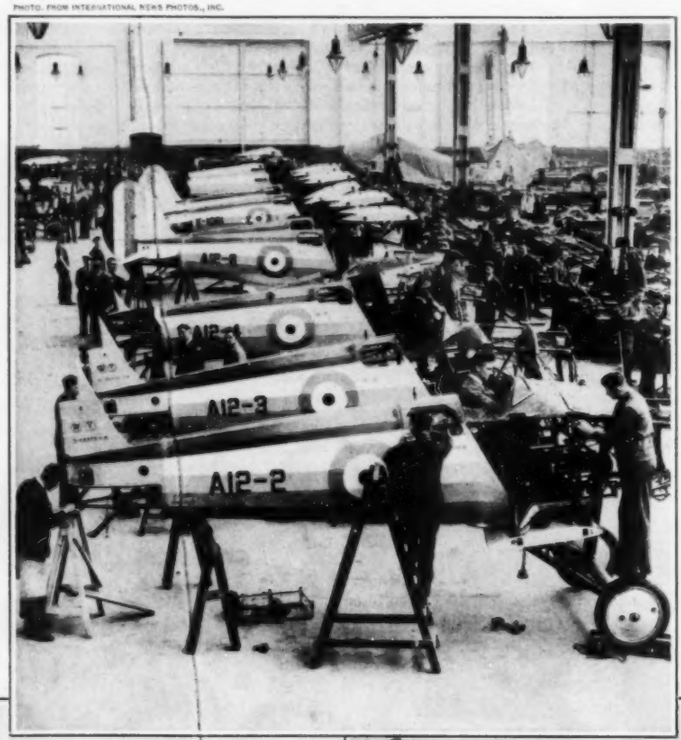
In case of war every element of the British air power is instantly handled from one headquarters. It is both simple and effective. The British aeronautical organization can well be used as a model for any country to follow. In each of the dominions and in India a department of aviation is maintained, modeled on that of the British, but modified to suit local conditions.

The mandated territory of Iraq in the valley of the Tigris and Euphrates rivers has been turned over to the air force for administration, instead of to an army commander. The result has been a great economy in its upkeep and maintenance. When the Air Force first occupied the territory some uprisings occurred. The air force commander notified the belligerent chiefs that their depredations would have to cease, but they paid no attention to these messages. So a few flights of British airplanes went over and attacked their towns, means of transportation, flocks and herds; and under cover of these attacks, troops were brought up by airplane and the localities occupied. These large transport planes—troopers, as they are commonly called—are equipped to carry twenty soldiers, with rifles, machine guns and equipment.

The natives know they have no means of resisting air control, and consequently peace, law and order prevail. A military occupation by troops alone could never entirely put down all the uprisings or roving bands, which the air force can deal with easily.

The British Air Force has been of incalculable benefit to them in India, where the frontiers have been efficiently patrolled by aircraft. It has held in check uprisings and incursions on the borders of Afghanistan, particularly by the Afridi and Wazirs, and by tribes on the borders of Baluchistan. If any armed resistance to British authority occurs in India itself, the air force, unaided, is in a position to cope with it. Great Britain is building dirigible airships and large airplanes to patrol her lines of commerce.

PHOTO. FROM INTERNATIONAL NEWS PHOTOS., INC.

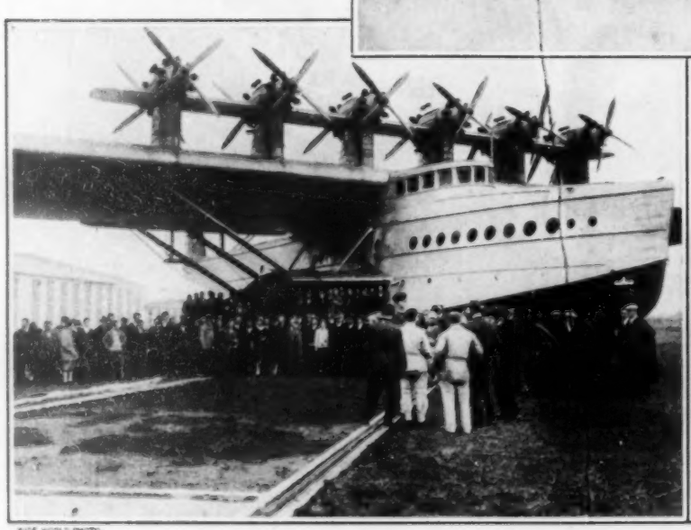


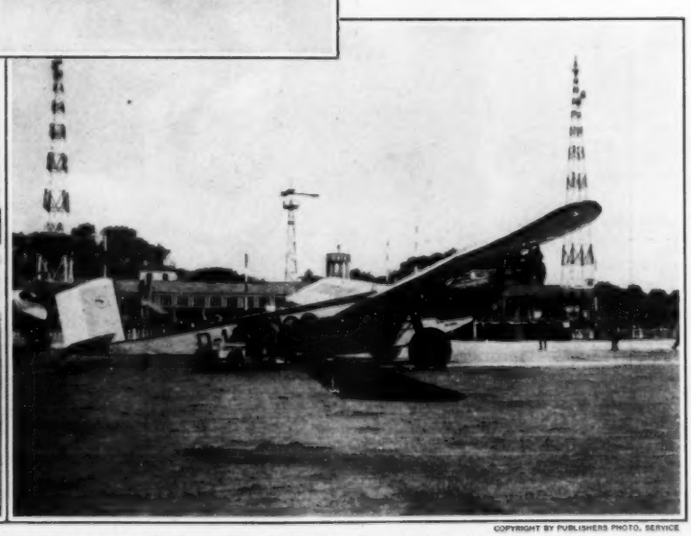
In Times of Peace —

THE great air powers of the world all have a similar system of supply. First, there are the airplanes in the hands of the troops. These are of the oldest serviceable types, which are being used up.

Next, there are a little better and more efficient airplanes, which are stored in the magazines, ready to issue to the air troops in case of war. Third are airplanes which have been tested by the technical and experimental departments, which are ready to be turned over to the manufacturers for rapid production; and fourth are the airplanes of a type still superior, which are in course of design on the drawing boards of the engineers, almost ready to be built.

The airplane factories, motor factories and all those able to fabricate aeronautical equipment are carefully organized and listed, and know exactly what they have to do in case of war.





WIDE WORLD PHOTO. COPYRIGHT BY PUBLISHERS PHOTO. SERVICE

The Dornier DO-X and Part of its Record-Breaking Load of 169 Passengers. At Right—The Lufthansa Air Field, Berlin
Above—The Main Erecting Hall of the Bristol Airplane Company at Gloucester, England

France, being confronted with warlike neighbors all around and menaced with a constantly decreasing population, has put a great deal of effort and thought into her air force. She has a department of aviation with a minister at its head which is coequal in importance with the army and navy. France maintains under arms the largest air force now in existence, consisting of about 2000 airplanes. They are able to strike at the capitals and centers of population of any of her neighbors within twenty-four hours' notice. Behind these stand 2000 more airplanes already constructed, ready to be manned by reserves; and behind these a system of supply which will keep these 4000 airplanes equipped with spare planes, parts, engines, armament, fuel and ammunition in case of a severe campaign.

France's allies, Czecho-Slovakia, Poland and Belgium, all have enormous air forces in proportion to the extent and population of their countries. They have been instructed, supplied and equipped with French planes and under the French system. With these allies, France is able to put into the air a greater air force than all the rest of the world combined. This is seldom appreciated by military students when they consider armies and navies solely, and the auxiliary air forces which are attached to them. The French know full well that air power will decide future wars.

In addition to the air force in France, the French maintain an air force in their protectorate in Morocco, which one of my old comrades, General Armengaud, is now commanding. The air force itself is able to cope with any uprisings of the natives there in the same way that the British do in Iraq. For a long time, when the great insurrection of Abd-el Krim occurred, the French Army attempted to put it down by sending out mobile columns and detachments of ground troops and keeping small garrisons at different places to support these. The Moroccans would wait for a favorable opportunity, then pounce upon these garrisons and destroy them, and be gone as quickly as they came.

An Air Victory

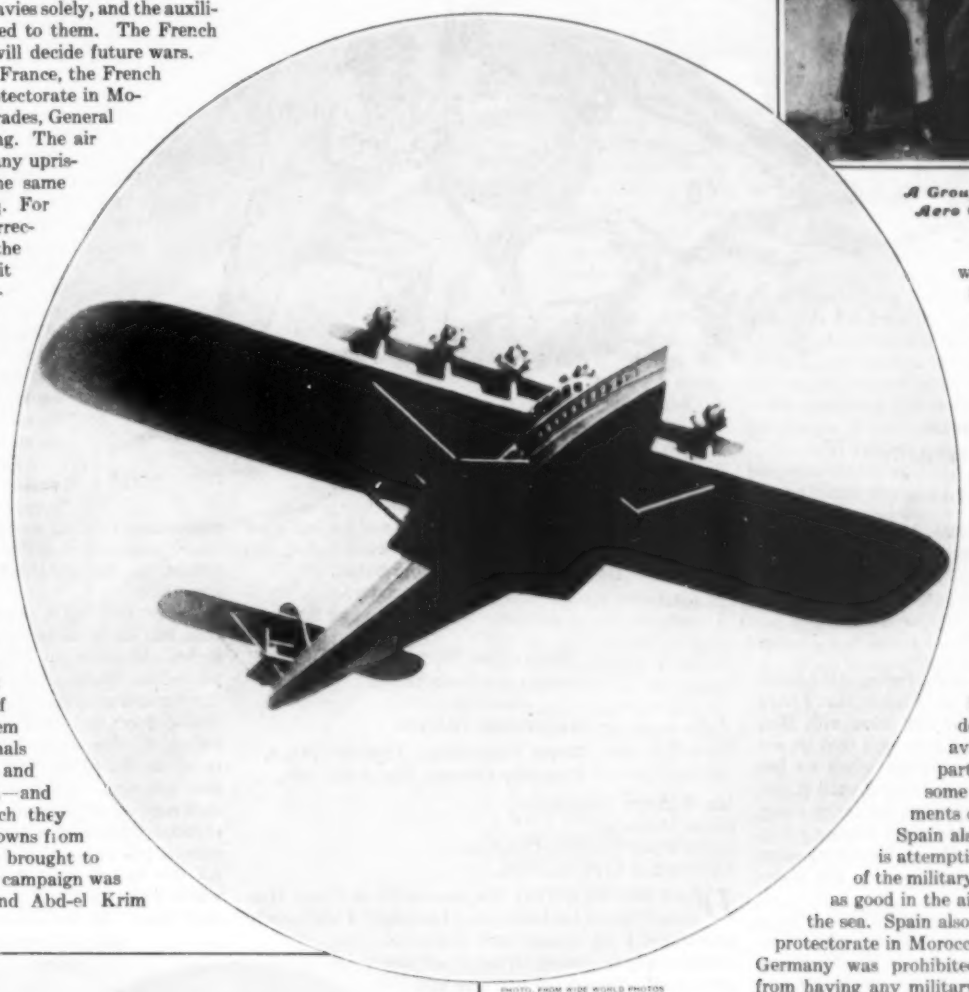
THE French Army merely used the air force as a means of communication between these posts and to supply them with food and ammunition. They were so unsuccessful that they had to listen to the advice of the air commander, who told them that by destroying the pack animals of the Riffs—their camels, horses and other means of transportation—and their cattle and goats, on which they subsisted, and menacing their towns from the air, they could be quickly brought to time. When this was done the campaign was rapidly brought to a close and Abd-el Krim surrendered and was sent into exile on the island of Madagascar, with only eight of his twenty-four wives.

The French also maintain a small air service for local use in their possession of Indo-China in Asia. This serves to map the country, carry medical assistance from place to place and keep in touch with the outlying districts where transportation is difficult.

Italy has an excellent air force under a ministry of aviation. At the end of the war, the air service, then under the army and navy, was neglected and went all to pieces. The airplanes disintegrated in tumble-down hangars. When Mussolini took charge of the government he organized a single department of national defense, with subsecretaries for the army, navy and air force. This is an ideal organization, as it concentrates command but distributes responsibility to each of the services. The Italian military problem consists in defending themselves against their neighbors and in their hope for control of the Mediterranean Sea in case of hostilities. To the north and east they are bounded by high mountains; consequently their aircraft are designed to climb rapidly and fly at high altitudes. It will be remembered that in the days of the Romans their armies occupied Switzerland. When this was accomplished they could come down from this lofty citadel on to the fertile plains of Gaul, Germany and what is now Austria. It is in the realm of possibility that a great air power occupying Switzerland in the future could from this position of vantage sweep the countries all around it with its cruisers of the air, because altitude gives a great advantage to aircraft. The Italian factories in the north of Italy turn out as good airplanes as any in the world. They are also very expert in the design and construction of lighter-than-air craft, particularly the semirigid airship, which has some characteristics superior to the rigid airship. They can be made lighter, and consequently carry a greater useful load and rise to greater altitudes.

PHOTO, FROM INTERNATIONAL NEWS PHOTO, INC.

A Group of Students From the Kiev Aero Club, One of the Twelve Flying Schools of Russia



PHOTO, FROM WIDE WORLD PHOTOS

PHOTO, FROM INTERNATIONAL NEWS PHOTOS, INC.

One of the Great Airships Used by the French in its Camp Behind the Tetuan Area in Morocco. In Circle—The Gigantic Wing Spread of the DO-X Plane in Flight

The Italian civil aviation is not well developed, as their country is not particularly large and it is expensive to maintain. There is great spirit in the Italian Air Force, handled by able young officers with the spirit of "do" in them—an all-important thing in an air force. The Air Ministry is organized into the usual departments of military and civil aviation, and an experimental department which has in contemplation some of the most interesting developments of any of the powers in aviation. Spain also has a ministry of aviation and is attempting to make this her principal arm of the military service. Her young men are just as good in the air as they are good navigators on the sea. Spain also uses this air force in her African protectorate in Morocco.

Germany was prohibited by the Treaty of Versailles from having any military aviation. She was the first of the great nations to organize a separate department of aviation, which occurred in 1916, and it was one of the reasons why, with fewer airplanes and pilots than the Allies, she rendered such a wonderful account of herself in the air on every front.

Germany's Place in the Air

SINCE the war a company known as the Lufthansa, or aeronautical trust, has been organized, which is practically a department of aviation. Stock has been taken in this company by the Reich, or federal government, by the various states, municipalities, banking institutions and large commercial enterprises, with the result that it has plenty of money. Subsidies are paid by the federal government, cities and municipalities for the airplanes, pilots and passengers carried. Their airways are exceptionally well organized, as are their airports and landing fields. I believe they are the best in existence. German aircraft are designed to fly at low altitudes, carry heavy weights and be very reliable. Metal construction predominates. Although they lost out for a while after the Armistice in the development of their motors, as this feature was stopped by the Versailles Treaty, they now have excellent engines. Recently Doctor Junkers perfected a

(Continued on Page 66)

The Vineyard at Schloss Ramsburg

By William Hazlett Upson

ILLUSTRATED BY TONY SARG

Brunhilde Would Go No Farther. Da Vinci Used Persuasion

ALEXANDER BOTTS
EUROPEAN REPRESENTATIVE
FOR THE
EARTHWORM TRACTOR

HOTEL FRAU EMMA, MERANO, ITALY.
Wednesday Evening, March 21, 1928.

MR. GILBERT HENDERSON,
SALES MANAGER,
EARTHWORM TRACTOR COMPANY,
EARTHWORM CITY, ILLINOIS.

DEAR HENDERSON: It is with a feeling of the greatest optimism that I write you to report that I have just arrived in this charming city along with Mrs. Botts—or Gadget, as I usually call her—and that we are about to start the great selling campaign which we feel sure will proceed from one success to another until at last there will be a real American Earthworm tractor on every farm, every dirt-moving project, and every hauling job in the entire kingdom of Italy, from the southernmost shore of sunny Sicily to the northernmost pass in the snow-covered Alps.

Right now we are in the Alps. I would like to write a whole book about this place, but as I do not wish to be prolix I will merely state that the town of Merano is in a deep valley at the confluence of two rushing mountain torrents. There are splendid hotels and stores and hundreds of ancient stone villas with beautiful gardens and parks and avenues of trees—very fine to look at in the first green of the springtime. The sides of the valley, which rise up very steep all around the town, are covered with vineyards. There are grim-looking medieval castles on a number of the lower hills. And behind these are the dizzy peaks and snowfields of the Tyrolean Alps. In short, this is indeed a swell place, and in every way worthy to be the scene of our first Earthworm-tractor sale in Italy.

Our ten-horse-power demonstration machine has already arrived by freight from Genoa, and tomorrow morning we are going to call on Graf Anton Hasendorf, who lives in a near-by castle called Schloss Ramsburg. [Note: *Graf* is German for count, and *Schloss* means castle.] This count sent me a letter in German—which Gadget, who knows all these languages, translated—saying that he had seen one of our advertisements and would buy a ten-horse-power Earthworm provided it was as good as the advertisement claimed. This guy uses the German language because he is an Austrian count. Apparently this region used to belong to Austria. It didn't become part of Italy until after the war, and most of the people here speak German. All of which makes no difference to us, as Gadget is such a splendid linguist that she can talk to any of them.

I will write you again tomorrow night and let you know how we get along. But don't worry; I have a feeling that this count is going to be as putty in our hands.

Most sincerely,
ALEXANDER BOTTS.

ALEXANDER BOTTS
EUROPEAN REPRESENTATIVE
FOR THE
EARTHWORM TRACTOR

HOTEL FRAU EMMA, MERANO, ITALY.
Thursday Evening, March 22, 1928.

MR. GILBERT HENDERSON,
SALES MANAGER,
EARTHWORM TRACTOR COMPANY,
EARTHWORM CITY, ILLINOIS.

DEAR HENDERSON: We have called on Count Hasendorf, and it has been a very hard day. I will have to admit that I am amazed and bewildered, and almost ready to give up trying to sell this gentleman a tractor. I will give you a brief account of what has occurred, and in the course of the narrative I will make a few remarks about the advertising department of the Earthworm Tractor Company, and the truly remarkable way they seem to translate their publicity into foreign languages.

The Snowy Whiskers of the Count Were Waving and Rippling Gently in the Breeze

The beginning of our day's work was entirely favorable. We had already inquired the way to the castle; so, after an early breakfast, we got the tractor at the freight station, filled it with gas and oil, and climbed on board.

With the gears in high, and with the clear morning sunshine playing on the brand-new paint of the tractor, we rolled majestically down the Corso Goethe, waking all of the guests in the swell hotels along the way with the cheery, whole-souled roar of our motor. At the municipal theater we turned to the right, crossed the bridge over the swift, glacier-fed waters of the Passirio, and followed the Viale di Campi past the Camp Sportivo—where our advent temporarily interrupted several early-morning games of tennis.

A mile or so farther on we passed the bottom of a beautiful new funicular railway, if that is what you call it—two big cables stretched right through the air from the bottom of the valley to a town called Avelengo about three thousand feet up on the mountainside. A little car, hung on rollers, and pulled by a smaller cable, was running up one of these big cables, and a second car was coming down the other. There were passengers in both cars. Right beside the spendid new funicular was an older one, which had apparently been abandoned.

It seemed to me that all this was a good omen. If the people of this region used such magnificent transportation equipment, they ought to be machinery-minded and apt to look with favor on that greatest of mechanical masterpieces, the Earthworm tractor.

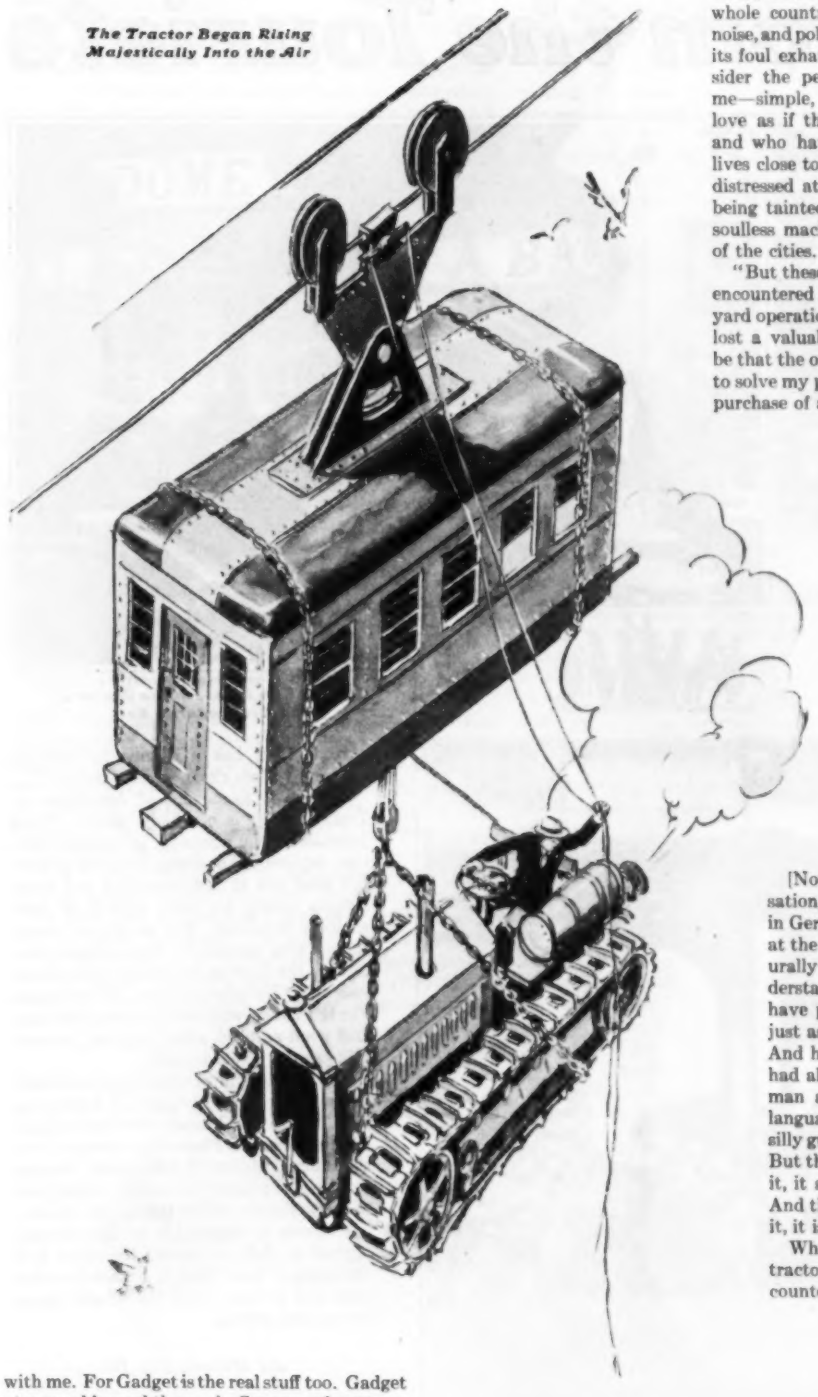
As we continued on our way the road began to climb, and directly ahead and far above us we saw Schloss Ramsburg itself, perched on top of a rocky hill or promontory. The road zigzagged up the side of the valley, circled around behind the castle, and then took us out along a narrow ridge that connected the main range of mountains with the hill on which the castle was built. At length we came to a deep gully which was spanned by a drawbridge leading to a big gate in an ancient stone wall. We had arrived.

We parked the tractor beside the road, walked across the bridge, and rang a large bell. I expected to see a guy in armor come out, but such was not the case. A little door in the big gate opened, and a very harmless-looking old woman greeted us. Apparently she was the cook or housemaid or something.

Gadget told her in German that we wanted to see the boss, and she led us inside. We walked through a couple of arches and came out into one of the best-looking courtyards I have ever seen. It was paved with big blocks of stone and surrounded by stone buildings with beautiful arched doors and windows, tile roofs, towers, gables and balconies. One of the buildings, at the lower end of the court, seemed to be a sort of combination stable and servants' quarters. In this country the servants and the animals rank about the same. In front of the stable was a batch of laundry drying on a clothesline, and a large and very rich manure pile with a flock of fat hens scratching around in it. All this looked most domestic and homelike. And the whole place, taking it by and large, was undoubtedly a swell joint. All the stonework was very old and covered with lichens and moss and ivy. Very fine, indeed.

The old woman took us through an archway at the opposite end of the court from the stable, and we entered the great hall of Schloss Ramsburg, which was filled with a warm glow from a cheerful fire in the big fireplace. I had just time to notice the magnificent Turkish rug on the stone floor, the rows of distinguished-looking old portraits on the wall, and the huge beams overhead, when Count Hasendorf himself came in.

He was better than any of the portraits—about six feet tall, about seventy-five years old, and with a face and a beard like the pictures of old man Moses. Beside him was the Countess Hasendorf, a quiet, gentle-looking woman with very lovely white hair. After one look I knew that these people were the real stuff. And I congratulated myself for having been sensible enough to bring my wife



The Tractor Began Rising Majestically Into the Air

with me. For Gadget is the real stuff too. Gadget at once addressed them—in German, of course—and they replied in the same language. We learned later that they speak German, French and Italian, but practically no English.

After the preliminary greetings were over, Gadget said, "We have brought an Earthworm tractor for you to look at."

"That is very kind of you," said the count.

"We understand," said Gadget, "that you want to buy one."

"Well," said the count, "I can't say that I really want to buy one."

"But I don't understand. I thought you wrote us that you would take a tractor if it was as good as the advertisement said it was."

"Exactly," said the count. "I may be compelled to buy one of your machines. But I don't want to. I am an old-fashioned man, Mrs. Botts, and I hate this frightful modern machinery. Every fiber of my being is outraged at the thought of my beautiful vineyard being polluted by the presence of a vile tractor, clanking and puffing among the vines, destroying the peace of the whole countryside with its hellish noise, and polluting the very air with its foul exhaust. And when I consider the peasants who work for me—simple, sturdy souls whom I love as if they were my children, and who have always lived clean lives close to Nature—I am deeply distressed at the thought of their being tainted by contact with the soulless machine-made civilization of the cities.

"But these are evil days; I have encountered a difficulty in my vineyard operations; I have apparently lost a valuable mule; and it may be that the only way I shall be able to solve my problems will be by the purchase of a tractor."

"Well, count," said Gadget, "that certainly is tough luck. But after you have bought an Earthworm tractor, you'll find out it's not half as bad as you think. Let's go out and look at the machine. Then you can tell us about your problems, and we'll see if the Earthworm can solve them." And she led the way back through the courtyard to where we had parked the tractor.

[Note: The above conversation, as I have said, was all in German. But as you guys at the home office would naturally be too ignorant to understand it in the original, I have put it down in English just as Gadget translated it. And here is another idea: I had always thought of German as essentially a comic language—it has so many silly gurgles and snorts in it. But the way the count talks it, it sounds most dignified. And the way Gadget handles it, it is actually musical.]

When we got out to the tractor, the count and the countess sort of hung back.

"Step right up, count," said Gadget. "It won't bite you. It's house-broken and everything. And its morals are clean and spotless—even if it does come from the materialistic machine-made civilization of the cities. It is guaranteed not to taint or sully the purity of even the most innocent Tyrolean peasant."

But the count wouldn't come within ten feet of it. "Suppose you drive it in," he said, "and I'll show you what I want you to do with it."

As soon as Gadget had explained this to me, I flipped the crank, climbed into the seat, and drove across the bridge, through the big gate and into the courtyard. Then the count directed me through another gate and out onto an open stone terrace on the side of the castle toward the valley, where we got one of the swellest views I have ever seen.

In front, and almost a thousand feet below us, was the town of Merano, with its churches, beautiful buildings, parks and trees. The two little streams—the Passirio and the Adige—glittered in the sunshine as they flowed along through the green fields and past a number of clustered little villages. On the hills across the valley were four or five big castles; the largest of which was Schloss Tirol, from which this whole region takes its name. And above the castles were the snow-covered peaks of the higher mountains.

After we had admired this beautiful scene, the count explained all about his vineyard, and the troubles he was having, and what he wanted the tractor to do. As the conformation of the vineyard is the basis of most of the count's troubles—and of all of mine at this time—I will describe it in some detail.

As I have said, Schloss Ramsburg stands on top of a hill which juts out from the side of the valley much as a buttress juts out from the side of a building. The only road to the castle—the one we have followed—winds up the slope of the main mountain range at one side of the hill, circles around, and reaches the castle from the rear, where the little gully, crossed by the bridge just outside the big gate, is the only thing that separates the top of the hill from the main slope of the mountain behind.

The right and left sides of the buttresslike hill are almost perpendicular rock cliffs, but in front of the castle the ground slopes down at a forty-five-degree angle for several hundred feet, and then continues by a gentle descent to the bottom of the valley and the town of Merano. On the upper, or steep, part of the slope is the castle vineyard. It is terraced like a gigantic flight of steps; and each step, or terrace, is a level shelf of rich soil about a quarter of a mile long and ten feet wide, held in place by a vertical stone retaining wall about ten feet high. The grape vines grow on trellises made of wooden poles.

As we looked down from the castle on this remarkable vineyard, the count explained that it was one of the finest in the world.

"It was started by the ancient Romans," he said. "Possibly the stone walls that hold the terraces were begun two thousand years ago. It must have taken centuries to complete them—there are forty-four terraces in all—but apparently they were all finished when my family came into possession of the land in the year 1433. And the retaining walls are so solid that hardly any repair work is needed—which is fortunate, because with labor as expensive as it is today, and the price of wine so low, it would be impossible for me to do much stone construction."

"It looks like more work than it's worth," said Gadget. "Why couldn't the old Romans have put their vineyard on some level field?"

"A hillside vineyard is always better," said the count. "The air drainage protects the vines from the danger of frost and from the dampness which causes fungous diseases. And the drainage of the soil water keeps the earth moist, but never water-soaked. Furthermore, the soil in this particular slope is of a chemical composition peculiarly adapted to grapes."

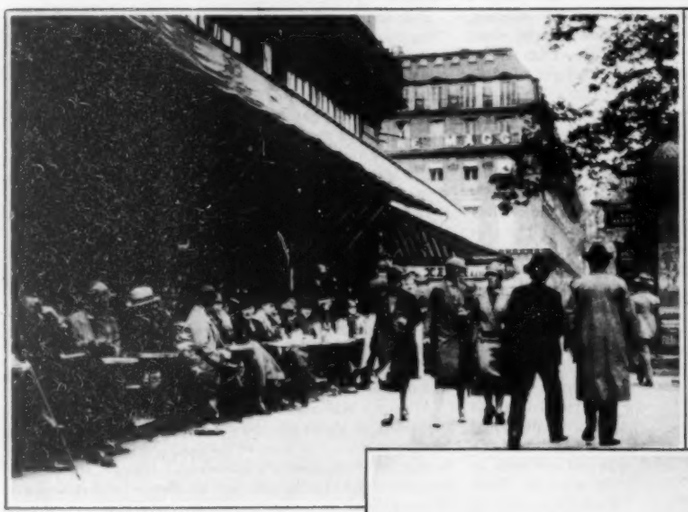
"How interesting!" said Gadget.

"History records," said the count, "that the wine from this vineyard was the favorite drink of the great Emperor Augustus Cæsar himself. From his time on, down through the ages, it has remained the first choice of the greatest authorities."

"I see," said Gadget. "It's a very high-grade product, like champagne."

(Continued on Page 135)

Plain Tales From the Tourists



PHOTO, BY DE COU FROM EWING GALLOWAY

Five o'Clock Crowd at the Famous Café de la Paix

PHOTO, BY BURTON HOLMES FROM EWING GALLOWAY

The Café du Dome, in the Center of the Art Moderne Belt

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Tourists Posing for a Photographer in the Garden of the Tuileries

By Eleanor Kinsella McDonnell

LYCURGUS, most interesting of the ancient lawmakers, forbade his citizens to go abroad. Only the most exceptional individuals in the state had this privilege granted to them—and then only in the rarest cases. He did not want his Spartans contaminated by contact with foreign customs, which were generally agreed, even by the foreigners themselves, to be less good than those prevailing at home.

Viewed from the standpoint of modern thought on the liberty of the individual and the cultural benefits of foreign travel, this Spartan law seems unnecessarily drastic, not to say narrow and inapplicable. But looked at from the vantage point of one who has had to live abroad for a number of years and who has seen millions of her countrymen and women come to Europe and depart again, shorn as the proverbial lamb, it presents itself as a law with several highly commendable features.

If We Had a Lycurgus

WERE there the remotest possibility of its revival, I should be among the most vigorous to howl it down. I have no grudge against the steamship companies which depend for their profits on the heavy American tourist traffic, and no wish to send to permanent ruin the foreign merchants and hotel keepers who hibernate luxuriously on the somewhat exaggerated benefits which accrue to them from the spring and summer influx of transatlantic visitors. Nor have I any desire to turn into hideous nightmares those luscious dreams of invisible exports which fill the treasury heads of the various European governments as they lay themselves down on the nocturnal pillow, secure in the thought that no matter what else goes wrong in the countinghouse, a horde from over the seas will come and, buying through the nose, make everything all right again.

We haven't any Lycurgus. And we aren't Spartans. And we've too many laws anyhow. But just the same, I like to amuse myself by imagining just what would happen had we a Lycurgus and were we Spartans.

Putting it another way, I find it highly entertaining to suppose that every American who is planning a trip abroad this year has a brain wave and puts that plan on ice for another twelve months, say. "I'll go to the Grand Canyon," he tells himself, "or to the Yellowstone, or to Lake Michigan, or to the pine woods of Maine. And mother and the children will go with me."

Not a single American citizen, mind you, debarks at Cherbourg, Le Havre, Boulogne or Marseilles. Not a Yankee syllable is heard under the arcades of the Rue de Rivoli. Not a dollar changes hands in the shops along the Avenue de L'Opéra. Not one waiter at the cafés on the Grands Boulevards, or in Montparnasse or Montmartre, gets a chance to double the count on the saucers. Not a single chauffeur is provided the occasion once again to prove that the longest way round is invariably the dearest way home. And not one hotel keeper, pointing to an undecipherable figure on the bill which almost triples the agreed price, has a chance to murmur suavely, "*Mais c'est le taxe, monsieur.*"

Europe is as devoid of Americans as Death Valley is of shady pools. Those journalists who annually, in pungent articles, deplore the overseas invasion of their fair land are at last rewarded and must scratch hastily for other objects of their seasonal invective. The music-hall entertainers who depend for their clumsy parodies on the hapless American visitor must look alive for other subjects of burlesque. For the Yanks, with their free-handed ways and good-natured grins, are not present this year to be excoriated.

I say Europe, but I mean more especially Latin Europe. And bringing it down to an even finer point, I mean more particularly France, because France has always been the adored Mecca of Americans, because France gets most of the tourist money, and because France, while taking the money, has shown a disposition to discriminate against us, fully to appreciate which it is necessary to have lived in France for some time and to have read the French press over a long period.

As Others See Us

DURING a ten years' residence in Paris I have had an excellent opportunity of observing not only the amusement and intellectual pleasure which my countrymen and women have experienced but, as well, the trials and tribulations—and injustices—they have had to endure. In the business of living in Paris—of signing leases, paying taxes, receiving packages from the customs, engaging servants, and, above all, of hearing the plaints of my tourist friends and their tourist friends—I have culled a number of experiences which are not without bearing on the subject.

During this period I have seen the franc go from eight to the dollar all the way up to fifty and back again to twenty-five. I have seen us Americans treated as glorious redeemers of a hard-pressed, bled-white race; as rapacious Shylocks who sermonize while giving the screw another turn; as slick, unscrupulous traders who, with our amazing industrial products and our jazzy arts—our automobiles and our films especially—are craftily planning a body blow at the entire French economy; as wily Machiavellis whose very philanthropists give millions with the deadly intention of Americanizing the whole world.

But, above all, I have seen us treated as ripe, ingenuous suckers who, while *en voyage* at least, will allow the bleeders

to fasten onto us and stay there until we are as flat and bloodless as a lemon sole.

This article is not written with any desire to denigrate the many and varied charms of France. They exist—and they are well known. But charm is not indestructible. And a country, as well as a woman, must have something more than beauty and superficially attractive manners if the admiration she excites is to endure. Even ardent lovers, in the end, turn away from the purely mercenary mistress, no matter how lovely she be—unless they are weak-minded.

Unless we are weak-minded we will not, I believe, continue to look forward with the same anticipation and thrill to a trip to France, and perhaps several years' residence there, as we formerly did, if France maintains legislation which operates unfairly against the foreigner—especially the one she conceives to be rich—and if her merchants and that vaste horde which lives by the foreigner's coming—waiters, guides, hotel employes, apartment owners—do not begin to look upon him merely as an object of legitimate and tempered profit instead of as a victim to be scalped.

I do not pretend that we Americans are not in some measure to blame for what has happened to us, since the war, in France. More than eleven years after the Armistice you can still hear tales in the Touraine, which was the seat of our General Staff's headquarters, of how American officers and the American Commissary threw down tied-up bundles of French notes in payment for supplies without even counting out the money, and of how the doughboys lighted their cigarettes with five-franc bills.

The American Always Pays

THE Tourangois say that the impossibility of finding workers and servants in their district is directly attributable to the Americans, who enriched the peasantry to such an extent that they no longer have to work. And my maid, who is from Picardy, declares that the same situation exists in the north because of the long campaign of the English on the Somme.

"The Tommies would buy the eggs, madame, no matter what the peasants asked for them!" she declares.

The American ignorance of the value of money has become an axiom throughout the country. In the most out-of-the-way places and in the most modest little *burettes* you can hear stories being told illustrative of it. The French provincial loves these stories, as children love the fabulous tales of Achilles and Hercules.

Only last summer, in Brittany, I heard a waiter discoursing lengthily on the meaninglessness of money to us. Among other examples, he cited that of two young Americans who had sat down on his terrace and ordered benedictine. It was served to them in two small glasses. When they asked the price the waiter told them, "Thirty-five francs."

Here the waiter winked and explained, "I didn't exactly lie; for, you see, a bottle of it does cost that much."

Surprised, the youths paid, nevertheless. "I guess this place is too swell for us," one of them remarked as they left.

Two thimblefuls of the liquid had cost them the price of a bottle!

"The Americans'll pay anything," the waiter commented.

That commentary has current acceptance throughout France now. A race whose chief use for money is the saving of it looks with wonder and contempt on a race whose chief use for money seems to be the spending of it. What the French have overlooked is an important corollary to this American attitude toward the use of money; it is that when we say spending it we mean spending it, and not being cheated out of it.

The chief factor complicating the matter for the American tourist is the sense of inferiority which derives from unfamiliarity with the language. A man who would offer speedily to wring the neck of a waiter short-changing him at home bows the head meekly over short-changing at a Paris café, simply because the *garçon*, who understood English readily enough when the order was given, retreats into blissful ignorance at the quarrel over the settlement. And the tourist, appalled at his own inability to parleyvoo, goes away fuming, his evening ruined, unless he is a philosopher.

But more and more Americans are learning their way about among the French irregular verbs and confusing genders. And, of course, all French people who do business in a serious way either speak English themselves or have English-speaking people on the premises. Surprisingly, this does little to lessen the feeling of exploitation which overwhelms so many American tourists in France.

All countries, I know, have their cheats and sharpers. It's as easy to buy a gold brick on Broadway as on the Champs-Élysées. But what never fails to surprise Americans in France is, I think, the finding of chicanery in places one would never think of looking for it—as, for instance, in hotels supposedly first-class.

An Old Corner in Montmartre

In this connection I think of a friend of mine who was staying at one of the many good hotels on the Rue de Rivoli, which cater especially to Americans.

She had a small but very expensive room. The same accommodation would have cost her less in New York. Her weekly bills were large, for she had many friends in for tea and cocktails, and, besides, she liked those little American extras which are special to us and for which the French bill us very highly when they are demanded—such as real cream for the morning coffee, grapefruit and orange juice. All in all, the hotel was making a good thing out of her and she had planned to stay for several months.

One morning when she was having breakfast in bed there was a knock on the door. "Enter" having been called, a very gorgeous maitre d'hôtel came in. On a silver platter he carried a beautiful bunch of hothouse grapes.

"Will madame permit that I offer her these for her *petit déjeuner?*"

My friend was touched, and thanked him profusely. "After all," she said to herself, "they are a charming race. And they do appreciate me here. Everything is awfully high, but I think I'll stay. I hate the way I have to go over the bills with a fine-tooth comb for errors every week, but I suppose it's the same everywhere."

A Bunch of Grapes for Madame

WHEN she came to eat the grapes, their beautiful appearance proved somewhat deceptive. They were just a little overripe. "Still," she said, "it was a lovely gesture. Poor fellow! He couldn't get rid of them downstairs in the dining room and so he decided to give them away. It was nice of him to think of me."

But when my friend got her bill at the end of the week, there was an item on it which almost destroyed her faith in human nature. It read: "*Raisins de petit déjeuner*, 80 *francs*."

Eighty francs for a bunch of grapes which had been offered as a gift!

My friend thought of the suave maitre d'hôtel gloating over the way he had stuck her with his rotten fruit, and, paying her bill, she left, never to go back again. In my opinion, she should not have paid.

Another friend of mine was staying at a hotel even more luxurious. Here one seldom hears French spoken at any time of the year. My friend, one afternoon, bought herself a coat for 5000 francs.

"Don't send it until tomorrow afternoon," she advised the *vendeuse*. "Give me a chance to get to the bank in the morning to get some money."

But the shop did send it, and when my friend arrived back at the hotel that evening she found the package there.

"It was nice of you to take it in and pay for it," she said to the clerk at the desk. "I'll reimburse you tomorrow."

"Don't bother, madame, we'll just put it on the bill."

"Fine," she said, and added to herself mentally, "I'll give him a little tip."

The bill was presented to her as she was departing for the boat train. They had put the five thousand francs down all right. They had put it down before figuring all their various percentages. The percentage for the *taxe de luxe*,

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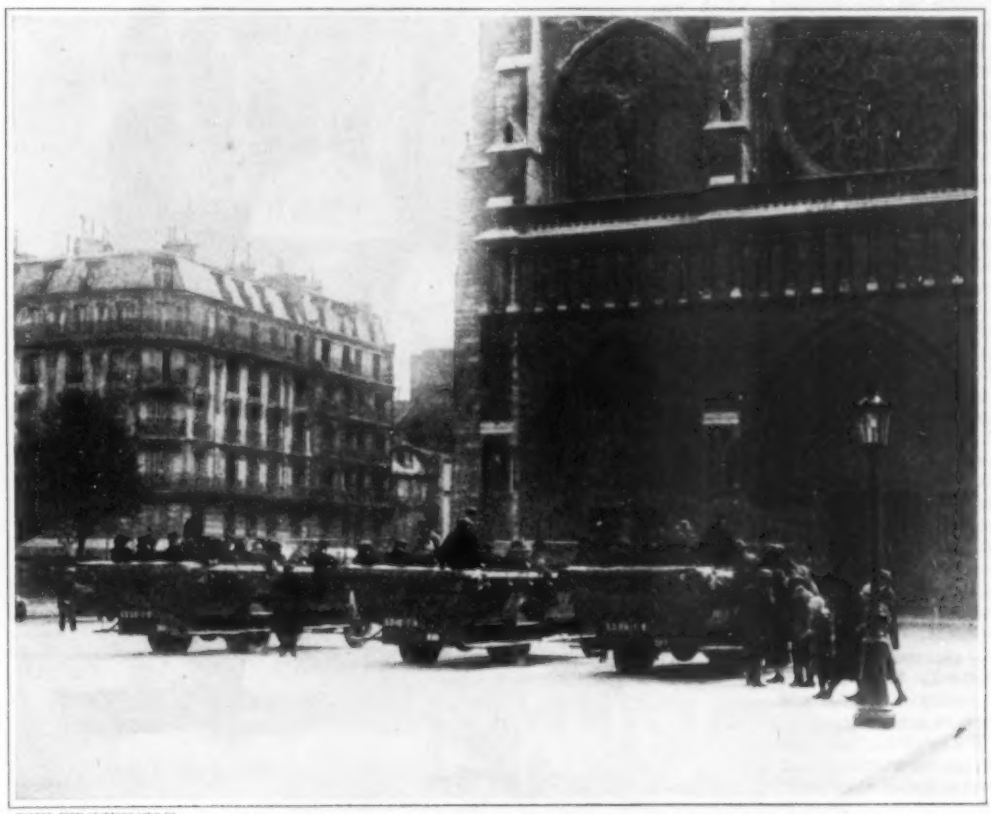

PHOTOS, FROM KEYSTONE VIEW CO.

American Sightseers in France in Front of Notre Dame Cathedral

THE LONG CHANCE

By Bernard DeVoto

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

Her Eyes Became Inattentive and Color Stained Her Cheeks. When She Looked at Me Again, I Was a Century Old

CYNTHIA FALLON kept her face averted from me, holding her horse to a sedate walk in step with mine, and the pause lengthened intolerably. To my surprise, I found that I was trembling. More than that, I was tense and distressed. I was aware, with a quick apprehension, that the New England countryside was bleak with late November. I was aware that I was no longer young and that disappointment must go hard with me. I was aware of the infinite desirability of Cynthia's averted cheeks, of those firmly rounded shoulders, of the dark hair that just showed beneath the small close hat of gray felt. Then she glanced at me swiftly and just as swiftly took her eyes again from my search. My throat was dry and a quiver of alarm ran along my nerves. For her eyes had been derisive and cold.

We were slowly climbing the long road up March Hill. I could say nothing more; I must sit straight in the saddle and look fixedly at the horses. Hers strained against the bit, eager to be let out. It had been chosen for her by my nephew Fletcher, who knew horses so well and knew so very little else. A small sorrel, which she had idiotically named Isaac, it pulled against the strength of her small wrist, but she would not give it head. Then at last we were at the top of the hill, and the valley of Webersham stretched out beneath us, purple and deep, untouched by the setting sun. Cynthia pulled her horse to the side of the road and halted it. Mine followed companionably. We sat there looking out over the valley.

At the far hills the sun dropped behind a mass of black clouds that at once turned carmine. The red light fell on Cynthia's cheeks.

She turned to me—and I had been right about her eyes. "No," she said, with more vehemence than was native to her. The sunset light was not all that gave color to her face. "No, John! What gave you the idea that I might marry you?"

My heart was a stone dropping swiftly through darkness. And yet, I had had an omen of this answer. When had I ever meant anything to Cynthia? I had known her all her life, and in all that time I had been only someone to be relied on, only a friend whose feelings could not possibly be personal. I could no further expose myself to her defenselessly.

"I didn't suppose," I said coldly, "that to ask you would be off naive."

The sorrel began to nuzzle in the frost-killed yellow grass. Cynthia jerked his head up abruptly. "You've decided that you'd like a wife, John?" she asked, her voice chill with what could be only contempt. "No, not that, even. You've decided that your years and position make a wife the reasonable thing. So, after an analysis of the market, you decide that I'm conservatively valued. I was a wife for four years, which indicates a proved fitness. I've been a widow for six years, which argues willingness. And of course you're John Marriot—which implies everything. No; I appreciate the appraisal, John, but you'll forgive me if your prospectus doesn't attract me."

I could not understand why she became increasingly angry at me. I couldn't understand, I realized suddenly, anything about her. Her eyes had grown deep and bitter. Her chin was disdainful. The shadow of her hat was a semicircle on her forehead, which was wrinkled with scorn. Dressed in heavy cord jacket and breeches and darkly polished boots, she was infinitely desirable. Awareness of her surged over me. Long before Cynthia Doliver had married Mark Fallon, she and I had been friends. There was no time when I could not remember her loveliness—child, girl, young woman, wife, widow. And no time when I could not remember thinking of her with hope and deprivation.

A strong impulse stirred in me to take her forcibly in my arms. I dropped the reins and my hands actually rose toward her, but I forced them back. If Cynthia could jeer at an emotion that had endured for twenty years, I could not risk her further scorn. The surprising thing was that her eyes shone with a sudden and unmistakable excitement. The anticipation, I supposed, of a further opportunity to deride me. The excitement lapsed and they were somber again.

"Tell me, John," she said, with an impersonality that stirred a deeper resentment in me, "why didn't you suggest this a year ago, when you retired from the sacred firm of Ames, Marriot, Goldstone & Potter? You became a country squire then. Hadn't you convinced yourself that a wife was appropriate to the estate?"

I was resolved that I would show no emotion that might amuse her. "Would you have found the idea less preposterous a year ago?"

She slapped the reins in her hand. The buckskin glove gave off a powdery dust. "It would have been an idea still!" she cried. Her cheeks were fiery in the dying light. "John, John, is everything a plotted curve to you? Can't you ask a woman to marry you with some kind of fervor in your voice? Must you talk about love, even, as if it were an issue of 5 per cent first-mortgage bonds?"

"I don't remember," I said coldly, "mentioning love."

"I noticed. Perhaps if you had ——"

"Don't lie to yourself, Cynthia," I interrupted her. "And don't be a fool. Are there fevers and glorious passions in the world for us? I'm thirty-seven, my dear, and a bond broker's memory assures me that you're thirty-two. Ten years ago I might still have roused myself to some ecstasy of desire for you. Ten years ago—not now. You killed all that in me."

"Did I, John?" she asked, more gently.

"It was good riddance," I assured her. "The world isn't a romantic place and it hasn't room for the splendid impulses of young fools. I'm glad you killed it. But you did. When you married Mark it was no longer possible for me to flame in purple and gold. You did me a kindness." I drew on my gauntlets and picked up the reins. "I can't pretend an irresistible young madness now. You know me—you've known me all your life. You know what I am. I've offered you that ——"

"Recommending a gilt-edge investment." She was reflective now, not angry or derisive. "I don't question its complete safety. But no. I'm probably a speculator at heart, and therefore contemptible. But without the element of irresistible madness—no, John. I'm sorry."

I bowed. "It's kind of you to say so," I told her formally.

We rode down the long hill toward Websham. Darkness came swiftly and the air was very cold. November hurried toward December, and I was thirty-seven. Cynthia would never be a wife in my house. . . . Hedges and trees were a deeper blackness beside the road. Frozen ruts crackled under our iron hoofs. Isaac broke into a canter and my mare joined him. For a mile we rode thus through deepening darkness, and then, in the valley, pulled the horses to a walk again. I heard Cynthia draw her breath sharply. I thought for a moment that she had sobbed, and leaned toward her, peering to see her face. I could see only a dim whiteness. She had, I decided, decently suppressed a laugh.

When had I ever had what was worth having? My thoughts strayed to Fletcher Marriot, my nephew. At thirty-seven, my life was over. But I could make sure that his should be easier, more secure, and more fruitful than mine had been.

"What about Fletcher?" Cynthia asked suddenly.

Her reading my thought did not startle me. After all these years it was common enough. "When they have courses in cow-punching at Harvard, he'll be an honor man," I said. "Oh, he'll finish in June. Then the law school, and then a place with a good firm." I had already found the firm. Fletcher would begin more favorably than I had done.

"That's when things went wrong for you, wasn't it?" Cynthia asked. "When your brother died and you had to be a broker. You didn't want to be in business. You were to be a scientist. I remember you were going to poke about in the South Seas. You never went. My poor John! You've had so very little of what you wanted!"

Already I saw the need of fending her away. "Not everything," I said. "More than most get. It's destructive to want too deeply."

"What one wants," she said, "ought to be destructive." Again her breath caught. I saw nothing humorous.

"We Thought You Wouldn't Want Us to Ride Thirty Miles in a Milk Train in Evening Clothes," the Blond Child Said, Shivering Luxuriously at the Fire.

A mile more brought us to her house—the house that Mark Fallon had built next to mine when she had married him. As a girl she had lived four miles away. I dismounted, opened the iron gate and stood at her stirrup.

"Shall I come over for chess tonight?" I asked.

"No."

"We always play chess on Wednesdays."

"I know it! Oh, I know it quite well, John. Not tonight. The world won't crumble if our chess goes over to Thursday." She touched Isaac on the flank, and he bolted down the drive.

During the years when I had been in business in Boston I had come back to my house every day with a sense of release and protection that deepened with every mile of the thirty that lay between. When, a year ago, I had finally made myself secure and had left the firm, the house at Websham had seemed more than ever a grateful refuge. But tonight it was curiously hateful to me.

I put on a dinner jacket. Mrs. Ryan, my elderly housekeeper, had directed a dinner without savor. I told her so, and faced an evening of lonely bitterness. Such evenings had been all too common of late. With a sudden revulsion I saw my library with candid eyes, as a stranger, as Cynthia, might see it. Books whose multiplied hundreds merely jeered at a dead ambition. A litter of idiotic things I had once cared about—skulls, bone ornaments, war bonnets, dyed feathers, fetishes—the worthless harvest of a man who had wanted to be a student of primitive races, had never wanted to be anything else, and had become a bond broker. Pictures of no interest—waves breaking on barren beaches, badly colored sketches from Oceania—nothing. There was one, a Gauguin, unless it was forged, that I had once passionately admired—a dark-skinned, heavy-breasted, languorous nude, crudely drawn against copper sand and a sky darkly lavender.

How long since I had wanted to venture among those shadowy islands? All my boyhood and youth, all my early manhood, all the time I had subdued myself to business. With a directness I no longer possessed, I had intended to see the islands, to study them, to live among them. Well, I no longer wanted to. At thirty-seven, desire was over. I had ceased to want anything except Cynthia.

I would, I decided suddenly, give the Gauguin to Harvard. I sat down and wrote a note telling the art museum of the gift. An unanswered letter from my nephew lay on the desk, and I warmed at the sight of it. With his agreeable flippancy, he confessed that Harvard had bankrupted him again and that he needed action. Two hundred, he said, would enable him to lift his head from shame, three hundred would make his face to shine. . . . I had watched over him from the time he was ten. My brother's death had come at a time that had all but ruined us, and only my strongest efforts had saved a tiny income for his son. I would make it up to Fletcher. He should find life easier, more secure, more pliable than I had. I would see him safely into a firm that would open all doors for him. He would not, perhaps, be a great lawyer; his summers in the West had produced a love of horses that was the only real enthusiasm he had; but the firm that he would join would make his way straight. Might he come nearer than I had come to finding his desire!

I drew a check for five hundred and wrote a note that I tried to make light-hearted. I was putting both into an envelope when the rapid steps that I could never mistake sounded on my veranda. I met her at the door. She came in a little breathless and, wriggling out of a fur coat, gave me the old, hopeless tension at sight of loveliness. Cold had pinched her cheeks bright; her shoulders emerged from some triviality of chiffon. And about Cynthia's slippers there had always been a mysterious charm and frivolity and gayety. I didn't know what it was, but she had never worn the plebeian, the unimaginative footgear that other women wear.

"The servants always consider me a fallen woman when I come to your house after dark," she said. I sighed, for Cynthia was in a mood of nonchalant impudence that, tonight, I could not hope to match. "Poor souls, how could they know you tried to give me a reputation this afternoon?" She swept by me into the library. "You've upset my routine. I'm used to chess on Wednesdays, and I've been boring myself. I want to read. You wouldn't have me go to the town library, would you?"

"My books have always been at your disposal," I said.

She made a little grimace, wrinkling the tip of her nose and dilating her nostrils. For many years I had loved that absurd sniff, and again I had an all but overpowering impulse to seize her in my arms. When had I ever kissed Cynthia Doliver, Cynthia Fallon, except in despair? I sat down abruptly and clasped the arms of the chair. A wry triumph visited me, for I had not exposed myself to her scorn. I could see that she was a little regretful; probably she had prepared some delicately barbed sneer. She turned her back on me and went slowly from shelf to shelf, scrutinizing titles. The light from hooded lamps was gentle on her shoulders, on her lustrous hair, on the slippers that for no reason were adorable. I was all dark within. She would not often, now, come to my library.

She found three or four books to her taste and laid them aside. She picked up a little feathered object from a cabinet.

"Put it down!" I said sharply.

She obeyed. "Why?"

"It's a death charm from Tahiti. I don't like to think of you handling it."

"Oh." Again she made that intoxicating wrinkling of her nose. "Have you, perhaps, some love charms, John?"

"Yes," I said deliberately. "That duck-skin pouch on the cabinet is one. It contains necromancies that compel love, and a drug that produces the illusion of happiness."

She looked at it unsmilingly and touched a finger to it, then looked away. "Don't scowl, John." Her eyes traveled round the room. She sat on the arm of a chair and set one long perfect leg swinging. "You've never visited any of these places, have you?"

"No."

Something not understandable blurred her voice a little. "Have you been thinking, tonight, about going to see them at last?"

I was surprised. "No. I hadn't thought of it. There's no reason why I should."

"Except that all your life you've wanted to." She stood up suddenly, and I was less able than ever to understand her or to understand her intensity. "Why don't you take what you want, John?"

"I'm thirty-seven," I said evenly. "It may have been worth doing when I was twenty-five. It isn't now. I no longer want to."

"I despise you!" she said furiously, her cheeks flaming. "No drug could produce the illusion of happiness for you. You're the victim of some drug that has stupefied you. Do you think it's splendid not to want anything? Are you proud of growing old?"

She went out of the library on angry heels. I followed and held her coat. She shrugged into it and took the books under her arm.

"Don't feel that you have to take me to my door," she said. "It might not be safe and secure. You might stumble over something coming home."

"It's no use, Cynthia," I said. "There's no kind of young rapture left in me. I don't believe in April ecstasies. You can't uncover any passionate desire in me."

"Yes, I've satisfied myself of that." She hurried down the steps and across the lawn toward the gap that had

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THAT'S POLO

By Frank Mitchell Dazey

ILLUSTRATED BY C. W. ANDERSON

I WAS lounging in the locker room enjoying that state of perfect physical and spiritual content which can be induced only by eight chukkers of good polo when suddenly the reflection came to me that sometime during the afternoon I would have to acquaint Lou Huntington with the true facts of his brother-in-law's death. For the moment, I cursed polo and all its works. Poor Harry Brierly! He was certainly the last man in the world who should have gone into the game.

I was at the field, working some ponies, the day Lou first introduced Harry to the sport. They'd come out to the club together with Lou's sister, who was just home from an education in Switzerland, and a trim breedy-looking youngster she was. She was evidently making a dead set for Brierly. I could hear her laughing and teasing him in the way girls have. And pretty soon Brierly comes up to Huntington in his street clothes and asks if he can get on a horse for a moment. I've always been certain the girl put him up to it, so whatever happened afterward was really her fault.

Anyway, Lou gives Brierly the gentlest pony he's got and a long fifty-four-inch mallet, and Brierly goes out on the field. After a few practice swings, he kicks the nag into a canter, goes after his first ball and hits it. That was probably the longest shot he ever made in his life. They say the same thing happens sometimes with beginners at golf. It was beautiful to see the way the ball lifted off the ground and sailed clean and true between the goal posts.

Brierly turns around, lopes up to where we were standing, and jumps off his horse.

"Lou," he says, his face shining, "I've found what's been lacking in my life."

"Oh, you have, have you?" interrupts the girl snootily, but Brierly didn't pay any attention. He was too busy talking polo with her brother.

I guess after that the girl saw she had to work fast. At any rate, about the time Brierly bought his first mount—an old, well-reined pinto pony with bunged-up legs—they announced the engagement. After that, Brierly didn't buy any more horses. Right from the first that girl fought Brierly's polo. Why, even on the honeymoon, when he'd planned on going to Aiken, where he could get some good practice and the instruction he so badly needed as a beginner, she insisted on dragging him all over Europe for six months. And when he came back he'd spent so much money that instead of buying any new ponies and going into the game right, he was lucky to be able to keep up that old pinto pony.

That's the way it always went. Just when Brierly would get enough money ahead to mount himself decently, his wife would throw some tremendous party, go on a trip, or have her jewels remounted. Anything to keep poor Brierly from getting the horses he so badly needed. I don't see how or why he stood for it.

I got my own divorce because of a row over an eight-thousand-dollar pony I bought from Jim Dornton. Poor Kitty, she was right about my not being able to play the nag too. But after that, I always had a sort of constrained feeling when it came to buying a new horse, and Kitty saw it was preying on my mind. So we parted good friends, which we've been ever since; and although Kitty's married to Stew Inglesby, she always comes over to watch me play.

At that, I guess Brierly's wife had more against polo than Kitty. That sister of Lou's was a proud girl, and if Brierly had ever been able really to play the game, she might have taken pride in seeing him decently mounted. But as I've already said, there was everything in the world against him.

In the first place, as Tommy Hitchcock's mother says, the age to begin playing polo is twelve, if not younger, and with Brierly starting at twenty-three, he flopped around on his horse like a monkey on a stick. Then he'd hurt his arm some way, pitching baseball at college, and polo brought out the strain again; so all he was able to hit were little high-elbowed, poop forehand shots that traveled twenty yards and no farther, while his back shot wouldn't have knocked a fly off a doughnut.

Sometimes They'd Sit on the Club Veranda for an Hour Straight Without Saying a Word to Each Other; Not Dumb, But Just Looking Superior

But worst of all, there were his horses. For, in addition to his old pinto pony that age was decidedly not improving, Brierly had a rubber-necked, broken-jawed cast-off that Art Lapham had given him, half in pity and half as a joke. This goat, which nobody else would look at, let alone ride, had been a race horse in its better days and still had considerable foot. But when he was once started anywhere, he was harder to stop than a train of cars.

Well, though one of them wouldn't go and the other wouldn't stop, Brierly now had two mounts—enough to play four chukkers of practice polo. That is, if you could call it playing. He spent most of his time kicking the old pinto pony together out of a walk or sawing on the broken jaw of that ex-race horse to make him stop. He finally got so he put pulleys on the reins. And, when once or twice in a chukker he did have a fair chance for a play, he'd hit one of those miserable twenty-yard poop shots and some other player would swoop down and steal the ball while Brierly was still fighting his pony.

But at that, I guess, any kind of polo is better than none. At any rate, Brierly got crazier and crazier over the game, and he was such a likable kid and would come up from the field so glowing with health and enjoyment, that we never had it in our hearts to tell him how terrible he and his mounts really were.

I can see him yet, after a game where he'd been less in the way than usual, coming up to me and boasting, "Did you see the way the pinto pony turned for me on that second chukker knock-in? The old girl may lack a bit of top speed, but she knows the game backward."

"Backward!" I couldn't help breaking in. "I thought that was the way she played it." But he never saw the joke—just went on rambling about a new nose band his groom was rigging up for the old race horse.

"Now, if he won't stop, he won't breathe. I'll make a polo pony out of that dog yet," he declared, beaming.

I claim there's something cruel about spoofing a fellow with a faith like that.

Well, about the time that Brierly had finally learned to make a near-side neck shot without tangling the mallet in his pony's forelegs, Wigmore Farnsworth joined the club. And right here I want to state that man was mounted. I'm proud, and rightly proud, of my own ponies, but I'd have gladly given my entire string, including my six-year-old Chaffinch gelding, for say the fifteenth and sixteenth best of Farnsworth's. He had five Argentines he'd picked up after the last Internationals; three Arabians he'd begged off some Indian rajah at ten thousand a beg; and besides these, the pick of his own stud and every likely prospect he was tipped off to as far away as Australia.

Farnsworth himself packed a five-goal handicap, as who wouldn't with those horses? But really his ponies were all there was to his game. They'd get him out in front and he'd carry the ball to the goal enough times to make him seem something of a sensation. But after a while we men found that though he'd ride off an opposing player when his horse was ahead and he'd have all the best of the crash, in the tough, knee-cracking collisions he wouldn't bump at all—just run his horse parallel and pretend to push with his shoulder for the sake of the gallery.

I guess that's the reason he was only rated five goals and that he'd stopped playing at Meadowbrook. Those boys don't like that sort of soldiering. But in our club in New Jersey he started off like a hero, and the ladies never did find him out. They thought he was a hard-riding, gamy chap. And he did have plenty of nerve—with the women. What with his good looks and unlimited money, I've heard there was more than one willing to make a fool of herself over him. But right from the start he made a dead set for Brierly's wife.

I've got to admit the two of them teamed up as pretty as matched jumpers at a horse show. Both of them breedy looking and insolent. They'd walk through the clubhouse together like they owned it and the U. S. A. and the world, but were too bored even to think of their possessions. And sometimes they'd sit on the club veranda for an hour

straight without saying a word to each other; not dumb, but just looking superior, as though there was nothing in the universe worth their talking about.

Poor Brierly didn't know how to take it. He was the sort of honest, good-natured chap who never tries to put anything over on anybody, and so takes a long time to get wise when anyone is trying to do dirt to him.

To make it all worse, Farnsworth started to chaff him in the practice games. Being so marvelously mounted himself, he couldn't see anything in Brierly's two goats but a source of humor. Sometimes for a whole game he'd deliberately hover around Brierly, jumping in and stealing the ball whenever it came his way, until Brierly wouldn't get in a fair shot the whole afternoon and would come off the field almost weeping with anger and disappointment.

And that wasn't the end of it. Wiggie wouldn't leave off his kidding even in the locker room. He'd cut out some ad of a self-starter and hand it to Brierly, saying he'd ought to try that on the pinto pony. Or he'd sing out in that sharp, carrying voice of his: "Brierly, why don't you have that old race horse shot? That's the only way you'll ever be able to stop him."

Finally it began to tell on the kid. He never had a word to say about his horses any more, but would just dress and go home as quickly as possible. And I guess he didn't find things any too easy there either.

The whole club was waiting for something to happen, for we knew that with all his good humor, Brierly had bottom and that when there was trouble, there'd be plenty of it. To save unpleasantness and because we all liked Brierly, we'd have asked Farnsworth to resign from the club, only the Templeton Heights game was coming up and we needed him and his horses.

In the Year Book of the Polo Association, the game between Templeton Heights and our outfit is only a match in the Intercircuit Cup Preliminaries, but in reality it's Sheridan's Ride, the Charge of the Light Brigade and the exploits of the Four Horsemen rolled into one.

Templeton Heights is sixty-nine miles down the state from us, and they draw most of their players from Philadelphia, while ours come from New York. From this simple geographical differentiation has been builded an animosity compared to which the feelings of the Germans for the French are mild. It's worse even than that between Princeton and Fair Harvard.

For three years straight they'd beaten us, though we'd tried everything from having our own referee to importing Harry East. Templeton Heights, with the president of one of the biggest banks in Philadelphia behind them, had always had a slight margin on us in horseflesh, but this year Farnsworth was not only playing himself with his beauties but had promised to loan ponies from his string to any of us who needed them. I was counting on riding a couple of the Argentines myself, so you see any idea of dropping him at that time was simply absurd.

For a month before the big match we had to keep Brierly out of even the practice games. We were tuning up on our teamwork, and opposition was what we most needed. He was all knocked out over missing a month's polo and complained about gaining weight and feeling flabby in body and mind. Still he realized the justice of it and used to come out in his riding clothes and watch us every day we played. He would hang around the side boards studying each movement, each stroke, with a queer, eager look in his eyes. It was as though he was all the time wishing subconsciously that somebody would get hurt so he could go in for a chukker or two.

For the last practice he drove up to the field with his wife. She was smartly turned out, as usual, with a loop of silver foxes around her neck that must have cost the price of one good pony. Her low roadster was the equivalent of two more, while on her wrist I could see the glint of the diamond bracelet she'd bought just when her husband had the chance to get Sid Westervelt's four top ponies for the pitiful sum of thirty-five hundred dollars. As I looked her over, I said to myself, "Brierly's brought his string out with him today, all right."

Only the string was working for another man. As soon as Brierly hopped out of the car and took his usual roost on the side boards, that girl began waving to and encouraging Farnsworth in a way that just burned me.

As soon as practice was finished, I strolled over to Brierly and threw my arm over his shoulder. He must have known I'd come up to show my sympathies were on his side. He turned his head and looked me full in the face. I swear there were tears—real tears—in his eyes. He gulped, and for a moment I thought he was coming out with the whole story. Then he just couldn't seem to make it, for all he burst out with was: "Good lord, doc, how I'd like to get into that Templeton Heights game."

I figured he was just trying to cover things up, so I muttered a few words about being sorry; but of course there was no chance with his horses.

"My horses!" he stops me. "You don't have to tell me about my horses. Why, with those two dogs I couldn't even get out of the way of the referee."

This was the first time I'd ever heard Brierly knock his own ponies, and for a moment I was sorry for all the jokes we'd made on him and his string. In spite of his pitiful boasting, he must have known better than anyone else how terrible they were. He'd had to ride them.

Just at that moment Farnsworth comes strolling by. He must have picked up the gist of the conversation, for, cupping his hands together, he shouts loud enough for even the grooms to hear: "Say, fellows, here's a hot one! Brierly wants to play in the Templeton Heights game!"

Then he saunters on, laughing, to Mrs. Brierly's car.

"Come down to the stables with me," he says to her. "Got a new pony I'd like to show you."

"I always love to look at your horses," she coos back. And he hops on the running board and they drive off without a word, as though they didn't care whether Brierly walked, swam, or flew home.

"Come on up to the locker room and have a drink," I said, as there didn't seem to be much else I could say.

"No," he replied, his chin sticking out two inches; "I'm going down to Farnsworth's stables. It's about time he and I came to an understanding."

What was going to happen didn't seem to be exactly my business, so I went up to the clubhouse to change my clothes.

Still, as I dressed, I couldn't help worrying for fear Brierly might manhandle Farnsworth till that gentleman wouldn't be able to play in the big match. So after a while I strolled toward Farnsworth's stables, just to see what had happened.

On the way down I passed the small practice field. There was a fellow on it hitting near-side shots, and I paused for a moment to look over his form, which was awful. After he came just a little closer, I recognized that it couldn't be anyone else in the world but Brierly. But what almost knocked me over was the fact that he was on Whirligigs.

Now, that pony Whirligigs was the cream and the darling of all Farnsworth's string, and a polo freak if ever there was one. A negro boy had begged her off from being shot after some race-course accident when she was a yearling, and for eighteen months he'd kept her in a stall, nursing her and talking to her. Then he took her over to Meadowbrook and worked her out nights.

She was the only polo pony, I guess, that ever learned the game through talking. I've chinned with some of the grooms that saw it, and they say the things the dinge could do with that horse were plain spooky.

Anyway, Farnsworth comes along and gives the negro boy nine thousand dollars, and the smoke loses it all in a crap game the next night and slashes two men's throats with a razor, getting killed himself in the fracas.

Farnsworth played her in a special rig the dinge had doped out—just a snaffle with head stall and reins about one-third the ordinary weight. Not that Whirligigs needed the reins. A little shift of weight and she'd veer like a sea gull in a high wind. And stop! Why, all Farnsworth had to do was to lean back the least bit and say "Whoa!" and Whirligigs would plant her hind legs and cut through the turf till it looked as if twin plows had been at it. Add to this a sweet and sunny disposition she must have got by

(Continued on Page 178)

Before the Row Could Get Serious, Farnsworth Had Put Brierly Off With an Offer of a Ride on Whirligigs

THE APPETITE FOR STOCK

By Albert W. Atwood

DECORATION BY WYNCIE KING

THIS is not just another article about last autumn's stock-market crash, the events which led up to it, or its aftermath. Rather, the title refers to something which all will agree is far more fundamental than that—the whole question and meaning of the growing appetite for stocks. To try completely to divorce this relatively new economic fact from the very human hopes and fears of speculators, from their good fortunes and bad, and from their booms and panics, would be quite futile. Yet in a far larger sense this spreading and mounting ownership transcends all these excitements and has about it a permanence quite apart from and beyond the fads and changes of the market place.

It is true that the impressive increase in the quantities of stock outstanding and the numbers of owners thereof made the disaster of last fall, if it may be called that, of direct concern to many more persons than were ever affected by any previous similar crisis. Multitudes who were disinterested spectators in 1907 or 1921, or would have been had they been old enough, were actually on the anxious seat as participants in 1929. Suppose we should have another like disturbance in the next few years. Is it to be supposed that still larger numbers will be involved?

Now, without replying directly to this very pertinent question, it may be said that the efforts to popularize the share capital of the country's great corporations go on unabated, and hardly slackened at all because of last autumn's panic. These endeavors, so successful in their results, are known to all, and I merely refer to them in passing. The whole aim has been to get ownership of industry into the hands of the people at large. Both customers and employes, as well as the general public, have been appealed to. With the enlistment of so many new and inexperienced investors, is there not danger of fright and panic in the event of any future sudden collapse of stock prices?

When is a Speculator?

WE KNOW this much—that in the panic of last November paper profits were wiped out on a scale unknown before. Even the outright owners of stocks felt they were poorer because they had not sold their holdings before the crash came. Many persons who considered themselves investors rather than speculators talked and felt as if they had lost heavily, and in practice it is extremely difficult to distinguish between investment and speculation.

Doubtless the speculator is one who wishes unduly to accelerate the process of appreciation of values. He is too greedy for profits. But where are we to draw the line? The investor is greedy too. Practically all human beings are that way. Surely in everyday life thousands must step over that fine, that almost imaginary line, which even the students of the subject cannot quite agree upon, between investment and speculation—that is, many must start innocently enough as investors and imperceptibly pass on until they ultimately find themselves in that vortex of excitement, rosy hopes and disaster which speculation so often proves to be.

Certainly there were thousands of people who became intensely interested in the stock market, who made money out of it or lost in the end, and yet who would be insulted to be called anything but investors. The truth is that they tasted blood, they caught the fever in their veins, and in many cases it is still there. Even though they lost, they are determined to go back for more. Interest in these matters often begins in a small way; it grows insidiously until it absorbs one's life. It is like gambling at cards, or drink, or a narcotic.

We know that a number of large corporations, or the leading officers in them, offered to help out employes who had bought stock in their companies, but were having difficulty in carrying it when the crash came. Then, too, though many important companies offer common stock directly to their employes, still others provide, in addition, various investment and savings media less directly open to the dangers of market speculation. In a number of instances common stock is sold to employes at less than the market price, or the company adds something to the employes' contribution. Or various kinds of preferred and debenture stocks, all quite free from any speculative feature, are offered. It is quite common for the company to add a specified amount—perhaps 2 per cent a year—to those who hold the stock for a certain length of time, such as five years, thus still further removing the speculative element.

The General Motors Corporation opens a new class at the beginning of each year under its savings-and-investment plan, and when the class matures at the end of five years the employe receives not only his own contributions plus interest but an amount paid in by the corporation. The General Electric Company offers 6 per cent bonds in a subsidiary securities company to its employes and adds 2 per cent as long as the owner remains in company employ. Last August an employe wrote to President Swope and asked him why the company did not offer one or two shares of stock to the employes by means of pay-roll deduction. In reply the president wrote:

"You no doubt know that some seven or eight years ago the company offered 50,000 shares of its common stock to employes. Shortly thereafter the market price went below the subscription price and a number of our employes, being nervous in regard to their subscriptions, canceled them. Then, still later, those who had retained their subscriptions completed the payments and received their stock; but when the market price went up, nearly all, and especially the moderate investors for whom the plan was devised, sold their holdings.

"No one could find any fault with this. The unfortunate part, however, was that some of these people, who took their profits, invested in other securities which they thought would go up, and in many cases were disappointed; in fact, in some cases that came to my attention they actually lost their entire savings."

Encouraging Employe Investment

"THE foregoing shows how the moderate investor in stock regards market fluctuations—with nervousness at declines and desire to take profits on advances. To remove this nervousness and temptation from the minds of the employes, the General Electric Employes Securities Corporation was organized, 25 per cent of whose funds, more or less, shall be invested in General Electric stock and the balance in stocks of public-utility companies."

Now, I do not suppose that anyone will read these words who does not know that General Electric purchased seven or eight years ago at 112 and held until the present moment would show an extremely handsome profit. The employe who wrote to President Swope said that he had been able to buy three shares outright, "and I am going to hold on to them like grim death, as I realize their value through the years." On the other hand, the stock, which sold at 403 last August, fell to 168½ in November. President Swope, in his reply of September nineteenth to the employe's request, went on to say that the 8-per-cent-bond device would give to the moderate investor an opportunity to invest, "with the assurance that his principal is intact and will not be subject to market fluctuations; to secure his investment back at any time on due notice, with the income assured."

But let no one jump to the hasty or unwarranted conclusion that the great corporations are averse to the purchase of their stock by employes. Mr. Swope suggests that employes may buy the stock after they have subscribed to the bonds, and the employes of General Motors who subscribe to the savings-and-investment plan may receive their proportionate share in common stock of the company

at the maturity of each five-year class. In fact, it is hoped and expected that members of the organization will continue to hold this common stock which they receive as the result of the working out of the plan.

Indeed, the truly amazing feature of this whole stock situation, both of last fall and of the years before, is the extent to which the moderate and small investor failed to be drawn into the vortex which we call speculation. The wonder is not that so many people were bitten with the get-rich-quick gambling mania, but that so few were thus infected. In the first place, the great bulk of these moderate and small stockholders did not assume obligations greater than could be cared for during the insane speculation which preceded the crash, and therefore were not injured by its event. Also they did not, in the main, sell out during either the period of soaring prices or in the panic, and finally, they came to the rescue when the panic broke, by purchasing more securities, thus cushioning the force of the disaster. The head of one of the largest groups of industries in America writes me as follows:

"My own belief is that the salvation of securities during the recent panic was the large number of investors who kept their securities and bought more when prices were low. One of my companies had $150,000,000 of securities to pay for the Friday after the worst day of the panic. These securities had been called at a time when trouble was not looked for. It was the subscription of the small holders to new securities that enabled us to carry through successfully."

The stabilizing influence of the small and moderate stockholder and the integrity of his investment status, so to speak, is confirmed in several different ways. To begin with, the extent to which people at large became involved in active speculation has been much exaggerated. Many alleged losses were merely what owners of stock failed to make by not selling stocks which they never had any intention of selling at prices they had never expected to see. In other words, they were not involved at all. We do not know statistically how many persons were in the market. As far as I can ascertain, no public census has ever been taken of the customers of brokerage houses, and if the Stock Exchange has any such information, it has not been published. Loose statements that everybody was in the market are manifestly absurd.

The Number of Stockholders

LAST spring, one writer, after a careful study of the Federal income-tax returns, estimated that there could not be at that time more than 250,000 active stock-market accounts or more than 500,000 inactive ones. Joseph S. McCoy, actuary of the Treasury Department, has repeatedly called attention to the gross exaggerations current regarding the number of both stockholders and bondholders.

Both before and after the panic there were estimates that from 5,000,000 to 10,000,000 people were involved. Dr. Julius Klein, Assistant Secretary of Commerce, in a radio address on October twenty-ninth, spoke of 1,000,000 persons in this connection as being the "apparently liberal estimate of some nonofficial observers." If the income-tax returns have any validity at all—and we have no other exact data—the five-to-ten-million estimate is a sheer impossibility. People who were up to their necks in speculation naturally assumed that everybody else was too.

But we have a much more exact approach to this subject from a quite different angle. Regardless of its investment standing or merits, no one will deny that General Motors has been a great speculative favorite at times. Indeed, it was the second most active stock on the New York Stock Exchange in 1929. Yet in that entire year less than three-quarters of the stock of General Motors was dealt in on the Stock Exchange. Many active speculators trade in and out of an issue more than once in a year, and indeed in some cases more than once in a month or even a week, and many of them handle very large amounts. Then, too, a very large, though numerically unascertained, proportion of trading in any stock of merit is not for speculative account at all, but for investment. Bearing all these facts in mind, it is clear that a very large amount of General Motors stock and number of stockholders were not in the market in any sense, even in the extraordinary year of 1929.

Nor is General Motors especially exceptional. It is true that the most active stock of all—Radio—turned over about six times, while Anaconda, the third most active, was dealt in three times. Montgomery-Ward and Chrysler, both very active, were dealt in between three and four times. On the other hand, American Telephone & Telegraph, with its nearly 500,000 stockholders, was turned over to the extent of less than half its outstanding volume of stock in the entire year. Pennsylvania Railroad has 200,000 stockholders, but only about one-third the total volume of stock was bought and sold in the whole year. In the case of Standard Oil of New Jersey, only a little more than half of the stock changed hands in a year's time.

In the worst week of the panic less than 3 per cent of the stocks of the largest corporations changed hands. On the worst day, when the unprecedented total of more than 16,000,000 shares were traded in on the Stock Exchange, if every share had been General Motors, less than two-fifths of that one company alone would have been turned over. Quite generally it might be said that on that most terrible of all speculative days in history not more than one-third to one-half of one per cent of important stocks were bought and sold. Even in an average month of the unusual year of 1929, no more stock was bought and sold on the Stock Exchange than the total capital of three or four big corporations.

Thus we have mathematical demonstration that everybody was not in the market and that the great bulk of stockholders are not speculators but investors. In the main, ownership remains constant. Further evidence is found in the fact that while a number of companies offered to help employes who found themselves in difficulties in carrying stock, only a few had to be aided thus. One company—the Standard Oil of New Jersey—announced that out of 23,800 employes who were buying shares out of earnings, only 129 applied for assistance, and of these, 90 per cent were in the main offices at 26 Broadway, indicating that speculation was confined largely to the immediate environs of Wall Street. Only sixty-five employes sold any of their holdings. The president of one of the great corporations wrote me late in February:

"You speak of the morality of our extending aid to those of our employes who came to the captain's office for assistance. I grant you that the larger part of our small stockholders do not know what stock ownership is all about. Why should they, since they are but neophytes in the science of investing? How far has the United States progressed in teaching the Filipinos the meaning of freedom and self-government? It cannot be done in a generation. At the same time, our people here were more than pleased at the way the great body of employe shareholders took the drop of nearly 50 per cent in market price. They were puzzled, and perhaps in many cases frightened, but they did not run to a broker and sacrifice their holdings."

The Ones That Felt the Panic Worst

"PERSONALLY, I think that the panic hurt, for the most part, the roulette players, who have little claim upon our sympathies. Unavoidably, a lot of innocent suffered. We are living in an imperfect world and the Juggernaut of economic correction flattens out a great many undeserving victims. It looks to us, however, as though those who had to sell our stock were, for the most part, speculators who were tied up with other issues. Where stockholders had nothing but our stock, they either

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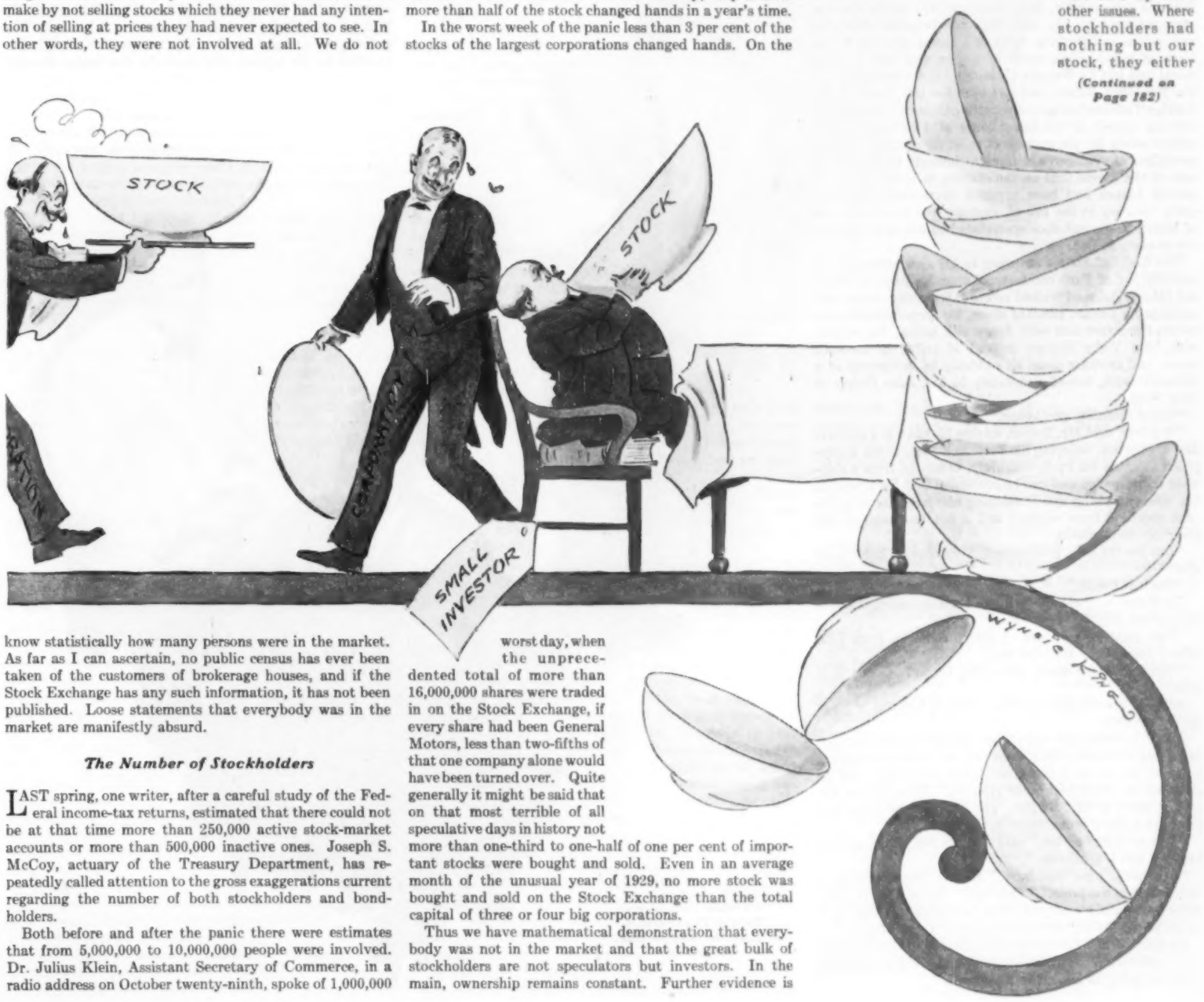

MR. DWYER'S MISTAKE

By James Warner Bellah

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT W. CROWTHER

M. Pérouilles

HE CAME slowly along the sun-drenched street, a stranger in a strange land, preying on other strangers. Achmed Zirh el Sharib, late of the Promenade des Anglais, of the Cannebière, and of the bird, perfumery, Turkish-delight and cicerone trade that clutters the flea-bitten streets between the Port Said customs inclosure and the Eastern Exchange Hotel, during which later condition of servitude, boy and man, he had listened, wide-eyed, to the tales of his uncle, Harim, the dragoman, and waited feverishly for the time when he might gird himself mightily and set forth, like the paynims of old, to sink, by the grace of Mahound, his sword of profit into the paunchy pocketbooks of those dogs of millionaires of unbelievers of Americans.

Prayer rugs he had draped across his left shoulder—prayer rugs woven in the Ruelle Hullin in Marseilles. Fringed white shawls of doubtful silks—reworked remnants garnered painstakingly from the *facteur* of the Usine de la Soie Japonaise du Sud Est. Beads in great ropes hung from his arm—amber, jade, pearl and jet—and in the bag strapped upon his hip were rings and bracelets, brooches and combs, indifferently fashioned; some of small value, some of none; some made of woven and linked white metal and gilt by Paradis Chanoine—S.A.—specialists in the Novelties, Asiatic and Oriental, for the Trade of the Foreign Tourists; some bought surreptitiously from shabby clearing houses in the lesser lanes of Montmartre that existed solely for the purpose of relieving nimble soft-shoe specialists of evidence which might indicate to the gentlemen of the Sûreté that on the evening or so before, when certain houses had been invaded dexterously for gain, quite contrary to the law of, perhaps, the twenty-second of March, those soft-shoe specialists had not spent the entire evening in bed.

The tassel of his fez swinging to his slow step and the morning sun of Paris comfortable upon his rascally shoulder blades, Achmed walked onward, searching under café awnings for yellow, polished shoes, for horn-rimmed spectacles, for straw hats with fancy silk bands, for whisky with blue Vichy siphons instead of coffee or vermuth *cassis*, and spotting them all suddenly in one person at a sidewalk table, bowed elaborately to Mr. John Dwyer of New York.

"Good morning, gentleman."

"*Va t'en*," said Mr. Dwyer, waving his hand in a gesture. Mr. Dwyer was enjoying his Paris as a Frenchman is supposed to enjoy his Paris—leisurely, dreamily, from a sidewalk table, and so well had he succeeded that Paris was, at the moment, rising and enveloping him with her magnificent sunshine from without and a not too heinous Old Overholt from within.

"But for the wife, gentleman? Very cheap. Something nice?"

"Beat it, I said."

"A shawl, very cheap—genuine Turkish harem shawl—ten dollars only."

"Pull your freight, son. I didn't come up from Ellis Island yesterday. On your way."

"The gentleman wants something better? Good; it is done."

Achmed opened his bag and spread a handful of rings upon the table.

"Real, you see, and very cheap. Look." From a pocket in his bag he took a yellow stone and laid it on the flagging. Upon it he placed a two-franc piece, and upon that he stamped his right heel quite viciously. Then he put the coin in front of Mr. Dwyer. The point of the stone had punched a sharp indentation in the metal.

"I know that one too," said Mr. Dwyer. "Go on now before I call a gendarme."

"Bracelets, pins, necklaces," said Achmed, placing a handful upon the table. "This one." He held up an enormous dull metal atrocity of great, linked blobs, weighing it in his hand. "Genuine antique girdle; very valuable."

An *agent* turned the corner and sauntered toward the café.

"You better get your license out," suggested Mr. Dwyer. "You're going to need it in a moment."

"License?"

"That's what I said, because if you haven't *fiched le camp* by the time this cop gets here, I'm going to tell him you're disturbing my peace—*booleversay le paix*. Got it?"

Achmed looked hurriedly over his shoulder and, jumping slightly, swept his trash into the bag.

"'*Yalla!*" he said as he made off.

"The same to you, and three bags full," said Mr. Dwyer, and he settled once more to his Paris.

It was perhaps ten minutes before the waiter came again to Mr. Dwyer's table, and coming, stooped suddenly to pick up the leaden atrocity that lay under the table. He handed it to Mr. Dwyer. Mr. Dwyer looked at it and smiled as he held out his hand for it. For a few moments he let the linked blobs dangle; then he stuffed the girdle into his topcoat pocket.

"*Encore le Old Overholt*," he said to the waiter.

II

MR. DWYER sat down to his postprandial cigar, clipped it, removed the band and snapped his briquet.

A small girl appeared suddenly at the door of the lounge. Mr. Dwyer liked small girls. He liked this one especially. She wore an absurd little sports sweater pulled tightly down to meet five inches of saucy starched skirt. Her dark hair was cropped short and her pink knees were bare and chubby above her white socklets. She looked at Mr. Dwyer and smiled. She turned her head and looked at Mr. Dwyer out of the corners of her eyes. She smiled again and pirouetted. Mr. Dwyer puckered his lips and threw back his head, chin in.

The little girl laughed and snapped her finger in the *geste Espagnol*.

"*Viens ici, ma petite*," invited Mr. Dwyer.

"*Porquoi?*" asked the child, putting her hands on her hips. It always tickled Mr. Dwyer when children spoke and understood French; especially French children. It appealed to him somehow as one of the cleverest things in the world. He grinned.

"*Tu es très jolie*," he offered.

"*Certainement*," said the child.

Mr. Dwyer placed the first joint of his right thumb against the second joint of his left, covering both knuckles with his left forefinger, and, as the child watched him curiously, he calmly and bloodlessly took the tip of his thumb off and moved it four inches away from the stump. It never failed.

"*Mais!*" gasped the child. "*Cette chose là; c'est impossible!*" And she came over to him, chattering like a dice box, demanding the secret, trying the trick with her own thumbs.

He showed her how to do it. He made a two-franc piece disappear from his outstretched hand, from his knee. He found it again in the pocket of her sweater, in her hair. The entente was complete, and finally, to cement it, Mr. Dwyer reached for his topcoat and drew the dull metal atrocity

"Well, Sir, a Steward Can't 'Elp Seein' an' Thinkin' Things, an' Beggin' Your Pardon, I Knows You've Got Somethin'"

from the pocket, presenting it to Marie Alixe Josephine Margot Suzanne Pérouilles with considerably more grace and *élan* than he would have been able to summon in the presence of a grand duchess.

The child took it with a scream of delight, and let its serpentine length thump upon the floor. Then, straddling the thing, she announced "*Cheval*" and galloped around Mr. Dwyer's chair with the girdle trailing behind her.

"Sure, a swell horse."

"*Merci. Merci, m'sieur,*" said the child, and she cantered off headlong to search for *maman* to exhibit her prize.

Mr. Dwyer's day was brightened immeasurably. He settled himself once more, still smiling, and drew deeply upon his cigar.

III

THE grace of Mahound alone, through the ministrations of Allah, saved the line of Achmed Zirh el Sharib at a quarter past two of the clock.

"There below. It is him—species of a piece of Egyptian doubtfulness!" greasy little M. Therault hissed.

Achmed, wending his way up the *ruelle* past the doorway, was seized mightily, caressed upon his fezzed pate with the gentle finger of Petitlouis' *gourdin* and dragged to the back of the hall. When next he knew anything, he knew he was a dead Mohammedan, for the woven horsehair strands of La Belette's garrote bit the flesh of his throat and tightened.

"Allah!" he coughed.

"*Vite!*" said Petitlouis. "You have swiped this morning from the shop of Therault a girdle, thou *gras-double!*"

"It is true!" shrieked Achmed as the garrote loosened for a moment. "It was in the safe as I bought from Therault for my trading. Open the safe was. I took it with the wire, not knowing it of any value. Allah! Allah!"

"Yes! See you; I have spoken with truth!" Therault cackled into his sweat-larded cravat.

"Silence!" La Belette twisted the steel toggles between his fingers until Achmed's face turned the filthy, mud-laced blue of the Nile.

"Where is the girdle, thou perfect hog of a pig?"

Achmed gasped. "A gendarme came as I talked to an American. I dropped it, not knowing it of any value."

"Species of a piece of a species of sewage! You dropped it! That was the property of one who breaks people so." Again the toggles wrenched until Achmed's eyes bloated like tired gray oysters and his lips whitened to dead ash. "See you, it was there on deposit."

"But no," said Petitlouis quietly. "Save your tongue and let this gutter slime speak. Where did you drop it?"

"At the Café Internationale—the third table."

"Go!" snapped Petitlouis. "Therault, you, for your health and you, Belette, to see things. I stay with this." He kicked Achmed in the stomach by way of identification.

IV

MR. DWYER finished his cigar and went out of the lounge. The little girl of the sweater was coming toward him, her tiny hand in the fingers of an old gentleman with a great, thin nose and a squarish beard, bristling against his immaculate collar, his head smooth and shining, as he swept off his gray homburg and bowed, with the pink baldness that comes of years of enjoyable life.

"*Mille pardons, m'sieur,* but you are the gentleman?"

"*Oui, oui!*" shrilled the little girl. "*C'est lui.*"

The Frenchman nodded.

"You must, of course, take your kind gift back from my grandchild," he said sternly.

"I'm very sorry." Mr. Dwyer colored at the cheek bones. "I had no idea there would be any objection. We were talking in the lounge after luncheon, and it seemed quite natural to give her a toy."

Margot Suzanne Pérouilles

"A what?"

"Whatever you care to call it," said Mr. Dwyer. "She liked it, and I'm sure it has no earthly value to me. I got it from an Armenian peddler."

"You did what, *m'sieur?*" asked the Frenchman.

"I got it from a peddler this morning."

The old man stared at Mr. Dwyer.

"I think perhaps it is to me to offer the apologies," he said slowly. "For a moment I must confess I thought evil."

"I don't understand."

"But naturally. Look you. You do not know what this thing is." He took a card from his pocket and presented it.

M. CONSTANTIN PÉROUILLES.
BIJOUTIER
RUE DE LA PAIX

"Well what is it?"

"*M'sieur* ——"

"Dwyer—John Dwyer."

"M'sieur Dwyer, it is platinum."

"Platinum?"

"Not that alone," said the Frenchman. "Of course you must understand I thought you a thief at first, using my grandchild to dispose of evidence. Now—it is your face perhaps ——"

"Thanks."

The Frenchman jerked his head. "But you must come with me until we ascertain. *Mon Dieu,* this is your luckee day! Come at once." He took Mr. Dwyer's arm and led him down the corridor, turning Alixe over to her nurse and sending the hall porter for a cab.

"You must understand something of platinum. You are not a jeweler?"

"No, my game is artificial stone."

"I see. It will do to explain. The metal, of course, is rare. This in my pocket, which I do not take out in public, for very good reasons, is undoubtedly platinum. I suspected it, but then one never knows with platinum. So I have tried it with the acids *chlorhydrique* and *fluorhydrique;* now we shall determine the specific gravity. Obviously, this is not a piece of jewelry, you must understand. It is the work of an idiot. No jeweler would make such a crude thing from so unsightly a metal as platinum. Each of the medallions is a rough trough, you see. It means something?"

"Not a thing."

"Platinum, my friend, is the metal of the chemist primarily. You will pardon, but at the École Polytechnique I have studied somewhat the chemistry. It was that at first which attracted the eye. These which appear to be crude medallions are in reality retaining troughs—very roughly made, to be sure, and not satisfactory—in semblances; so much bulk metal rudely shaped. These have been used for the concentration of the oil of vitriol, no doubt. Look you; what a romance to precious things ——"

In the obscurity of the bouncing cab, M. Pérouilles took the heavy girdle from his pocket. "See now, what simple things mislead. In Russia, long before the revolt, some coins were made of platinum. You see, here on the undersides of two of these links, some of the markings are still left. Behold now, some obscure chemist has taken these for his work and fashioned them into rough troughs. *Hélas!* for his work! Or perhaps he died. Who knows? These pieces are sold for junk, probably for lead. How long do they lie under dust and cobwebs, valueless? No one can say. Then some idiot, misled to believe them bent coins, strings them into this foolish affair and they are offered on the streets for a pittance. Oh, this world—its heartbreaks, its insanities! . . . But we arrive."

M. Pérouilles led the way past his show cases, smoldering in the quiet half light of polished glass and dark, rubbed wood with the subdued fire of precious stones nested against warm velvet. At the rear he pushed open a door.

"Anton, something now for your old age to remember." An oldish man in a long brown duster turned from his workbench. M. Pérouilles laid the girdle before him and said, "Each piece, Anton, to analyze separately"; and to Mr. Dwyer:

"You will not mind if we take it apart, *m'sieur?* The joining is of gilt wash only, and valueless."

"Go right ahead," said Mr. Dwyer. "If that's platinum, it's worth something, and far be it from me to stand in your way."

"We shall know how much to a sou when Anton has finished."

An hour later, as Mr. Dwyer was walking back to his hotel, he purchased a magnificent hobbyhorse covered with soft brown pony hair, with a flowing mane, with a smartly docked tail, with a small leather saddle and bridle, both detachable, with a gaudy flannel blanket, and dispatched the complete equipage by special messenger to Mademoiselle Marie Alixe Josephine Margot Suzanne Pérouilles, with his card and compliments.

And fifteen minutes after that, M. Therault, at the third table from the end under the red-and-white awning of the Café Internationale, was touched on the arm by the *garçon.*

"But look; marvelous thing," he whispered. "There were but five minutes there since we have talked of him, and there he walks on his feet in front of our noses—the American of this morning we spoke of, to whom I have given this leaden thing left on the pavement underfoot; no doubt by the peddler. There, in a round hat with a newspaper."

Therault paid his two francs fifty and bounded into the crowd. La Belette, in his doorway opposite, hunched his shoulders and took up the trail. Therault nodded and

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Mr. Dwyer Shrugged. "I Don't Know You, and I Don't Like Your Looks"

RAILROAD STATIONS

By Edward Hungerford

The Central Terminal at Buffalo, Built by the New York Central Railroad and Opened for Service June 23, 1929

THEY are already tearing down the vast train shed of South Station, Boston, and they are preparing to do the selfsame thing with the Union Station in St. Louis. So pass the great gods of yesterday and the outward symbols of a whole great era in the American railroad. Time was—and no longer is—when these great vaulted apartments were among the chief prides of our America. In a brief fifty or sixty years they have had their glory and have departed from it. Beginning with the first Grand Central Depot in New York, which was opened in October, 1871, they passed quickly through the development of such very real architectural masterpieces as the three giant stations of the Pennsylvania, at Jersey City, at Broad Street, Philadelphia, and at Pittsburgh, to the colossal and far-spreading stations in Boston and in St. Louis. All these earlier train sheds—save Pittsburgh, and already the hour of doom is sealed upon it—have been torn down, and now the last giants of the clan face their own execution. When they are gone something will have been ineffably lost in our America.

Railway Cars Powered by Old Dobbin

THESE huge vaulted sheds, with their endless housing of the restless trains that forever come and go, gave a spirit and a zest to the very thought of travel such as cannot be gained in any other way. Smoke ascending from the stacks of dormant locomotives, mixed with sunlight slanting from the interstices of a roof far overhead, the shuffle of uncounted feet, the glow of signal lights, the perspective of a railroad yard at the distant end of the shed—this is the picture that is going. And will never return. A hard, modern age of efficiency long since doomed the train shed; substituted for it long, narrow platforms with narrow roofings overhead, all cleaner, cooler; in most ways more attractive. But modernity cannot give to this new form of railroad construction one tithe of the beauty and the romance of the old.

A whole social history of the United States of the past even hundred years might be written in the development of the railroad terminals in its cities. In the beginning these depots were simplicity itself—an adapted dwelling house or shop served the simple purposes of the iron horse at the outset. It was like the recent beginnings of the motorbus traffic in this country. Improvised terminals served every need of the busses. As both the busses and their traffic multiplied, it became necessary to design and build stations especially adapted to their necessities. The same process is now in progress in the development of airports. From the very simplest of beginnings in some level field on the outskirts of any important town, architects and builders are devising already elaborate constructions—broad concrete pathways leading this way and that for the take-off and the reception of the planes; waiting rooms, restaurants, hangars and repair shops, even hotels for the immediate accommodation of patrons.

So it was in the beginning with the railroads. Some of the larger towns of the East were fairly well developed when the iron horse first began to come into his own. The men who backed him were not always well supplied with capital. To buy expensive terminal sites in the centers of these towns and private rights of way in and out of them was seemingly far too expensive a business even to be attempted. So the next best thing was done. Where possible, the railroad appropriated for itself the city streets. Boldly it placed its rails down the very center of some of the best of these. After which it was an easy matter to rent a waiting room or a ticket office in some tavern or shop in the heart of the biggest of the towns.

In most of these cases the advantage was not to the iron horse himself. He was noisy, and he was generally dirty, and so he was sharply barred at the outer edge of the towns. In Philadelphia the first passenger station of what is now the Pennsylvania Railroad was on the southeast corner of the public square—afterward to become the site of the lofty public building of the city—almost diagonally across from the present Broad Street Station. From this downtown terminal the passenger cars of the railroad, each drawn by flesh-and-blood horses, slowly and singly trundled their way west through Market Street until they came to the Schuylkill River. There was no more money for bridging sizable rivers than there was for buying expensive city real estate, so the railroad humbled its pride and went through the long covered spans of the famous wooden highway bridge that spanned the Schuylkill at that point.

The George Washington Makes the Grade

WHEN it was on the west side of the river its problem was not over. There remained a high hill to be climbed from the river bank before the fairly level tableland should be reached, and the promoters of the Columbia and Philadelphia Railroad were sure that the iron horse would have a hard time of it on that hill.

So, for a considerable distance, they placed the rails of their double tracks on a long incline or plane. Upon these tracks a slow-moving cable ran, and this it was that hauled the cars to the top after the real horses had been detached. At the summit the iron horse awaited, steam up and proud as any peacock. Three or four of the little cars were coupled together, and then, with great ado and ringing of bells, he started his way off through the open country to the west with all of them.

Eventually the iron horse conquered that particular plane.

It is written in the early annals of our railroading how one William Norris, who was to come to a real distinction in Philadelphia Town as a builder of railroad locomotives, made up his mind to create a machine that would ascend that Columbia Plane, and in triumph. Accordingly, Norris wrought and fabricated, in his dusty little shop, the George Washington, which presently went out and did the trick, hands down.

The Washington hauled two passenger cars, carrying fifty-three passengers, up the Columbia Plane, rising one to fifteen feet, with no trouble whatsoever. More than that, it came to a full stop several times upon the grade and started forward once again. At the summit it then turned around and descended, making more stops on the way down.

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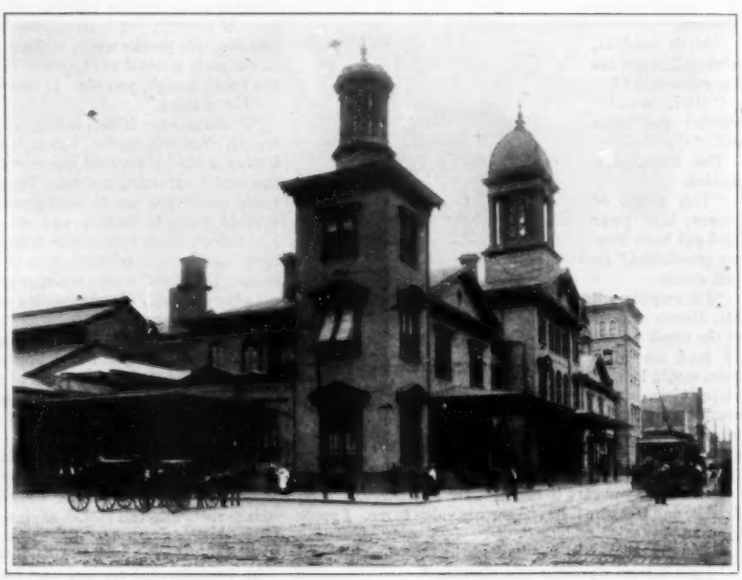

The Historic Camden Station on the B. & O., at Baltimore, Maryland

DETECTIVES IN ART

By David Rosen

As Told to Avery Strakosch

I HESITATED to tell the truth.

The little, gray-haired woman by my side, waiting for me to speak, smiled nervously. Clearly the pictures were ruined. I was strangely shocked. They had been such fine and valuable examples of Early American painting—Sully, Benjamin West, Morse and others.

"My dear madam," I began, "what in the world has happened to them?" The paint was cracked and almost detached from the canvas, yet shiny.

"Happened? I've taken the best care of them for years! I can't understand why the paint is beginning to crumble. So I've sent for you. I've painted them over with preservative every spring."

"And this preservative? What did you use?" I restrained myself with difficulty.

"Well, it was hard to get," she admitted. "Poppy oil. A friend in South Carolina told me about it. I had to hunt all over New York for it—poppy oil. Then I mixed it with a little alcohol and rubbed the pictures thoroughly."

"So thoroughly," I went on grimly, "that the original paintings are spoiled nearly beyond repair."

My experience with this lady who had ignorantly destroyed her little collection was not unique. People the world over ruin pictures every day. Generally through lack of knowledge. Sometimes through stinginess. The expert art restorer, as he is known in this country, is expensive.

When the English painter, the eccentric Turner, who was notoriously close at times, discovered that some of his own pictures were commencing to crack, he quickly sent for a famous expert of his day. The restorer examined them carefully. He could save them, he said, but it would take much labor and patience. He mentioned a price. Turner shuddered. Nothing was done to the pictures. As time went on the damage became so apparent, so extensive, and finally so fatal that the beauty in many of them entirely disappeared.

Perhaps if he had followed the advice of the restorer he would have saved his pictures and learned at the same time to modify certain errors of his technic which brought about their quick deterioration.

Nothing Up the Restorer's Sleeve

THERE are two types of picture collectors. Those who enjoy them, whose eyes and mind are thrilled by their beauty, and those who feel a particular sense of possession. The latter are tiresome. Their collections will exasperate you very often.

Unless you are a connoisseur you will wonder where the beauty lies in some famous old masters. Do not blame the pictures. It is because they are so thickly coated with dirt and varnish that they can present little more to your curious gaze than an opaque sheet of brownish glue. A dirty, clouded state is but the inevitable, the normal effect of time.

This miserlike group of art lovers has little imagination. What do they care about the subtle coloring of a Rembrandt? The miraculous sense of breathing, of life, in the flesh-and-blood figures of Velasquez—these things seem to mean nothing to them. They appear entirely satisfied that they have something—"art treasure" is their empty phrase—which is worth dollars and cents. But there's always a joker. They don't realize that an old master will increase both in beauty and value when it is properly cared for and preserved.

Sometimes it is difficult to prophesy the outcome of a restoration. So much may lie hidden beneath the varnish

X RAY MADE AT THE FOGG ART MUSEUM, HARVARD UNIVERSITY, UNDER THE MILTON FUND

An X Ray Showing the Original Face, Also the Cradling at Back of Picture, Holding the Wooden Panel on Which it Was Painted

PHOTOS. BY COURTESY OF THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART

The Same Portrait After Cleaning

and former bad restorations. I am quite amused at the discussions which regularly take place before a large canvas in my studio. It is from the brush of a famous eighteenth-century English artist, a full-length, life-size portrait of a woman, valued at over $100,000. Willed several years ago to a museum, with certain strings tied to the bequest, it has led a hard life. According to the terms of the will, a specially appointed committee of men must decide upon the manner of its future existence. In years gone by this picture has made the acquaintance of many restorers; their deeds and misdeeds are hidden under as many coats of varnish. I do not envy the next restorer. So I listen in silence to the arguments for and against restoration as they wax furious. Sometimes it seems to me that the charming subject, amused too, winks slyly at me across the centuries!

There is no magic in the restoration and preservation of pictures. Nor are there any secrets. I have met a number of restorers who try to be mysterious. And I was surprised recently to read that there are "certain secrets," that "few people in the world possess them," that among the few

Portrait of a Woman, by Frans Pourbus, Before Cleaning. The "Pretty" Face, Painted to Attract a Nineteenth-Century Buyer

"they have been handed down from generation to generation" and that "it requires influence to even be put in touch with the sources of knowledge!" So? As time goes on, any information or experience which either art or science can reveal should be and is made public.

There is a story told of a simple amateur who stood one day with a high official in the Salon Carré.

"How odd it is," he mused as he looked about, "that all these various masters represented here, though they lived in divers ages and countries, gave their pictures the same tone!" The high official listened to this ignorant blasphemy a moment, then quickly walked away. The "tone" in these cases was not chosen by the artists, but imposed after centuries of varnish and revarnish.

The Golden-Brown Tone of Much Varnish

HOW curious this idea has never entered the minds of thousands of artists who infest the Louvre and other galleries as they copy the old masters! If you watch them you will notice how painstakingly they try to imitate this patina, this golden-brown tone! How surprised they would be if the brown veil consisting of those many coats of varnish suddenly should be lifted, and the original in all its brilliancy and purity of color should burst, like the sun from behind a cloud, to dazzle them! How miserable, how ridiculous their little efforts would seem!

The expert restorer or picture conserver must be a physician and surgeon to works of art. His function and skill should not be discredited because, in art as in medicine, the quack is sometimes called in. He should have imagination as well as a technical training, acquired through long experience; he must be a chemist too. But last, and most important, he himself must be an artist, in order really to know and understand and respect the masterpiece before him. It is taken for granted that he has studied the natural history of paintings—that is, the methods of their creation, the condition of their existence and the attentions they require to save them from the effects of accident, ignorance and exposure—all of which are apologetically described as the ravages of time.

Cavenaghi, who preserved Leonardo's divine fresco, The Last Supper, in the Santa Maria delle Grazie at Milan, once warned a young painter interested in restoration. "There is no craft," he said, "more difficult, more full of danger to your artistic soul than to be a preserver of pictures and works of art. It is a fine art in itself, one hard to learn, harder to teach, and in some ways more difficult than that by which the painting was first brought into being."

I was a young art student in Weimar when I found an old pamphlet describing ways and means to clean and restore pictures. I became intensely interested. At an age when most boys went in for photography or stamp collecting, I was suddenly impassioned with what Doctor Freud might call a crusader complex. I found it impossible to go to a gallery merely to study. My hypochondriac eye looked at every darkly ancient picture suspiciously. What lay hidden under the old varnish? Not that I was entirely altruistic. Like all amateurs, I had read about famous and valuable paintings being discovered through restoration.

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WITHOUT RECOURSE

By Margaret Weymouth Jackson

ILLUSTRATED BY WILL GREFÉ

"But I Don't Want You to Work, Joan, After We are Married. And to be Working for Your Father—to be Selling in Competition With Me—it Seems All Wrong"

We regret that we cannot finance balance of $675 on car No. 112-A-4967, Model LL Sport Roadster, Grover Six, for Mr. John A. Carr, of Hilltown, Indiana, without recourse, as we find on investigation that Mr. Carr's credit does not justify ——

PAUL EDWARDS, Grover dealer in Hilltown, put the letter from the finance company down without finishing it. Another sale lost! And the car had been in the buyer's hands since the finance papers had been prepared, more than a week earlier. Paul would have to sell it as a used car now. Everyone in Hilltown knew Carr had the automobile and had been busy breaking it in.

Paul groaned, and began to compose, in his own mind, a speech for the benefit of the distributor's wholesale salesman next time he saw him. It was a kind of dealer's Lamentations; the song of the finance company, the dirge of selling. After making good a delinquent note and repossessing one new car himself; after having had turned back to him three used cars repossessed by the finance company with recourse to him, as the dealer, and making good on each the unpaid balance, he found now that he wasn't even able to sell brand-new cars unless with recourse. If the buyer was the least bit wabbly, Paul had to guarantee that he would pay his installments. He had to tie up his resources to obtain security for others. The factory had to have certified checks. They took no chances. Yet, as a dealer, his every act in selling or trading was a risk. If a car was troublesome and required expensive service, he had to take care of it. If he allowed too much for a trade-in—well, he shouldn't have done it. If he got stuck in a deal, took in something that looked good, but wasn't, that was just too bad!

The dealer certainly had all the grief, both ways. The manufacturer and the automobile owner caught him between them and squeezed him.

He was beginning to enjoy himself greatly, when it occurred to him that he had better get the car back in, instead of keening. There was no doubt that if Mr. Carr wasn't good enough for the finance company he wasn't good enough for Paul. He called Mr. Carr on the telephone, and his face was red with annoyance when he hung up the receiver. Of course Mr. Carr resented the imputation that his credit wasn't good. The more cause, the more resentment, Paul had discovered. But Paul had been firm. The car must come back on the floor until Mr. Carr could arrange the deal in some other way. Mr. Carr's old automobile, which Paul had taken in, and on which he had already spent about fifty dollars getting it in shape to sell, could go back to its former owner.

Paul looked across the street to the showroom and garage of his competitor, the Spate dealer, Cap'n Fox, who, with the assistance of his daughter Joan, sold cars and ran a general garage. It wasn't Cap'n that Paul was looking for. It was Joan Fox, the Cap'n's daughter and Paul's sweetheart. He could not see her anywhere. He knew she hadn't gone home, for she'd have signaled to him. He always took her home, or walked with her if he hadn't a car in use. She must be back in the garage with her father, he decided.

Paul, satisfied that she was not ready to leave, turned his attention back to his desk, where lay a letter he had written to his uncle, to whom he owed five thousand dollars.

He had been working most of the day on a financial statement showing why he could pay back only one thousand dollars of this amount at this date, a year from the time he had started his business. There was his check, the statement and the letter. But the letter from the finance company, which he put in his folder, had altered his mood and made its effect on him.

As he sat reading his own letter over again, fingers and palms, warm and firm, closed over his eyes, and Paul reached up and seized them and drew the hands and arms down around his neck, and turned, smiling, to look up at Joan.

"You were so interested you didn't see me," she chided, and freed herself and sat down on the end of his desk.

"I was looking out of the window for you a moment ago. I wanted to show this to you before I mail it."

He put the three pieces of paper into her hands and she studied them carefully.

"I think that's wonderful, Blondy, that you could make a thousand dollars, over and above all your expenses, your first year in business."

"Do you? It doesn't seem much to me." He told her about Carr. "I told my uncle I would be able to pay him back in a year. I had it all figured out. I thought I would sell fifty new cars. That's the quota I set for myself for this territory, with a hundred dollars' profit on each deal. That would be five thousand dollars for my uncle, leaving me clear. Instead of that, I've sold fifty cars, all together, and only fifteen of those were new, and on some of my deals I made no money at all, and on a couple I lost considerable. Even with the geese and the goats and the span of mules I took in, I didn't make enough. My good sales had to pay for the bad ones. The wrecker and the work in the shop paid for all my servicing and for the garage maintenance. My car dealership has paid my own living expenses, my rent and light and power bills, and it has paid one thousand dollars and the interest on the other four. That's not enough."

"Well, I think you are ungrateful. The seven previous dealers who opened up here in competition with Cap'n in seven successive years all failed completely. Some of them lost handy sums of money. And you have your original investment—your own five thousand and the five thousand you borrowed—intact, and 10 per cent on your money. What do you want, G. Wallingford?"

"I want to get married," he said, looking up at her. Joan widened her eyes at him.

"You do!" she exclaimed. He nodded soberly.

"Most frightfully," he assured her. "I want to get married, and I'm four thousand dollars in debt and can't do it."

"Tell me about her," murmured Joan, and Paul considered.

"She's tall," he said confidentially, "and sort of pretty. And sometimes she's untidy, and generally she's sweet.

Oh, no one else might like her, but I do. I'm queer that way. . . . Hey, watch out! You'll dump me over."

"I was trying to," Joan assured him. And he continued: "She's very meek and ladylike. You know—Alice, Ben Boltish. She weeps with delight when I give her a smile and trembles with fear at my frown."

"Just an old-fashioned girl," said Joan, whose independence was her most notable characteristic. They smiled at each other.

"I'll tell you about my beau, since you've broken down this way. He's very fair, and very, very tidy. Regular old lady. And he's stubborn and stiff-necked, and expects so much of himself that he'll never get caught up with his ambitions. He's honest and works hard, which makes up for his being sort of homely. But he doesn't give a girl a chance—not half a one. Come on, Blondy, and let's go and eat at my house tonight. I'm craving a long confidential talk with you, but food first. We can mail your letter as we go."

"I'm ashamed to go up to your house again," said Paul. "I eat half of my meals at your mother's. What can she think of me? And if they continue to turn cars back on me—it may be years that I'll be doing it ——"

"Mother baked beans today, and there's to be hot corn bread," said Joan, disregarding his protest and linking her arm in his as they went out into the dusk-sweetened street. "And a spring salad—my own special—and apple sauce made out of yellow transparents. I helped to peel them, early last summer. I think this is the last jar. And your place is set right beside my own."

Mrs. Fox, a round amiable woman, whom Joan resembled remotely, was famous for her baked beans. She always was called upon to prepare them for church suppers. They deserved fame, and Paul passed back his plate for a second helping. The corn bread was tender and grainy, and hot enough to absorb butter instantly.

"I do hate corn bread," said Paul, breaking open his third square. "You wouldn't think about getting a divorce, would you, Mrs. Fox?"

"Joan can make right good corn bread," her mother assured him; "and before you are married, I want her to stay home a little while and learn a few odds and ends about cooking and cleaning that she's not good at. Her biscuits aren't much, but she can make light cake, and her pies are tol'ble. However, Joan has the proper instinct for cooking. It takes a little inventiveness. She's fine at light rolls, and I always think they're the test of a natural cook."

"Thanks for the ad," said Joan, and passed the apple sauce to Paul, who bugged his eyes at her and shamelessly took more.

When Joan and Paul had helped Mrs. Fox clear away, Joan said, "A girl can't talk around here. Too many parents. Too much telephone. Cap'n 'll sit down and talk about front-drive cars and the merits of eights and sixes for the remainder of the evening, or someone will come in and we'll not escape. I've got a special place of my own, Paul—a thinking place. We're going up there. This is the first fine spring night I've wanted to go."

They left Paul's car at Fox's, and walked through the shaded quiet streets of the old town, where great trees brooded over the houses. The hill ran north and south along the upper edge of the town proper. They climbed the hill hand in hand, and so came, at full dusk, to a great flat rock on the very crest of the hill. The town, winking with lights among the feathery tree tops, lay below them. The river was a long silver chain, bright with the last of the sunset. They could see the headlights of cars moving across the bridge in the twilight. Darkness lay on the town, but pearly daylight still lingered on the hilltop. Paul held Joan tightly in his arms and kissed her. She was quiet, not very responsive; a little sad, it seemed to him.

"Darling girl," said Paul, "you're thinking about something. What is it, Joan?"

"Let's sit here beside each other, Paul. Don't hold me, dear—not now. I can't think when you're kissing me. I want to talk seriously. It's something we'll have to do now and then, I suppose, all our lives."

"You sound like a dark past," he teased, but he released her and sat beside her, while she was silent and grave.

At last she said, "I've been wanting to say this for the past little while, but just couldn't manage to do it. Last night, after you went home, I thought it all out, and I'm going to tell you what I think, and then I won't talk about it again. You'll have to decide about it yourself."

"Tell me, Joan."

"It's about our getting married," she said slowly, in a low voice. In the half light he could see that it was difficult for her to speak her thoughts. Always reserved, given to silence about herself, it was not easy for her to tell him.

"We've been engaged all winter," she went on steadily—"six months now—and we've talked about getting married, and planned to marry. I don't know why, but I just naturally supposed, until lately, that we would be married this summer; though we never said so definitely. But lately you've been telling me these things—that you owe your uncle five thousand dollars—four, now that you sent him the check today. And you've said you felt you shouldn't get married while you are in debt, and all that sort of thing. And that you don't know what you ought to do. We have gone over it and over it, every date we've had this spring—that we were terribly in love and should be married; that it would be so nice to be together and have our own home. But that it would be almost impossible to pay debts if we were married, with an establishment to maintain; that we didn't want to get married and be poor; that it was only honorable to pay debts first; that debts were a sacred obligation; that you wouldn't have borrowed the money if you had known about me, but that you did. And then we would end up by deciding that we couldn't wait."

"Darling," Paul protested, "I've thought of nothing else. I've gone over and over it, like a squirrel in a cage. When I'm with you I think that nothing else matters but to have you. It seems a crime against our youth and our love to wait for any consideration. I waken in the night and think what if you should die, or I should be hurt, or any other awful thing would part us? What if you should grow tired of me? Oh, I know you wouldn't, Joan, any more than I would. But people change. They do! And then, it seems as though, as soon as morning comes, I'll go and get the license."

"I know," she said, holding his hand tightly between her own. "I know."

"And then"—he gave a groan—"I've been brought up with such a complex about debts—such a horror of them. There it rises, right across my path, and says 'Me first!' But I've got a way worked out for us. I want to tell you."

"I had a way worked out too. But you tell me yours first."

"I'll sell out," he said, his face a little stiff—he who had been making up speeches about the trials of his business—"and I'll go back to my old job, selling cars for Mortimer, at the state capital. I can make from fifty to a hundred a week, and sometimes more, and we can have a small apartment in the city, and be together."

But Joan shook her head firmly.

"If you do that, Blondy, you'll be on salary the rest of your life," she told him. "No, I don't want you to do that for me. I'd always feel that I had stood in your way. You've got your start here now. And you love it. Your very grousing proves how much you love it. You belong here, in your showroom. No business can ever be as interesting to a man as his own. And I've seen that the man who owns his own business, however small, is generally the man that is well fixed in his old age. I know that if we lived in the city on a pay envelope, we'd find it hard to save. I like it here. I like a house. I'd rather you'd be in business, lean years and good together, than that you'd be on a job, earning for someone else. You would hardly get enough to repay your uncle if you closed out your stock on a forced sale. And that would mean that you'd lose your own stake. You'd never get another. I'm superstitious about such things. Oh, no, Paul; I'd never want you to do that. My way is much better than that."

"You want to go on working," he said dully.

She looked at him in surprise, and her face grew stern.

"Now, mister, I'm halvers in this," she said, her voice warning. "I've got as much at stake in this marriage as you have. Maybe more. You know that house I showed you—near Mrs. Ferguson's?"

"The big old house with the shutters, and the big trees in the yard?"

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It Came to Paul, Like the Rush of Niagara Falls, That He Was Really Married Forever

My Friendship With Roosevelt

By OWEN WISTER

XIII

CABOT LODGE, it may be recalled, bade me notice the big curly-haired man who stood close behind the President throughout the diplomatic reception, with a hand on his revolver, ready for anyone who might need a bullet. This perpetual hedging round her husband's safety must have put a strain upon Mrs. Roosevelt from which no absence from the White House could relieve her as absence did provide escape from her duties as mistress of the house and mother of her children. If she was away she knew that her competent and delightful social secretary, Miss Hagner, could carry on as to those matters; as to the other—what wife could drive such a thing out of her thoughts and keep it out? But she gave no more sign of this preoccupation than as if it, too, had no existence for her. Already in our history we count three assassinated Presidents; England in her thousand years has lost two kings so. No doubt, Mrs. Roosevelt was visited at times by such reflections; no doubt, when the telegram from Milwaukee reached her during that speaking tour in 1912, she thought, "So it has come at last!" Yet her telegram in answer merely suggested that he come to Sagamore Hill, where he always rested well. With a husband who insisted on keeping his engagements and addressed the audience for an hour and three-quarters with a bullet fresh in his chest, somebody had to be calm! On reaching the Chicago hospital, she ruled that sick room as quietly and absolutely as she had directed the White House.

PHOTO, FROM WIDE WORLD NEWS SERVICE

The President and Mrs. Roosevelt at the Wedding of Their Daughter, Ethel, 1913

Roosevelt took all such peril fatalistically—had it been her peril instead of his, it is not likely that he could have done so—and the only sign I ever saw him give that he was aware of its existence was his impatience with those whose office it was to keep strangers from approaching him—as when, upon starting for a walk with some companion, he would wave the secret-service man away. But that was outside the house; inside, it was a different situation; both situations had to be watched, and silence had to be kept about incidents which occurred in the waiting room of the Executive Office. Of course, if even a personal friend had come in there without an appointment, Mr. Loeb, the President's secretary, would have asked him to wait in any case; would never have shown him in during business hours without first finding out if the President could be interrupted; and when it was somebody unknown, the secretary had to be sure what was wanted before he went any further.

Since those days, Mr. Loeb has told me a good deal about all that. A number of things that I never imagined then lay behind those impatient gestures to the secret-service men. Roosevelt protested to his secretary; he did not wish the secret-service men to be dogging his steps. The protest must have been made with some emphasis, for the secretary—who was officially charged with the protection of the President—was forced to declare that the President would have to put up with the secret-service men or do without services; he was to be sole judge of whatever precautions he thought necessary to the full performance of his duty. He begged Roosevelt not to ask for any particulars as to why he deemed so much care essential. And so, Roosevelt, after some flouncing—as Washington described his own behavior before sitting for a portrait—gave in.

"Billy, you are perfectly right, and you will not hear another word of complaint from me," he said.

Mr. Loeb has given me two instances of the kind of particulars he begged Roosevelt not to ask him for, and I will quote his own account of them:

"My colored doorman brought in an engraved visiting card, which he said was that of a very high-class lady. She was shown in, and I asked her what I could do for her. She said that she must see the President, and only the President. I told her that I would like to help her, but that she must first tell me the business that she wished to present. She said that the postmaster at Pittsburgh had been opening her mail, and she wished him removed. I then said to her, 'Ah, that is a matter you should take up with the Postmaster General.' She had been getting more and more excited, and at that point she opened up a large reticule she carried, on the top of which reposed a pearl-handled revolver, which I grabbed before she could reach it.

"A Slav tailor turned up at the White House office, but was so incoherent and wild that the officers at once took charge of him. On the way to the police wagon, he whipped from the sleeve of his coat one of the blades of a tailor's shears which had been sharpened to a needle point, and he severely cut up one of the officers."

The politician in Roosevelt was remarkably canny, and loved to be, as any man loves to do the things he does well. But Roosevelt also rejoiced in not being a politician, in throwing it off and dropping all caution, as he did with his familiars. And so it happened one day that he nearly put himself into what, but for his catlike quickness at jumping, might have been a very disastrous hole indeed.

Roosevelt was taking an hour off. During this interval of relaxation, the card of Prof. Hugo Münsterberg, of Harvard, was brought him. He was glad to see the professor, who was making a tour of lectures upon the German Constitution. .The historian in Roosevelt forgot all about the politician, the making of our own Constitution led him into an eager talk; he discussed some of the obstacles which the fathers of our republic had to overcome or side-step, and this brought him to Thomas Jefferson. He spoke his mind freely.

"You don't mean to zay so!" exclaimed Prof. Hugo Münsterberg. "But, after all, there iss the Declaration of Independence."

Roosevelt spoke his mind again freely.

"That is most inter-ez-ting," said the professor. They talked a while longer and he bowed himself out.

Presently he was speaking to an audience in a large Western city. During the course of his address he made some remarks about Thomas Jefferson. These were not heartily received. He followed them with some criticisms on the turgid style of the Declaration of Independence, and these were still less well received.

"Well, anyway, ladies and gentlemen," said Prof. Hugo Münsterberg, "those are the very words of President Roosevelt, spoken by him to me in the White House last week."

Not many hours later a newspaper correspondent laid a telegraphic report of those remarks before Roosevelt and asked if he had anything to say.

"It is too ridiculous for comment," said Roosevelt instantly, and turned away to other business.

Less than a second's space had intervened between question and answer; just enough time for Roosevelt's eye to race through that telegraphic dispatch and see in the same flash big black capitals glaring across front pages of hostile newspapers:

Roosevelt Now Assaults the Memory of Thomas Jefferson! Spurns the Declaration of Independence! Harvard Professor Aghast at Display of Despotic Tendencies in President!

With that amazing indiscretion of Münsterberg's once in the hands of Congress and the enemy press, what would happen to Gifford Pinchot's forests, and the Pure Food and Drugs Act, and Employers' Liability, and everything else?

"It is too ridiculous for comment."

Six prompt words, with the matter left there, other business taken up, and the newspaper correspondent free to draw his own conclusions.

"It was one of those quick remarks," wrote Mr. Chief Justice Taft, when I applied to him for verification of the anecdote and for permission to tell it. Here is the whole of his answer, of which a sentence, to illustrate his generous amiability, has already been quoted.

"What Doctor Thayer, of Baltimore, has said to you is quite true. You are a friend of Roosevelt, I know, and therefore would use the story in a way that would not bring any criticism upon Mr. Roosevelt; for I would not wish to circulate it and have any such result. It was one of those quick remarks of his to avoid the unjustified curiosity of newspapermen looking for opportunity to criticize, and I am glad to think that it defeated a possible sinister purpose."

Possibly the purpose may have been sinister, but I do not feel so certain of this as I should if I knew which newspaper correspondent it was on that occasion. Those men, no matter which newspaper they represented, had almost to a man been won over to a personal devotion to Roosevelt, merely through seeing him daily at close quarters and thus coming to know him as he was much better than the politicians who distorted him so busily. Reporters are apt to be more decent than the papers they serve. This one and Roosevelt may have understood each other perfectly; he had his answer in a formula that relieved him of all professional responsibility.

Prof. Hugo Münsterberg never rose to the eminence of defeating, even unintentionally, Roosevelt's policies; the story was killed.

It astonished me that a friend to whom I repeated this should think it not to Roosevelt's credit.

"Then," said I, "while Walter Scott was doing his best to keep the authorship of the Waverly novels a secret, and a lady asked him straight out before a lot of people one day if he had written them, you think it was his duty to the truth to say that he had, instead of saying that he hadn't, which is the answer that he gave the indiscreet lady?"

Let us imagine an outsider approaching George Washington on a day in December, 1776, and inquiring if it were true that the general planned to cross the Delaware and attack the Hessians at Trenton on the coming Christmas night. This is conceivable, but it is not conceivable that Washington would have acknowledged the fact. To any young man who should ask my advice as to his proper reply

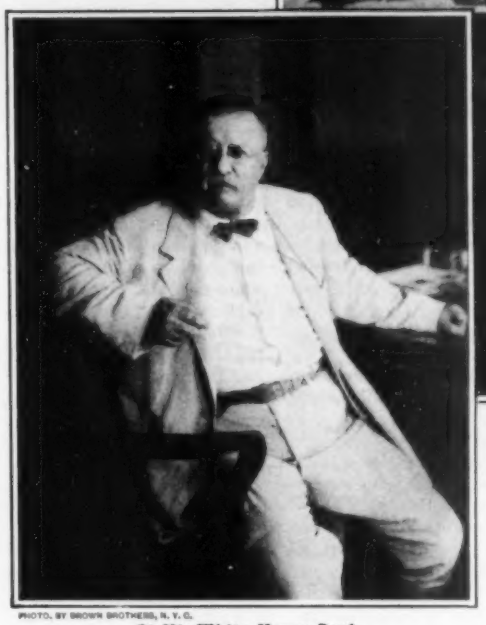
to an improper and impertinent piece of inquisitiveness, when the truth would be disastrous, I should answer:

"Lie to 'em—lie to 'em—lie to 'em!"

XIV

ALTHOUGH Roosevelt had not been reëlected to the presidency in November, 1904, he chose to call it his second term; and on receiving definite news of his election he gave out immediately, the same night, that statement that in no circumstances would he be a candidate for renomination. Looking back across twenty-five years upon all that was to follow, and how those who were waiting till he should be out of their way used that statement in a twisted interpretation against him—made it to seem not only that it was a promise given in exchange for his election, instead of a gratuitous outburst after his election, but also that it was a promise never at any time in the future to run again—Mrs. Roosevelt's remark that she would not have allowed him to make the statement, had she been at hand, seems like a prophecy.

I have no remembrance of any talk with him between the election and the new year except by correspondence, until a telegram from Mr. Loeb on January twelfth: "The President says to come in at six o'clock Friday and if possible stay to dinner at 7:30." This visit was made between trains. I was on my way South, and spent about three hours at the White House, of which my vivid recollection is Cecil Lyon, the Rough Rider. I was a dazzled listener. The President and his favorite Rough Rider, a fast and firm and intimate friend, whom he had often hoped I would meet, talked Spanish War and Southwestern politics, while my hair stood most agreeably on end until it was time for me to go. To my joy and pride, Cecil Lyon went with me, enticed me to some place where I met a Southwestern friend of his, and hypnotized me into drinking champagne, which I did willingly, though feebly, and then departed for the sleeping car to Camden, South Carolina. There the editor of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST once again called upon me for an article about Roosevelt—this time at the close, instead of on the threshold of his first Administration—and I should have forgotten all about it, but for a line from the White House on March 6, 1905: "I liked your article on the Square Deal." Finding this note has touched my memory up and reminded me that while I was writing that article at Camden, I asked him to send me the official particulars about the affair at Indianola. The official particulars arrived at Camden promptly—quite a *dossier* of typewriting, which I must have destroyed after making whatever use of it that I did for THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. But he must have forgotten that he ever had this sent me, for he goes over the whole thing again in the longest letter I ever had from him.



PHOTO, BY BROWN BROTHERS, N. Y. C.

At His White House Desk

After The Virginian had headed the foolish and meaningless list of best sellers for long enough to be a source of material satisfaction to its publisher and its author, George P. Brett, president of the Macmillan Company, told me that he could promise me a very remunerative public if I followed that story by another cowboy story. I told him this was precisely what I did not intend to do; I had written four volumes about the West; I expected to write more, but not just then; I wished to turn to other themes for a while, even if the box-office receipts should fall away. George Brett was splendid. He said, "Write whatever you feel moved to write; as a business matter, I had to say what I did, but your plan is the better one for your own sake in the long run." So I wrote a novel about Charleston, South Carolina, and followed this by a short biography of George Washington for the sake of adding something in the same line as my short biography of General Grant. The box-office receipts did fall off, of course. I doubt if George Brett cared very much, and I didn't care at all. The people whose opinion I valued more than cash read both books; and I was able to build a house in Rhode Island for summer weather with the royalties from Lady Baltimore.

Our winter of 1902 in Charleston, where I had completed The Virginian, left a wonderful and sad impression, which, as time went on, aroused a persistent longing. In my mind I had known well enough since childhood—and my study for General Grant had much deepened this knowledge—that our Civil War was a tragedy which had broken many hearts both North and South; but when I saw Charleston it seemed to me the tragedy of all, except Lincoln. Whatever these people had done—and my political faith was wholly Union—obliteration was a heavier punishment than they deserved. They had taken a splendid hand in the first making of our country, and the civilization they had produced was altogether the most civilized in the United States. A Bostonian who had known it well in its flower—the wife of the great Agassiz—told me, while talking to me in her house in Cambridge about Lady Baltimore, that she had recognized this upon her first visit as a young woman to South Carolina, which must have been during the 50's, or even earlier. Here it was now, fifty years after, in its dying embers—that civilization—first beaten down by a war that it had undoubtedly precipitated,

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The President Leaving the Stand in Front of the Capitol After His Inaugural Address, 1905

and then trodden out by the infamy of Reconstruction. It had been founded, true enough, on the crime of slavery, but this crime was not its own; it was part of its inheritance from England. Moreover, I had found in Charleston, and wherever I had gone in the South, many more people, whether urban or rustic, who were the sort of people I was, with feelings and thoughts and general philosophy and humor and faith and attitude toward life like my own—Americans—with whom I felt just as direct a national kinship as I felt with the Western cow-puncher, and which I feel less and less in places, like New York, Boston and Philadelphia; that are affected by too many people of differing traditions.

So I wrote Lady Baltimore, not as a tragedy but as a comedy; calling Charleston Kings Port, owing to the suggestion made by Henry James that I invent some slight disguise for the real name. It would help me to move more freely. Into the action of the comedy I wove the incident of Doctor Crum's appointment as Collector of the Port; and because it was a very delicate matter to write about so small a community, I got two members of that community—survivors of Charleston's great civilization—to read every word of the story before it went to the printer. When the book appeared I sent the first copy to my cousin, Dr. Weir Mitchell, to whom it was dedicated, and the second to Roosevelt.

The numerous changes and interpolations in his own handwriting through the fifteen typewritten pages of his letter show that he must have gone over it minutely. His indictment against the slave-holding minority who took the Confederacy into the Civil War cannot be answered—it is borne out to the full in the thorough and dispassionate pages of James Ford Rhodes—but I have never been able to agree with some of his other severities about those unfortunate people.

Was he still stirred up about the Indianola affair? Would he reiterate today his opinion, unmoderated? Who can tell? But I have accepted the objections to my book that he makes in his postscript. When I came to prepare the novel for the uniform edition of my books in 1928, a good many sentences were changed and quite a number of paragraphs were wholly omitted.

"THE WHITE HOUSE
"WASHINGTON

"Personal.

"APRIL 27, 1906.

"*Dear Dan:* That I have read Lady Baltimore with interest, and that I think it a very considerable book, the length of this letter will show. If my wife were to write the letter, it would be one of almost undiluted praise, because she looked at it simply as a work of art, simply as a story, and from either standpoint it is entitled to nothing but admiration. The description of the people and of their surroundings will always live in my memory, and will make me continually turn back to read bits of the book here and there. Moreover—to a man of my possibly priggish way of looking at novels—the general tone of the book is admirable, and to one who does not look at it in any way as a tract of the times, it leaves the right impression of sturdy protest against what is sordid, against what is mere spangle-covered baseness, against brutal greed and sensuality and vacuity; it teaches admiration of manliness and womanliness, as both terms must always be understood by those capable of holding a high ideal.

"But I am afraid the book cannot but be considered save as in part a tract of the times, and from this standpoint, in spite of my hearty sympathy with your denunciation of the very things that you denounce and your admiration of the very things that you admire, I cannot but think that at the best you will fail to do good, and that at the worst you may do harm, by overstating your case. The longer I have been in public life, and the more zealous I have grown in movements of true reform, the greater the horror I have come to feel for the exaggeration which so often defeats its own object. It is needless to say to you that the exaggeration can be just as surely shown as in any other way by merely omitting or slurring over certain important facts. In your remarkable little sketch of Grant, by reciting with entire truth certain facts of Grant's life and passing over with insufficient notice the remainder, you could have drawn a picture of him as a drunken, brutal and corrupt incapable, a picture in which almost every detail in the framework would have been true in itself, but in which the summing up and general effect would have been quite as false as if the whole had been a mere invention. Now, of course, I don't mean that this is true of Lady Baltimore. You call attention to some mighty ugly facts and tendencies in our modern American

(Continued on Page 59)

HARD MONEY

By Clarence Budington Kelland

ILLUSTRATED BY ORISON MACPHERSON

"What Would be an Excellent Thing?" She Asked Breathlessly. "Why, the Marriage," He Said

IX

TWO events occurred in June of 1809: Little Claas was born and the first circus came to Albany. One would hesitate to say which of these happenings modified Jan Van Horn's life more profoundly or brought into it the bitterer grief.

In midmorning of that June day a gayly caparisoned bugler marched down the street blaring upon his instrument, while at his heels followed a clown, grimacing and executing antics for the delectation of the small boys. This forerunner of the circus parade continued on to the tavern, where the clown mounted a barrel and addressed the crowd in a speech which was a mingling of astute advertising for the show—which in that sanctimonious day must label itself as The Great Moral and Educational Exhibition—of crude humor, and of biting jokes upon such merchants of the town as had refused their support or contributions to the enterprise.

The clown was a tall man, lanky even in his flapping motley. His was an undeniable eloquence, though of a rough-and-ready sort, uttered in a sonorous, genial voice and delivered with unusual skill and astuteness. Perhaps the astuteness might have been selected by an observer as the dominant characteristic of the man—astuteness in which he took pride—and the next most visible characteristic would have been vanity.

He preened himself as the crowd responded to his humor and rocked with laughter as he introduced the name of some well-known citizen into some absurd and scarcely dignified drollery. In the end, with specious erudition, he pointed out the educational and moral benefits to be derived from attendance at the performance, and closed with a skillful appeal not to miss such an opportunity—especially the pious and churchgoing—to add to their store of knowledge of the strange and wonderful works of a beneficent Creator. It appeared he regarded highly the handiwork of God, especially in the invention of wild animals of strange appearance and peculiar habits, and that, in his opinion, to attend the show was equivalent to worshiping in church.

Having finished his harangue, he descended from his barrel, paraded back to the show ground and divested himself of his paint and his livery. Then he opened, cautiously and secretively, the tin box in which he carried his belongings, took from it no mean roll of currency, and, in his proper person, retraced his steps to town.

Jan Van Horn's sign accosted him, for he was in search of a bank, and he entered, to find Jan at his desk working upon accounts.

"Be you," he asked, "the banker?"

Jan nodded to the stranger and waited, as was his taciturn habit, for the other to make known his business.

"I got a stack of paper money here. Been collectin' it from Dan to Beersheeby. Provin' the contrairy of the sayin' that a rollin' stone gathers no moss. Got a snag of 'em from Kaintucky, and some from Virginny and some from Maryland and some from Tennessee."

Still Jan waited, eying the stranger in his calculating way.

"Did I tell ye my name?" asked the clown.

"No," said Jan.

"It's one 'll be heard of," the clown said, and strutted a little. "Name of Abel Betts. 'Tain't much known as yet, but just give me time. Mr. Banker, I'm on the make, if it can be done honest and aboveboard and all, accordin' to the tenets of the Christian religion."

Jan found no proper reply to make to this announcement, so he made none but continued to study the handsome, rather flamboyant face of the man who confronted him. Handsome he was, with his reddish hair and blue eyes and mobile mouth; perhaps more handsome in the eyes of a woman than of a man.

"I aim to make a change," said Abel Betts, "and all on account of gittin' religion. Yes-sirree-bob! Went to a camp meetin' t'other night down Carmel way, and first I knew they got holt of me and convicted me of sin and washed me in the blood of the lamb. So I'm settlin' down and givin' up evil ways and turnin' toward respectability. You never 'ud think to look at me I was a clown with the Rollin' Show?"

"No," said Jan.

"After tonight's gigantic exhibition I hain't any longer. And that's why I'm huntin' a bank with this money." He tossed his roll of currency on the desk. "I cal'late to settle and get into some business fit for a Christian. What's them bills worth today in hard money? The bulk's notes of the Kaintucky Bank."

Jan's memory was prodigious, though daily he was compelled to consult the lists of bank notes for fluctuating values.

"Kentucky Bank's notes," he said, "stand at a hundred and eighty dollars for a hundred dollars' worth of specie."

"Fetches a Christian man close to utterin' blasphemy," said Abel. "Still in all, I hain't done so bad, considerin' this and that. Jest you figger the lot and I'll leave 'em on deposit with you while I look around for some place to use 'em that won't go agin my scruples. Got any idees?"

"No," said Jan succinctly.

"What I like 's a feller knows enough to keep his mouth shut," said Abel. "I venture you 'n' me would git along first-class." He eyed Jan's apple cheeks and square figure with approval. "I'll warrant you're smarter'n you look, and if I don't miss my guess we'll be doin' business together."

That was the first meeting between Jan Van Horn and Abel Betts. It was the first encounter, from which grew a brief friendship, then a bitter hatred, and more than a generation of fierce, ruthless rivalry, malignant on the side of Betts; still, deep, calculating, unrelenting on the part of Jan Van Horn. It modified their lives, became

the underlying motive for their activities, might almost be termed the chief business of their parallel careers. For forty years these two men sought to destroy each other, and the story of their enmity is the story of their lives.

Could the world have been searched, two men more different in appearance or in character could not have been discovered. They owned no common characteristic; in them every item was antagonistic. What one lacked the other possessed, and what one admired the other despised. Jan was a builder and a conserver; Abel a speculator and destroyer. Jan labored to create; Abel grew to greatness by tearing down. Throughout his long life Jan passed as a man indifferent or hostile to things religious; Abel believed religion to be the keynote of his character. One was silent, reserved, taciturn; the other was voluble, noisy, vain, and happy only when the public eye was astonished by his antics. But the greatest difference lay in this: That Jan Van Horn was honest at the base—he was rooted in a soil of honesty, though at times his transactions seemed to bear out his mother's fears that money meant more to him than rigid probity—while Abel Betts, from the day of his birth, was a charlatan, a hypocrite, and one who delighted in chicanery for the sake of chicanery itself.

Two such men—two men of such abilities and force and tremendous potentialities—could not encounter without clashing, could not live in the same world without conflict, could not meet in the arena of business without hatred. And so it was.

Their ages were almost the same, for Jan was twenty-six at the time of their meeting and Abel was twenty-seven.

So Abel Betts set about the business of sending his taproot deep into the soil of Albany. His first efforts, it seemed, were directed toward erecting for himself a reputation for piety rather than toward increasing the amount of money on deposit with Jan Van Horn. In the company of the righteous he became something of a vogue—a brand plucked from the burning, whose repentance had caused rejoicing in heaven. He spoke in meeting and out of meeting; sometimes with tears in his handsome eyes as he described eloquently the iniquities of his life on his travels with the Rolling Show. His stories of the world fascinated these simple people, and the flamboyance of his personality impressed them profoundly. He neglected no opportunity to impress or to make a friendship, and his popularity was a growth amazing to watch. He never lacked an invitation to some Sabbath dinner table, and when he sat in the common room of the tavern his place was sure to be surrounded by men and boys who drank in the tales of his exploits—at the thought of which he ached with repentance.

Phœbe Van Horn heard him on a prayer-meeting night, saw him through a golden haze of glamour, and compared him in season and out of season with her own stolid Jan—as women will compare such men to their Jans—and permitted herself to imagine how much more interesting life would be with a man who knew wickedness, had experienced evil, but had reformed and entered the fold.

As for Jan himself, he was attracted. Abel had information to give—information about the customs of this place and the habits of that: About the marvelous growth of population in Kentucky and Tennessee and Ohio; about the fur trade of the Lakes and the merchants of the Carolinas. He had been everywhere within the constricted confines of the baby republic; he had seen Mr. Jefferson and Mr. Madison and Gallatin and General Wilkinson. But of all men encountered, his narratives of the exploits and personality of Andrew Jackson of Nashville, seemed to Jan's imagination to personify the energy of the growing West and he seemed to exhibit in his person those qualities of good and of evil which were to conquer wilderness and plains to the end that Jan's vision might become fact.

Phœbe shuddered as Abel described the duel between Dickinson and Jackson.

"Mr. Betts," exclaimed Phœbe, who had blossomed again after the little Claas—perhaps because of a new interest in life or because of reawakened vanity and the presence of a fascinating man to attract—"why don't you take up preaching? With your gift of words, people would come miles to hear you."

"Saving souls," said Abel, "is a grand business and lays up treasures in heaven for a body. But I ain't fit for it. I'm still wearin' the trammels of the flesh. And besides," he added with one of those rare lapses into honest statement and self-revelation, "there ain't any money in it."

So, instead of bartering for souls, Abel took to dickering for cattle, perhaps because he had not wholly rid himself of the itching foot and because there was no wanderer to vie with the drover of that day, or perhaps because it was a trade in which his peculiar talents for blandishment and for guile might be given the fullest opportunity to express themselves.

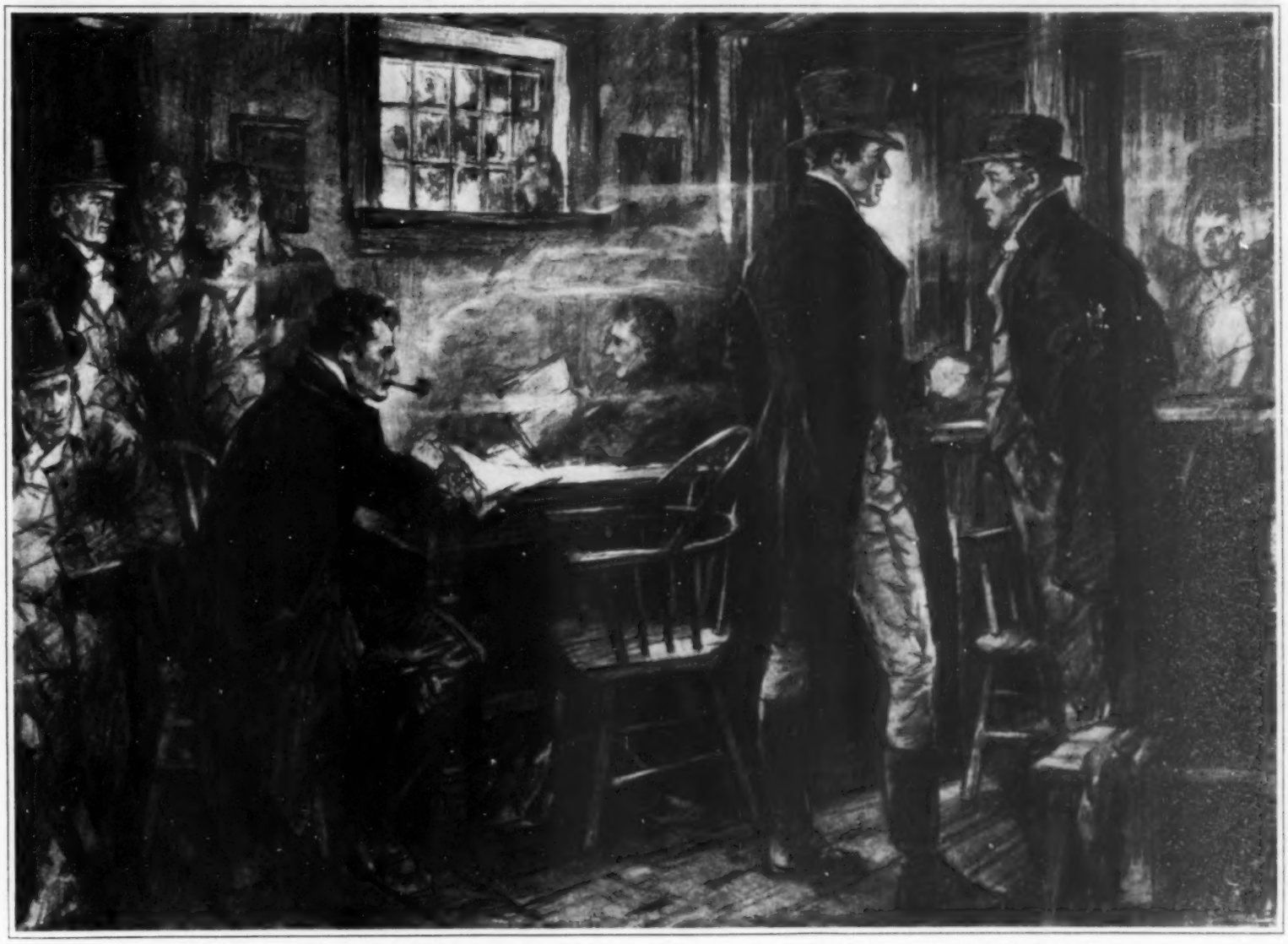
In the beginning he went to Jan. "I got a bit of money," he said, "but I need more for this trade if it's goin' to amount to anything. And I'm the feller can make the most of it. Now I tell you what: I'll furnish what I got and supply the brains and the legs, and you put up the cash, and betwixt us we can turn a pretty penny."

Jan, self-contained and inarticulate, had never known the pleasures of close friendship. There had been no boyhood chums, nor, as he grew to manhood, had he formed any of those intimate associations with men involving trust and affection which add to the fullness of life. Abel Betts represented his first investment in friendship. The man flattered him in subtle ways, and there can be no question that, for a time, Jan was deeply under the influence of that abounding personality. So, after characteristic hesitations and precautions and arguments, he fell in with the scheme and advanced a modest sum of money.

"You're a fool, Jan," Anneke said to him when he told her of the new venture. "I wouldn't trust him as far as I could throw him by the hair. No good'll come of it. And him, with his oily ways, hanging around your house! Mark me, son, you'll reap sorrow."

Jan shook his head, not understanding his mother's dislike for his friend or her veiled warning. "I got to use my judgment," he said.

"Such as you've got," Anneke snapped, "and you with a baby in arms!" *(Continued on Page 94)*



"No Trouble. And the Note is Torn. What You Do is This: These Men You Stop at the Ferry While I Speak to Them"

HAPPY LANDINGS

By Fanny Heaslip Lea

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

"What are Women Coming to?" Objected Sutherland, Raptly Attentive. "Where are They Going, You Mean," Murmured Eve

XVI

SUTHERLAND made one picture in Hollywood, and that for him was the end of the audible cinema. He told Eve, "I'm going home. Better come along." But Eve Adams was by that time too deeply involved, too hopeful of ultimate success, to do anything but laugh at him.

"Jimmy, you've lost your nerve!"

"If I hadn't lost it in the first place, I'd never have come out here," said Sutherland. "It's because I've got it back that I'm going back. The theater's my meat."

"Now that you're heeled," said Eve sweetly.

Said Sutherland, "I'm going to stake myself to a little civilization for a change."

"Leaving the husks to the Gadarene swine," said Eve.

"And I 'opes," said Sutherland, "they select the nearest steep place and rush quietly toward it!"

"With a band and a few flash lights," said Eve.

She took the cigarette Sutherland offered her, she snapped open a small lighter in gold, black enameled.

"From the chief himself?" asked Sutherland curiously.

"Jack Carman gave it to me," said Eve, smiling faintly.

"Oh, sacred cats," said Sutherland, "have you fallen so low, Eve?"

"Neither so low, nor so high!" said Eve. She propped her chin in her two hands, she looked about her abstractedly. They were lunching together, of a Wednesday, and at little tables all about sat stars, satellites and those, so to speak, bearing telescopes. At a long narrow table near by, a black-haired Mexican girl just back from a series of personal appearances in the East was entertaining at a birthday party. She flashed her teeth, she rolled her shining black eyes, her laugh rang like a tocsin. Back of that table sat a quiet blond person in a reasonably inconspicuous frock, but with a hat resembling a child's bonnet, from out of either side of which curls tumbled upon well-rounded cheeks. The man with her was elderly, a bit equine about the eyes and nose, well-grizzled—a maker of history or histrionics, in the eye of the beholder.

"Isn't that ——" began Sutherland.

"Don't tell me who anybody is," begged Eve. Then a curly headed young man with a boyish grin came down the room, and she cried before she thought:

"There's Carl Foster! Isn't he nice!"

"Oh, yeah?" said Sutherland dryly. "Don't tell you?"

"I mean ——" said Eve, driven to explaining herself. "See these women sitting all around with their mouths open—tourists accommodated, that sort of thing. They'll stand on the sidewalk downstairs here in droves, they'll almost tear the clothes from one another's backs, just to see the movie people come in and go out. It's a Wednesday and Saturday show."

"We're here," said Jimmy Sutherland, helping himself to roast beef rare.

"Oh, but not to see, particularly," said Eve.

"There's Gerda," said Sutherland suddenly. Eve jumped and turned, following his look. Only two stout middle-aged women approaching, avidly peering about them. Sutherland chuckled. He stirred his coffee and chuckled louder.

"You'll never get out of Wonderland, Alice," he assured Eve kindly.

"Oh, well," said Eve. "After all ——"

She realized that the unreality of Hollywood had in itself a certain shallow charm for her. She wouldn't trust that charm any more than she would trust the distance in a painted backdrop. It lacked dimension. Still, the thing existed.

She said, "I'm not unhappy here, Jimmy."

"I know you're not," said Sutherland. "No reason why you should be. You're sitting pretty—you and your friend from Virginia."

He leaned forward, frowning nearsightedly. "Do you see what I see, Eve, or is that really a beautiful blond child in pajamas walking up and down before the orchestra? The orchestra's been there all along, but she wasn't there before. Eyestrain," said Jimmy Sutherland, "is the wages of sin, of course. . . ."

Eve looked and laughed. "Haven't you ever seen it here?"

Sutherland said, "I seem to remember the mouth and chin."

"Jimmy, you sap, I mean the fashion show. She's a mannequin. There'll be a flock of others. They'll come down between the tables."

The orchestra was playing The Wedding of the Painted Doll. The blond girl who wore pajamas of a luscious and none too opaque rose was followed by a redhead in apple-green underwear, under—very slightly under—a negligee of black lace.

"What are women coming to?" objected Sutherland, raptly attentive.

"Where are they going, you mean," murmured Eve. "That black lace thing, Jimmy, is just my type."

Sutherland said, "Have them send the bill to me, darling, after I leave."

A dynamic slim thing, black curled as Salome, peacocked in an evening gown of ivory satin, backless, very nearly frontless, sleeveless, but with yards of frilly tail. The slim thing's arms and legs, her shoulders and her sulky vivid face, were tinted a warm rich tan.

"Sunburnt make-up," said Eve.

"Does it go on under the dress?" inquired Sutherland politely. "Wouldn't take much more of it, I'd say."

Presently the mannequins left the stage on which the orchestra sat and came slowly down between the tables. Arching their necks; holding out their slim, languid arms; making subtle play with their hips; smiling this side and that, mysteriously, alluringly, with lips bowed and scarlet, with eyes shining between dark languorous lashes. The air about them billowed with expensive French scent, with the dry faint sweetness of powder, with the headier-than-all fragrance of smooth-skinned, rich-haired youth. A murmur, a stir of excitement, followed them. The mannequins' fixed smiles never wavered. Gleam of white teeth. Droop of delicately darkened eyelids. At the end of a slender arm, the glint on almond nails of an opalescent polish.

A woman at a table near the street wall cried in a shrill undertone: "I'd like to see that model in beige closer!"

The model in beige fell back, undulated over to the table of the woman by the wall. People stared briefly. The woman's companion laughed in an embarrassed way.

Eve said, "She'll get it and take it back to Kansas, and she'll tell everyone she knows she got it in Hollywood at a Wednesday luncheon."

Sutherland said, "So these are the girls who came to Hollywood!" He twisted an end of his little dark mustache pensively. "That's a sweet child in silver," he said. "What do you bet, she won a beauty contest back home, and started out to be the Duse of the silver screen. Now here she is, dragging a swell thing in evening gowns around before the fevered gaze of—a restaurant! Recommended for the Hall of Fame," sighed Sutherland.

Eve twitched his sleeve: "Jimmy, there's Lillian, trying to speak to you!"

Between the sweet thing in silver and a brunet nocturne in white and black, Lillian Lloyd walked proudly in a green-and-white bathing suit approximating the famous uniform of Gunga Din. A mere handful of stripes, but she filled them aptly, if slenderly. Passing Eve and Jimmy, she gently lowered a sirenic eyelid—the left. She rippled slim sunburned arms, she carried high a head in an aviator's helmet of shining green rubber. Her egglike, bland, Norwegian-seeming brow was bare.

"Swell shape, Lilly," muttered Sutherland. The thin upper lip, the petulant, sensuous lower lip twitched uncontrollably, hearing him.

Eve had been turning over in her mind Sutherland's rather cryptic reference to Traill. Watching Lillian out of sight, she thought: "No reason why I couldn't ask him. It's a perfectly natural question."

She said: "What about my friend from Virginia, Jimmy? Or was that just a line?"

She hadn't seen Traill for days. He had a way of dropping out of sight like that. Sometimes he was on her telephone once or twice a week. Sometimes he stayed away. Preserved an unbroken silence.

"What's happened with him?" Eve insisted.

"Well, you've heard about his fan mail," said Sutherland, irritatingly unconcerned.

"Jed Traill? That's absurd!" said Eve. Meaning fan mail addressed to him. "Anyhow, I tell you I haven't seen him in an age." There were times when she should have rather liked to see him—when the thought of the play-back recurred to her. But in that matter she had kept a certain silence of her own. Only keeping out of trouble, she considered it. Life was sufficiently complicated without going out of one's way to tighten the snarl, without inviting further complication. "Of course the picture's been released," she said—meaning the picture she and Carman and Traill had made together. It was now more than two months since they had begun it. She added cockily: "I got awfully good notices."

"Oh, yeah?" said Sutherland again. He smiled to himself thoughtfully. "Well, Traill's got something just as good. There's been a regular flood of fan mail at the National Players' office, bawling out Carman for cheating, using a double to sing for him."

"I thought they couldn't tell," said Eve, incredulous.

"So did Carman," said Sutherland cheerfully. "Have a chocolate éclair, darling, just for auld lang syne!"

Eve said of course she would love it. She said: "Do go on, Jimmy. Then what?"

"Why, now," said Sutherland, "women from Maine to San Francisco have begun cheering for The Man With the Voice."

"No!" said Eve. "I don't believe you."

"I swear!" said Jimmy Sutherland. "You know the kind of thing: 'It is a wonder that I never dreamed would come into my humdrum life. I have cried, listening to him. He has the sweetness of Al Jolson, the fierce tenderness of Barrymore, the passion of Valentino, but tell us who he is—who is the man with the lover's voice? Any fool must know it isn't Jack Carman, that patent-leather four-flusher.'"

"No, Jimmy!" cried Eve. "No—no. You're making it up!"

"I swear by all that's holy!" said Sutherland. "That's a mild specimen of what's been arriving at National Players within the last week or two."

Eve demanded, "Where did you hear?"—still skeptical.

"Hear! I saw with these old eyes," Sutherland assured her. "On all kinds of stationery—pink letters and purple ones, some perfumed, some only stinking."

He lit a cigarette, drawing out the moment to its tantalizing fullest.

When Traill Touched Carman on the Shoulder, She Felt a Shiver of Relief Go Through Her

"Jed never showed them to you," said Eve. "You can't tell me that."

"You're right there," said Sutherland. "The lad's in a cold sweat. He goes green about the gills if you mention the amorous cries of his public. You'd think he'd committed a *crime passionel*."

"Jimmy," said Eve impatiently, "did you see any of those letters yourself?"

"Sure I did," said Sutherland, relapsing abruptly into plain talk. "I was in the N. P. office day before yesterday. No foolin', Eve. It's one of those freak hits that's absolutely unpredictable, but that any producer with an ounce of brains will grab as it goes by. Apparently there's something in Traill's moanin' low that women have simply been waiting for. Sight unseen, he's got a hit. And National Players are getting ready to cash in on it."

"What do you mean?" asked Eve, flushed with excitement.

"Timberlake's been told to find him a part."

"Timberlake! Why, Jimmy ——"

"I know," said Sutherland, forestalling superfluous revelation. "Timberlake's not so keen on Traill, but Timberlake knows his N. P. He'll find the boy something, because if Timberlake doesn't, somebody else will. At that, you know, Traill might be pretty good."

Eve began with a curious sense of reluctance, "Timberlake says he won't screen well; he says his mouth ——"

"A crooked mouth," said Sutherland dryly, "is one of the oldest aids to emotion—as any lady novelist will tell you. That might be just the thing to lay Traill's female worshipers out in rows," he added. "I told 'em over at N. P. he'd been a flyer. That may give him a break, too. You never can tell."

With her coffee cup at her lips, Eve felt herself chilling and staring: "How did you know? Who told you?"

"Traill did himself," said Sutherland, with a touch of irritation. "My Lord, how women do love a mystery! Why shouldn't he tell me? Why shouldn't I tell N. P.?"

"Nothing; no reason at all," said Eve, lowering her eyelids, lowering the pitch of her voice. She had felt a trifle shrill with surprise. "When did he tell you?" she inquired carefully. She couldn't see Traill spreading out for Sutherland's casual eye the story he had so curtly and so painfully told her with the green curtains of the sleeping car going up all around them. If Traill were as weak as that ——

Sutherland was going on, his irritation subsiding, an indulgent reasonableness appearing: "I went into his place for a drink one night, and he said, 'Happy landings!' I said, 'How's that?'"

"It's the Air Service toast," said Eve.

"Well, how do *you* know?"

"I used to know a man ——" said Eve. Her heart checked and went on, faster. She used to know a man! She saw Eddie lifting a cocky eyebrow. "Happy landings, kid!" . . .

"Well, there you are!" said Sutherland. "That's what Traill told me. When I asked him, he said he'd been in France three years. Lieutenant, I believe."

"I believe so," said Eve, with an air of eventual indifference. She thought: "He said it without thinking, and then Jimmy asked questions and he had to

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PHANTOM OF THE ASPENS

By Hal G. Evarts

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES LIVINGSTON BULL

THE mountains were gripped in a dead calm. Not a breath of wind stirred. To the casual observer it would seem that the very elements were in siesta, suspended, motionless as the everlasting hills themselves. But Appleton, who had lived long on the upper reaches of the river and so was accustomed to the moods of the hills, was keenly alive to the fact that all about him there was movement.

Always, of course, there was furtive motion in the aspens. Here and there a leaf turned on its pliable stem; not hurriedly, as if stirred to action by outside elements, but rather as if actuated by some inner volition of self-expression—a casual flick here, a leisurely roll there—some restive leaf turning over slowly to assume a more comfortable position. Occasionally a leaf gave vent to an impatient shrug, as if bored by such prolonged inactivity. Dead calm the hills might be, lacking even the suspicion of a breeze, but always there was casual, unobtrusive motion among the aspens.

The bright rays of the noonday sun struck down through the aspens and formed a dappled patchwork of sunlight and shadow on the forest floor. That constant, all-pervasive movement among the aspen leaves produced a furtive flickering of the sun spots below. And those sun spots blended superbly with the white spots on the coat of the fawn—a coat that otherwise merged perfectly with the mottled carpet of the forest.

One deformed sapling had brushed out somewhat, and beneath a low-sweeping branch of it, forming his only canopy, Phantom, the mule-deer fawn, reclined. Half curled, his tiny head flattened in the leaf mold, ears laid back, the fawn was motionless as a statue. Nor would he move, even to shift his position, until the return of the old mule-deer doe who was his mother. Curiosity, imminent danger, discomfort from the elements—none of them would induce him to stir.

So, when Appleton and the big Airedale neared him, Phantom almost ceased to breathe. The Airedale had been christened Arickaree Boy, shortened to Rick for everyday use. Rick's nose informed him of the exciting fact that a deer had been cruising through this bunch of aspens within the hour. He rustled excitedly round, sniffing the fresh sign eagerly. Rick was perfectly well aware of the fact that his master would not tolerate his chasing a deer even during the hunting season. But there was no harm in his calling to Appleton's attention such interesting discoveries as he ferreted out with his all-powerful nose. That nose informed him of many things that his master could not see. Rick, therefore, cruised excitedly, halting on occasion to study his maneuvers.

And presently the man said amusedly, "Yeah, that's right, Rick. A doe's been messing round in here not long since. Tracked it up considerable. I can see it."

Phantom froze in terror as these two fearsome beasts neared him. By sheer accident Appleton's gaze focused upon the tiny creature and remained there. The man's eyes widened and for a space of seconds he stared incredulously. A fawn cached by its mother is not easy to discern.

It occurred to Appleton that this was an opportunity to conduct an interesting experiment. It is said by those who have lived long in the hills that a newborn calf elk or an antelope kid gives off no scent; that the keenest-nosed hunters of the wild will pass a few feet downwind from one without suspecting its presence. Also, Appleton had heard old-time woodsmen insist that this quality of scentlessness was possessed in a high degree by newborn fawns. Well, he decided instantly, here was an opportunity to put the thing to test. There were few noses keener than that of Arickaree Boy.

Appleton halted some thirty feet from the fawn. The Airedale looked up questioningly. Appleton sat down with his back to an aspen trunk. The blood froze in Phantom's tiny veins at the continued proximity of these two great beasts. The Airedale trotted past within a few feet, cruised to a distance of fifty yards and began to excavate the wood rot from beneath a down log in a hopeful search for mice. The man called him back.

Rick returned, passing again near Phantom, this time on the opposite side. The master did not seem to have anything in particular for him to do, so he started off on another ramble. Again he was called back, and yet from a third excursion. He sprawled near Appleton's knee and slept. Yet even in sleep his nose kept him informed of all that went on in his vicinity.

The dog's head came up with a jerk, his every sense alert, as a pine cone, severed by the sharp teeth of a red squirrel, crashed down through intervening branches and landed with a thump a hundred yards away. In that dead silence even so insignificant a sound was startling as a pistol shot. The dog was aware of all that went on about him, yet unaware of the presence of that motionless mite of life that was Phantom, the mule-deer fawn.

The man rose at last.

"Well, Rick, there must be considerable truth in that yarn. You've been on all sides of that scairt little critter without discovering it. We'll be getting on out of here now."

Rick did not know what that was all about, but he was ready to go. This was the first ramble of the sort in some weeks, and inactivity was not to his liking. So he was well content to leave. Appleton was satisfied with his experiment. But the one of the trio most pleased at this separation was Phantom. When the two fearsome creatures had moved off he was free to breathe again. Their rank scent came to his tiny nostrils in terrifying volume. But they themselves were gone. Presently he relaxed and slept.

A Great Bull Elk Moved to the Rim of the Pocket and Peered Down Across the Lower Country. Then He Extended His Head, and the Clear, Silvery Bugle Note of His Challenge Pealed Across the Wyoming Hills

"We've wasted plenty time, Rick," Appleton said. "But we don't have to worry about that. We're hard-workin', you and me, and when we do take a day off it's our own affair how we spend it. Now, if we had a woman down in that cabin we'd have to explain ourselves. Females is bad medicine, Rick."

Appleton, though relatively young, just having passed the thirty mark, was a confirmed bachelor. Often he treated Arickaree Boy to a discourse on the disadvantages of a life in which females figured.

Hunger waked Phantom later, but he did not move. A hen blue grouse tripped past him, stopped to peer with bright, suspicious eyes, then moved calmly on. Phantom was so pinched by hunger that he almost shook with it. But he could not permit himself the luxury of a shake. Rippling muscles, no matter how slight, might serve to attract the eyes of some killer. It was instinctive with him to remain motionless until his mother returned.

It was not until nearly sundown that the mule-deer doe conquered her fears and moved swiftly to her fawn. Phantom bounded up to nuzzle her flank, but the old doe moved off rapidly and traveled half a mile, the fawn trotting along behind, before she selected a safer spot and appeased the hunger of her offspring.

The old doe fed here and there on the green grass of a sidehill meadow. In the main, however, she preferred browsing upon the tender new shoots of brush. She led Phantom forth at last into a heavy stand of fir on a steep sidehill. There she halted for a space, pushing her pliable tongue stiffly against his sleek coat, smoothing the hair with the grain, which he found delightfully soothing. She moved on up to a saddle in the ridge, down into the next valley, where she bedded for an hour and the fawn rested. As she led the way up the next lofty slope Phantom found himself treading in old snowdrifts. The tracks of other deer showed there. There were faint semblances of trails through the more difficult parts, for the doe was following the ancient migration route of her tribe into the higher hills where the mule deer summered.

On the Instant He Was Galvanized Into Precipitate, Headlong Flight Down the Mountain. Already the Slayer Had Started His Rush

Phantom was an early fawn, dropped some two weeks before the general mule-deer fawn crop was due to make an appearance. Ordinarily the mule deer gives birth to twin fawns. As a consequence Phantom—without competition in the matter of nourishment, coupled with the fact that his mother had come through the winter in good shape, grew rapidly in size and strength.

As they worked farther up country, crossing great canyons and deep, narrow valleys, Phantom's mother began to consort with other does and yearlings, eventually attaching herself to a little band of nine head, including two does, each with twin fawns.

Phantom summered in the high country. There he met bands of cow elk and their calves. Occasionally he crossed trails with a bunch of mountain sheep that had dropped down from their lofty meadows above timber line. Once he met a great cow moose with an ungainly, long-legged calf. Black and brown bears he saw or scented often, and once a great grizzly passed with his swaggering lurch. Phantom's mother watched the bears alertly if they came too close, giving trail for them, yet without seeming to experience any great alarm. From her actions Phantom sensed that he had nothing to fear from such creatures as elk, sheep and moose. Bear, he learned, were to be watched and not permitted to approach too closely. An occasional bobcat or coyote put in an appearance, and on such occasions the old does stamped angrily and watched the intruders closely.

Phantom's nose informed him that such creatures differed from the grazing tribes. Always there was some sinister quality about the scent of any beast of prey, rousing within him the age-old dread of the hunted—the heritage of his tribe. Fear was an instinctive characteristic with him, handed down through a thousand generations of ancestors that had been hunted and preyed upon. All such scents he classed with those of dogs and men—the twin odors that had so terrified him on that day in the aspen thicket.

He had yet to learn, however, the scent of the tawny menace, the big yellow cat that is the mule deer's most dreaded enemy. He was bedded one day two yards from his mother. His first intimation of danger was occasioned by the panic-stricken way in which the old doe leaped from her bed. Off to one side another deer was crashing away in full flight. So swift is a deer's reaction to fear that Phantom was bouncing from his own bed even before his mother's feet had touched the ground after her first panicky leap from her bed.

The cougar, prince of stalkers, had crawled up against the wind to within rushing distance before any deer in the band suspected his presence. Even as Phantom leaped wildly from his bed he glimpsed a rushing yellow streak. The old doe had taken one jump when the yellow killer, with an amazing leap, fastened upon her. The stricken blat of the doe, the fearsome apparition with unsheathed claws and gleaming teeth and the rank scent of the slayer registered simultaneously upon Phantom's ears, eyes and nose as he fled, providing a composite picture of the senses that ever after remained with him as the ultimate in ferocity.

He fled in headlong terror in the wake of the other members of the band. The deer ran for miles before halting. Phantom saw his mother no more, but he had learned the lesson of the tawny menace of the hills.

With the cool days and frosty nights of autumn he had lost his baby spots and his coat was now a smooth blue gray. The first snows came and still the deer remained in the higher hills. Then came a day when an old doe sniffed the air and headed down country. Within an hour the first flakes of a three-day storm filled the air. The band traveled some twenty miles before scattering to feed and bed down for a rest, then followed the old migration route down country for some seventy miles, there to tarry among the last high benches. From the rims of these the country pitched sharply down to the rolling hills of the secondary range that merged with the foothills. Here, among the dense jungles of aspens alternating with open stands of lodgepole pine, Phantom found himself back again in the vicinity of his birthplace.

When the snow grew deep in these high benches the deer descended to the rolling, choppy hills. Cottonwoods and pines clothed the creek bottoms. The draws and sidehills were carpeted with a heavy growth of sage and there were thickets of willow, alder and scrub black birch along the streamlets and round sidehill springs.

Phantom heard an occasional distant report, the does manifesting uneasiness when such ominous sounds drifted across the snow-clad hills. He encountered deer on every hand, bands of does, fawns and yearlings, and occasionally a few old bucks that remained aloof from the lesser members of their tribe.

One day the man scent came strong on the wind, stirring old terrors in Phantom. On the instant the old does led the band in swift flight. They leaped through a bottom heavily timbered with cottonwoods and pines, and bounced up a forested sag for a hundred yards, then wheeled to cross a dividing bald ridge. In the very center of this opening the old doe in the lead came to a dead halt. The others followed suit, and there they stood, motionless as statues, outlined against the white snow, every head turned back for a final view of the point from which danger threatened. Phantom's muscles trembled with the urge to continue his flight and put distance between himself and the menace of the man scent, but custom—the habit of acting in accord with others of the band—held him rooted to the spot.

There was the crushing impact of a heavy ball against flesh, coupled with a vicious report. A big barren doe just ahead of Phantom crumpled to the snow as if struck by lightning. On the instant the band was in full flight again.

"Now ain't that just like a mule deer!" Appleton observed to Arickaree Boy. "They'd have got away clean if they'd kept going and held to cover. But not an addle-headed mule deer! They just gotta stop and have one look behind 'em—which always gives the hunter his chance. A whitetail, now, when he starts running, he keeps at it; or else he skulks and hides in cover. Anyway, he don't run right out into the open and stop to look back. It's a mystery to me how there's a mule deer left alive."

Phantom continued to hear occasional reports as ranchmen of the valley sought their winter's meat.

Late in the winter Phantom discovered twin swellings on his head, pushing through the skin. The warm breath of spring thawed the white blanket of winter. Green grass thrust up in the clear spots between the lingering drifts of the foothills and the deer cropped it eagerly. As the snow receded the deer worked higher up the hills, and eventually the old does led the way up the migration trail far back among the lofty ranges. A new crop of fawns was born. Those two tender bulbs on Phantom's head lengthened into long, slender, velvet-sheathed shafts. By late autumn, after rubbing off the itching velvet covering, he found himself possessed of a pair of tiny horns with a trifling fork at the end of each. He had now attained to the rank of a yearling—a fork-horn buck.

(Continued on Page 189)

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Prohibition

THE present situation should be intolerable to both Wets and Drys. We cannot continue to have corruption of government by bootlegger, racketeer and gunman. We cannot continue to have defiance of government by a large body of citizens. Prohibition has undoubtedly brought increased prosperity to the workingmen of the country, but it has also brought increased prosperity to its criminals.

The Wets claim that prohibition has been imposed on them by a fanatic minority; that it infringes personal liberty and does not represent the social will of the country. The Drys claim, and rightly, that it was the final step, taken after all other measures had failed, to cure intolerable conditions. They maintain that it has the backing of a substantial majority of the voters.

During the ten years that the Eighteenth Amendment has been in force, organized antiprohibition propaganda has been steadily growing in volume, until it approaches the intensity of the propaganda that preceded our participation in the World War. It culminated recently in the Washington hearings, when Wets and Drys advanced claims and counterclaims that added little to the knowledge of those who want to base their conclusions on indisputable facts.

It will not do to impugn the sincerity of either the Wets or the Drys, though it is unfortunate from every point of view that representative Wets, while fighting the law, have not by common consent agreed to obey it. Their position is greatly weakened as long as they bootleg with one hand, while they point with the other to the evils that have grown out of bootlegging. Nor can anyone who has retained a sense of proportion view without a smile the advance of the Wets under the banners of what they are turning into an almost holy crusade for liquor. One can understand that they find the social side of drinking pleasant and that they would like to enjoy it legally, but not the making a religion of one's thirst.

However, we are living in a democracy, and, as we have said before on this page, we can see no valid reason why a means should not be found legally to express the popular will on prohibition—a referendum uncomplicated by any other issue—an official, not an unofficial vote. Then we can repeal such legislation or pass such legislation as the decision calls for. If the country is dry, public sentiment should make it impossible for any man, no matter how placed, to hold himself above the law. If it is wet, the Drys must take their medicine and let the Wets work out their problem. They would find it far from easy. State manufacture and control will not cure the situation until the Wets have run the corrupt politician out of office. As long as he is in office we shall have under state control both the illegal and the legal sale of liquor, the first protected by and the second often controlled by the same men who are corrupting our cities and states today.

What the Wets do not seem to understand is that the repeal of the prohibition law is not a cure-all for corruption and crime. Bootlegging has supplied organized crime with large sums of money, but the trouble cannot be cured by the wet prescription.

Prohibition corruption is only a symptom of a deep-seated disease that will never be cured until the Wets are as concerned with the fundamentals of their Government as they are with getting a drink, and the Drys are as militant against corrupt politics as they are against booze. Bootlegging is only one racket—there are a hundred others—fostered by our antiquated and ridiculous criminal procedure, protected by corrupt politicians and officials. The voters of the country tolerate present conditions—they alone can cure them. Should they finally repeal the amendment—for we can see no practical stopping place short of repeal—they will have to keep right on from there and go to the root of our troubles, if they are going to have what they say they want—the sale of liquor rigidly restricted and honestly administered under state control.

For the past ten years the Drys have been on the defensive and the burden of proof has been on them, but if the Wets win they, too, will have plenty to defend—more, perhaps, than they foresee. It is one thing to pull the cork and release the spirits from the bottle, but quite another thing to get them back into it.

Immigration and Unemployment

MORE than once attention has been directed in these columns to the studies and findings of the California Joint Immigration Committee. This influential body is composed of representatives of the state organizations of the American Legion, the American Federation of Labor and the Native Sons. Its investigations appear to have been made with considerable care, and its recommendations are a fair cross-section of enlightened public opinion. As such, they are worthy of serious consideration in legislative quarters.

In a letter addressed to the House Committee on Immigration, the California body asks some pointed questions: "Can the mass of unemployed in the United States be cared for either by speeding up production, or by the inauguration of the dole system, or of the six-hour day and the five-day week in industry, while 450,000 or more aliens are permitted to enter for permanent residence every year, most of them compelled to accept employment on any terms? What will be the result to living standards and to the well-paid American workman who has made national prosperity?"

It would be hard to find sound reasons for the smallest doubt that Congress should do two things: First, make an unprecedented effort to enforce the present immigration act by allowing appropriations sufficient to bar out or ship out the 150,000 aliens who enter the country unlawfully each year; and, second, to scale down by progressive stages the number admitted in accordance with law. These are imperative necessities, and the sooner Congress recognizes them as such the better off the country will be and the surer American workmen will be in their jobs.

Every period of widespread unemployment, such as the one from which we are now gradually emerging, rings with new testimony of our shortsightedness in permitting the land to be inundated by hordes of newcomers to compete with our own people in a labor market already glutted. In one respect, the situation is going from bad to worse in consequence of the increasing mechanization of industry. Machinery, in bewildering array, now does the rough outdoor work, whether in building, excavation, tunneling, agriculture, mining, steel making or the construction and improvement of highways and railroads. Every year the catalogues of the machinery houses blossom out with new and ingenious contrivances to do away with man power and to get the job done more quickly and more cheaply. More and more we depend upon steam, electricity, gasoline and compressed air, less and less upon human brawn. This means that large categories of unskilled labor are virtually wiped off the slate. No sound immigration policy can ignore this change of economic conditions.

Organized labor has been somewhat slow to see upon which side its bread is buttered, but every recurrence of industrial depression has helped to teach it that there is a direct connection between lax immigration policies and light dinner pails. Once the lesson has been fully learned, we shall not be surprised to see both our lawful and our unlawful immigration reduced to a tithe of their present volume.

When the great body of taxpayers realize what it is costing them for the upkeep of courts, jails, asylums and other state institutions to care for our alien criminals, defectives and diseased persons, such a clamor will be raised that Congress will be forced to appropriate adequate sums for the deportation of the alien classes which constitute this heavy burden. Possibly our situation will become worse before it gets better, but once conditions are clearly understood, it will be taken in hand with characteristic vigor.

Our Northern Neighbors

THE protracted discussions over naval strength on the part of Great Britain, France, Italy, Japan and this country only serve to emphasize the growing respect and good will that mark the relations between Canada and the United States. Nor does this statement imply any lack of friendly relations in the past. But the growing stake which each country has in the other cannot fail to bring them still closer together. Above all, we feel that the people of this country are coming to have a more and more wholesome respect for Canada as it emerges from its pioneering conditions into a great industrial nation. It is not merely her wealth of natural resources which we admire, as anyone must, but the way in which her capable, industrious and enterprising people are developing them.

During the war, Mr. McAdoo, then Secretary of the Treasury, remarked to a high Canadian official that, in his opinion, Canada was the most productive country in the world per capita. Certainly her heritage is rich and vast. It is true that in ten years the United States has invested some $3,500,000,000 in Canada. But Canada has penetrated the United States as well. One of her life-insurance companies is the largest stockholder in at least two of our great corporations, and more than $1,000,000,000 of the life insurance in force here is held by Canadian companies. Canada is the largest taker of our exports, ranking ahead of any of the great European powers, with a total value of nearly $900,000,000, while we, in turn, buy more than $500,000,000 worth of goods from her.

After the war Canada suffered a depression much as we did, and went through several bad-crop years. But these were followed by four or five years of big crops and an impressive development in mining, hydroelectric power and industry generally. Although Canada has only one-twelfth the population of the United States, she is indeed a powerful neighbor, and one whose bargaining ability is extremely great—far out of proportion to her population. One need mention only her control of the raw materials for paper making. Then, too, the Canadians seem to have very real genius in building up financial organizations; their banks and insurance companies attest to that.

Canada's population is sure to increase. Indeed, we are adding to it constantly. There is migration both ways, an interchanging of population on a great scale that can only make for mutual respect and good will. In the case of Canada and the United States, there seems to be a mutual conquest or penetration of one by the other. In this instance, business victories carry peace instead of war or fears of war. Few countries have such opportune associations, and yet one cannot but feel that the extension of these relations into other international fields is to some extent possible.

Are Manners Constitutional?

By Christian Gauss

EVERYONE will admit that nations differ in habits and customs. Not long ago, while discussing this question with a group of college seniors, I asked them to cite a case of what they would call representative American manners. I expected them to propose something which had occurred in their own experience, or in default of that, some historic episode, like the surrender at Appomattox and Grant's simple and generous treatment of his opponent, Lee. Yet the seniors were at a loss, and after a pause, one of them broke an awkward silence with a recital of the following episode:

He had been told, he said, that a drunken cowboy entered a train out West, and recognizing a very tired bishop of the plains nodding over his prayer book, gave him a rousing slap on the back and greeted him with the cheery, democratic salutation, "Hello, you old horse thief!"

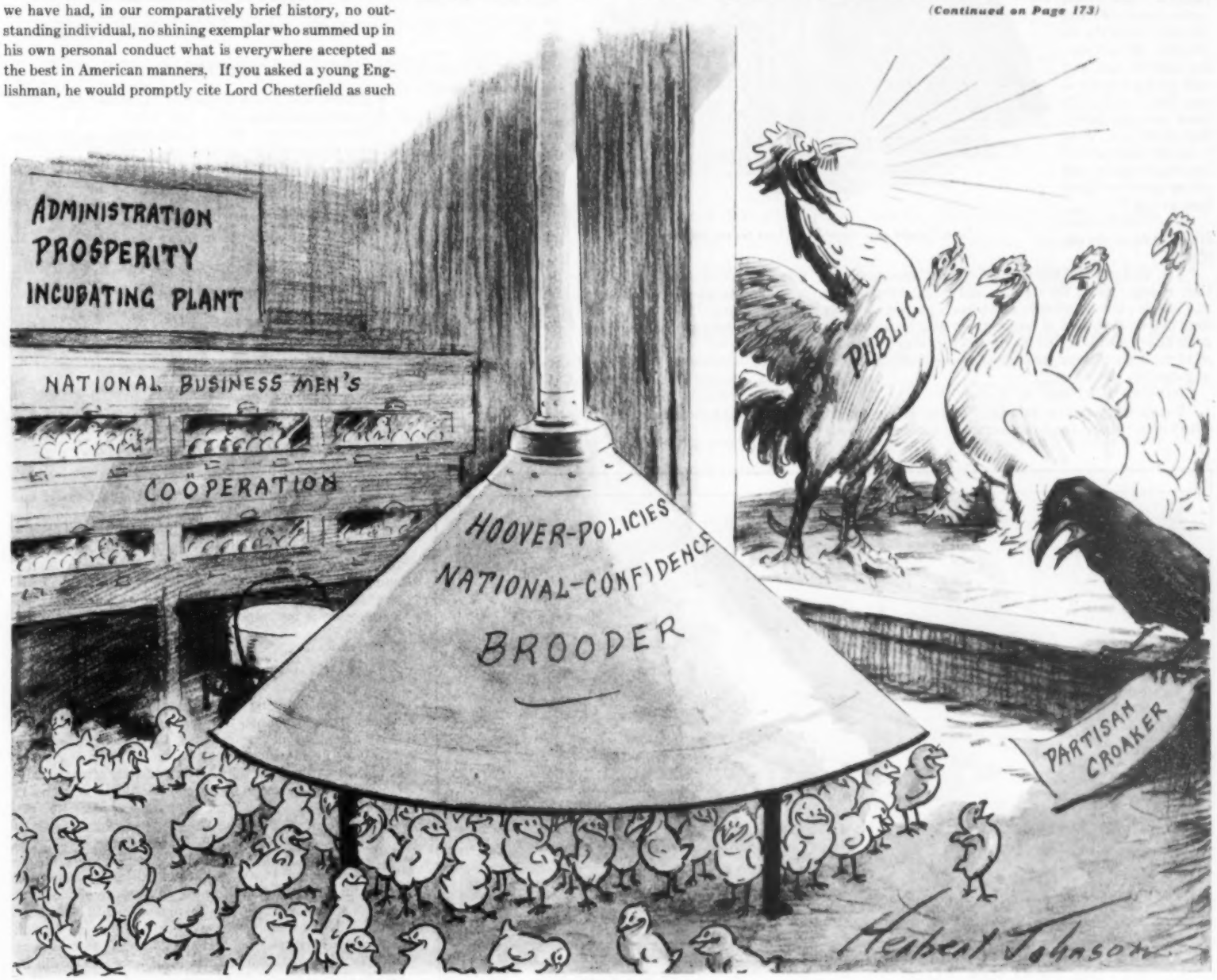
When I challenged this young man on the appropriateness of his illustration, he justified it by saying that it must have been an example of American manners, since it could not have occurred in any other country in the world. This was not altogether satisfactory, and we were forced to conclude that in the minds of fairly intelligent young Americans there was a certain haziness concerning what our national ideal of good behavior actually was or should be.

One of the difficulties in our problem lies in the fact that we have had, in our comparatively brief history, no outstanding individual, no shining exemplar who summed up in his own personal conduct what is everywhere accepted as the best in American manners. If you asked a young Englishman, he would promptly cite Lord Chesterfield as such an English figure, and if you asked a young Frenchman, he would proudly give you the Chevalier Bayard. It is clear that we Americans cannot accept as our model either Lord Chesterfield or the great French knight. As readers of Chesterfield's Letters will remember, he warns us, for instance, that a gentleman must never laugh. This of itself would, for us, rule him out of the running. Hilarity, in moderation, is not an American sin, and a certain heartiness and open-handedness may well be among our virtues. The Chevalier Bayard accepted without question the prejudices of that hereditary nobility into the ranks of which he had been born. This, too, for us, makes him clearly impossible.

If we are unwilling to accept the cowboy-and-bishop episode as an example of the best American manners, we ought, of course, to be able to substitute something better. A friend of mine who is a naturalized citizen came to this country from England many years ago. I asked him for his impression. "I cannot tell you," he said, "what is characteristic now. Things have changed very decidedly in this country. When I landed here in 1888 and went out to Illinois to work for an uncle on a farm, one thing struck me as typically American and democratic. It was not at all like England. There was no servant class. This was not because there were not a great many of us who worked for others, but because you did not discriminate against us. There was no leisure class either, and everyone felt united to everyone else in a democracy of labor. That is perhaps still the mark of an age of pioneers, in which no distinction is made between master and servant. Nobody used this latter word, and 'master' was only a title given to boys before they achieved the fuller dignity of 'mister.' The farmer was the patriarchal head of the house and spoke of these usually younger persons who worked with him as 'the help,' and if you were one of a large family, whether boy or girl, you went over to 'help out' your neighbor who was more prosperous than your own parents or blest with fewer children. You were even quite willing to be called his 'hired man' or his 'hired girl,' for it aroused no susceptibilities, since you sat at his table and ate with his family without any loss of self-respect. Stepping out of the rigid system of English social classes, this seemed to me little short of a democratic paradise."

You may agree with my friend that this was a really democratic experiment, but you will probably also agree with him that it is impossible for us ever again to enact those conditions which brought it into being. We must

(Continued on Page 173)



THE CHEER LEADER

POST SCRIPTS

Open Wide

GOOD morning, doctor," said the woman in the dentist's chair.

"Good morning," said the dentist.

"Well, doctor," said the woman, "I've always had a horror of dentists, but from what I hear I feel I'm going to be all right with you."

"I'm sure I hope so," said the dentist, picking up a little plated mirror. "Just open, please."

"Yes, doctor," said the woman. "It certainly is grand to come to someone like you who is all business. You know, the reason I have such a horror of dentists is because they talk so much. I can say that to you because I know you're different. My husband told me, 'He'll never say a word, he's all business'—that's what my husband said. And you don't know the relief it is. My last dentist used to talk and talk and I got so nervous. But I see I won't have to worry about that with you. Well, I can see you're a very busy man, doctor, and a busy man don't have time to talk."

"No," said the dentist. "Just open, please."

"No," Said the Dentist. "Just Open, Please"

"Yes, doctor," said the woman. "Most dentists aren't busy enough, that's the trouble, and I suppose they get dull hanging around all day; and when a patient comes in they like to chat, and of course there may be some who don't like to hurt you, and maybe talking takes their mind off of it. I don't know, though—I never could figure out why dentists talk so much."

"Just open wide," said the dentist.

"Yes, doctor," said the woman. "It wouldn't be so bad if they didn't expect you to answer them, but they get your mouth all full of rubber and all, and then they ask you do you ever go fishing, or something, and all you can do is make motions. I don't know why they do that, do you, doctor?"

"Yes—no," said the dentist, advancing once more with the mirror. "Now, if you'll just open."

"Of course," said the woman. "Some people like to chat with their dentist, but I say no. Chances are you take up the time that way and he has to rush to catch up, or you get him interested and you take his mind off of what he's doing, and either way you're the one to suffer. No, I think you ought to just come in and sit down and get it over with, don't you, doctor?"

"Yes," said the dentist.

"And there's no sense, either, in taking up time telling the dentist what's the matter with you. That's the dentist's job to find out, isn't it, doctor?"

"If he can," said the dentist, putting the little mirror back on the table.

"That's what I think," said the woman, "and especially with a busy man like you, who just wants to get to work. Now my last dentist, he wasn't so busy, and he used to talk and talk, and he just never got anything done."

"That's funny," said the dentist.

"Wasn't it?" said the woman. "But I can see you're going to be different from him. My, it's going to be grand to have a dentist that won't talk all the time. Well, shall I open my mouth, doctor?"

"No," said the dentist dreamily. "No—just close it, please."

—PATRICIA COLLINGE.

When the Anagram Craze Hits Russia

Riding Instructor: "Well, Ma'am, to Tell You the Truth—Your Hands are All Right, But Your Seat's Awful!"

O Sweet Bovinity!

TO BE as placid as a cow
Must be mellifluous, but how
Does she achieve this calm contentment?
I gaze with envy and resentment
Upon that wide untroubled brow—
It must be swell to be a cow!
The old dear has no overhead,
She's overweight and overfed;
Nor worries to improve her station;
Just spends her life in contemplation.
Yet serves us well, without mistakes,
In youth, with milk—in age, with steaks.

—Ruth Plumly Thompson.

Still Harder

"I KNOW why you're so hard up. You're trying to keep up with the Joneses!"

"Worse than that! We're trying to keep up with those who are trying to keep up with the Joneses!"

Duty

NO MATTER what we are and who,
Some Duties everyone must do:

A Poet puts aside his wreath
To wash his face and brush his teeth,

And even Earls
Must comb their curls,

And even Kings
Have underthings!

—Arthur Guiterman.

Rah, Rah, Rah!

JANUARY 3, 1930.

DEAR MADAM: You may recall the fact that I met you at the annual conference and outing of the Bankers' Finance Association. After thinking over the matter, it occurs to me that it might be mutually agreeable for us to be married. I find I have two open dates in March, namely the 5th and the 11th. Will you kindly let me know at your early convenience. My secretary is forwarding you a statement of my assets and liabilities.

Yours sincerely and cordially,
WILLIAM BILL.

To Miss Alga Gates.

JANUARY 8, 1930.

Dear Sir: Replying to your favor of the 3rd January, March 11th will suit me. But owing to the fact that I have two conferences on that morning, the best hour for me is 2:30 P.M. I also suggest that you arrange to have a justice of the peace call at my office, as immediately after the ceremony I have to pass on some reports of our committee in Washington.

Yours sincerely,
ALGA GATES.

JANUARY 17, 1930.

Dear Madam: Please pardon my delay in answering your kind favor of Jan. 8, owing to pressure of business. My office manager tells me the arrangements have been completed, and tomorrow I have asked him to call on you in person with a selection of diamond rings. In case none of them suits you, kindly inform Mr. Bunce and he will be glad to give his attention to the matter and present another

(Continued on Page 62)

Soups!
How they help in meal-planning!

Soup is the food above all others that lures and tempts your appetite by an infinite variety of delicious flavors. Every normal, healthy appetite craves good soup. This hot, liquid food delights the sense of taste, invigorates, gives a sparkle and a glow of satisfaction all its own. And in doing so, it stimulates and benefits the digestion.

Do you realize that Campbell's make, not just two or three soups, but twenty-one! Twenty-one different and distinct and individual soups—each with a flavor and appeal all its own.

Start today to serve these different soups on your table. Learn what they are—what they contain—how they can help you daily for your different needs and meals. You'll be delighted!

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

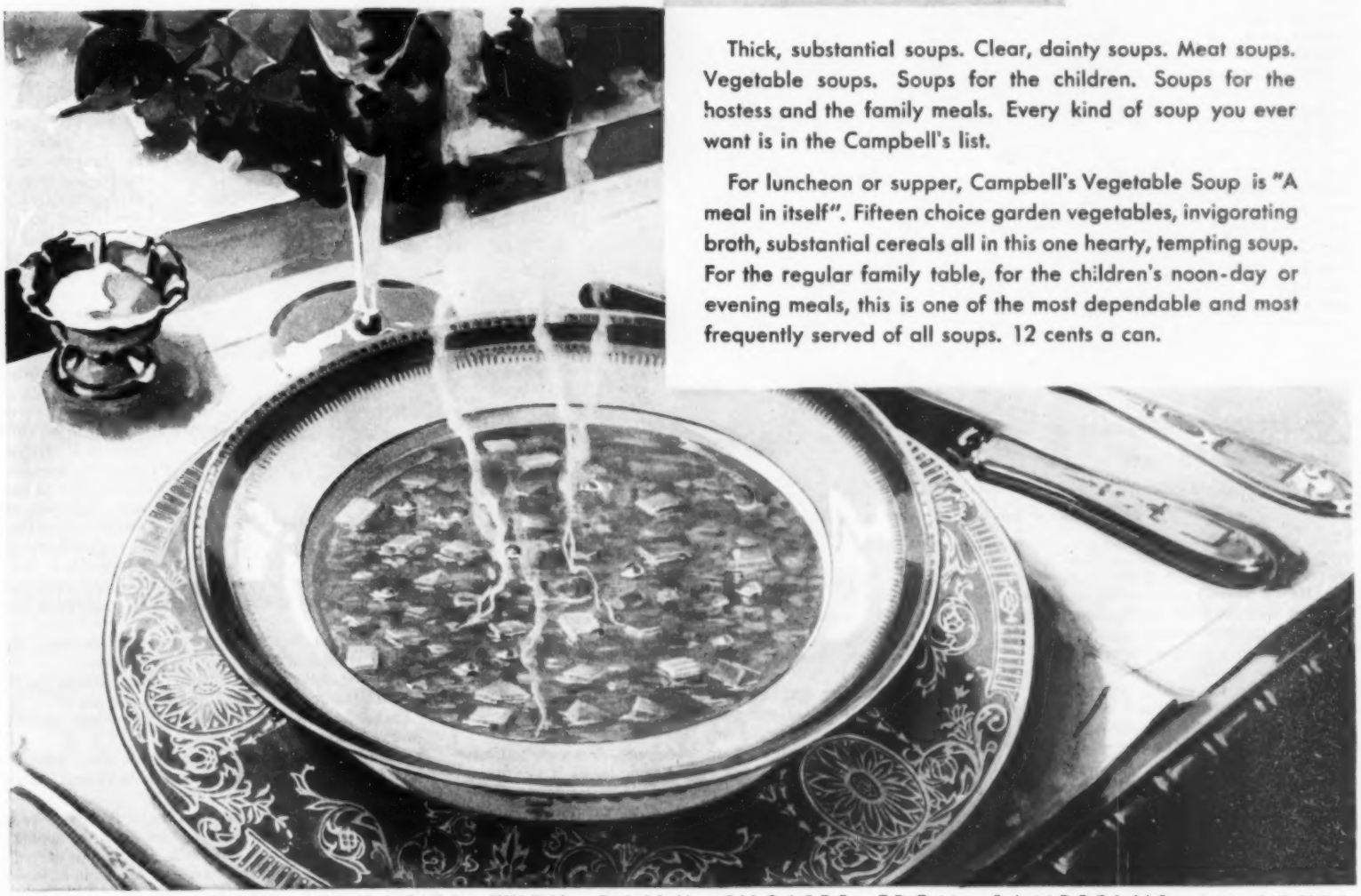
An officer of the law—
The law of living right—
I always eat my Campbell's Soup
Each day at noon or night!

Your Choice

Asparagus
Bean
Beef
Bouillon
Celery
Chicken
Chicken-Gumbo (Okra)
Clam Chowder
Consommé
Julienne
Mock Turtle
Mulligatawny
Mutton
Ox Tail
Pea
Pepper Pot
Printanier
Tomato
Vegetable
Vegetable-Beef
Vermicelli-Tomato

Thick, substantial soups. Clear, dainty soups. Meat soups. Vegetable soups. Soups for the children. Soups for the hostess and the family meals. Every kind of soup you ever want is in the Campbell's list.

For luncheon or supper, Campbell's Vegetable Soup is "A meal in itself". Fifteen choice garden vegetables, invigorating broth, substantial cereals all in this one hearty, tempting soup. For the regular family table, for the children's noon-day or evening meals, this is one of the most dependable and most frequently served of all soups. 12 cents a can.



MEAL-PLANNING IS EASIER WITH DAILY CHOICES FROM CAMPBELL'S 21 SOUPS

VANITY'S FARE

By Octavus Roy Cohen

ILLUSTRATED BY J. J. GOULD

SEMORE MASHBY ambitioned to become a golfer. After months of headachy thought, mental misery and juggling of financial figures, he filed formal application for membership in the Shining Star Country Club for Colored.

Birmingham's dusky society was startled. It was indeed difficult to believe that the emaciated little money lender would consider parting with the three-hundred-dollar cash payment which was a condition precedent to membership. Semore, by years of bitter effort, had builded a reputation for parsimony which was second to none in the city. He clutched eagerly for dollars and refused to let them go. And now ——

There were some among his multitude of enemies who insisted that he was actuated by selfish motives. They declared that, since to fail of membership in the Shining Star was to confess oneself socially *déclassé*, Semore was willing to invest three hundred dollars in a stock certificate solely as a matter of business policy. There were others who maintained that it was because each member of the new negro country club was privileged to wear a rolled-gold emblem which purported to be a star in the act of shining. Still others argued that it was a combination of both. The gaudy badge was certainly a mark of distinction. It could be seen a block away and proclaimed to the world that the owner possessed at least three hundred dollars, or the equivalent thereof.

But whatever the motive for Semore's amazing act, the fact remained that his application for membership had been filed. First came a wave of amazement, then one of consternation. Mr. Mashby was just exactly as popular among his colored brethren as a germ in a hospital ward. There were few colored persons in Birmingham who had failed to run foul of Semore's unflinching business harshness at one time or another. Engaged in the profession of making the legal 8 per cent yield 80, Mr. Mashby drove hard bargains on good security. He was thoroughly and universally despised; a single man and a pariah; a very dark blot on the colored community.

Until the day his application was filed, there were many who had despaired of ever having a chance to square accounts with him. He was wealthy and powerful, and apparently cared a trifle less than not at all for the softer things of life. But now—well, the membership committee—Florian Slappey, chairman—held gleeful conference.

"Heah's our chance," insisted Mr. Slappey, "to show Mistuh Mashby just exackly where he gits off at."

"Ain't you tootin', brother! But ——"

"Don't but me, feller. I been cogitatin' on this predicament, an' it strikes me thiswise: Semore must want to git into this club awful bad or he never would of considered spendin' th'ee hund'ed dollars fo' one of our stock certificates. B'lieve me, when Semore prospecks to spend that much money fo' a country-club membership, he's gone crazy or either wild. An' when us notifries him that he cain't git in ——"

A small colored gentleman in the rear of the room emitted an exclamation of fright:

"Us cain't do such, Florian."

"How come not?"

"'Cause Semore lends all of us money, lots of times. An' the minute we turn him down, he keeps watchin' out an' watchin' out to git even with who was on the membership committee."

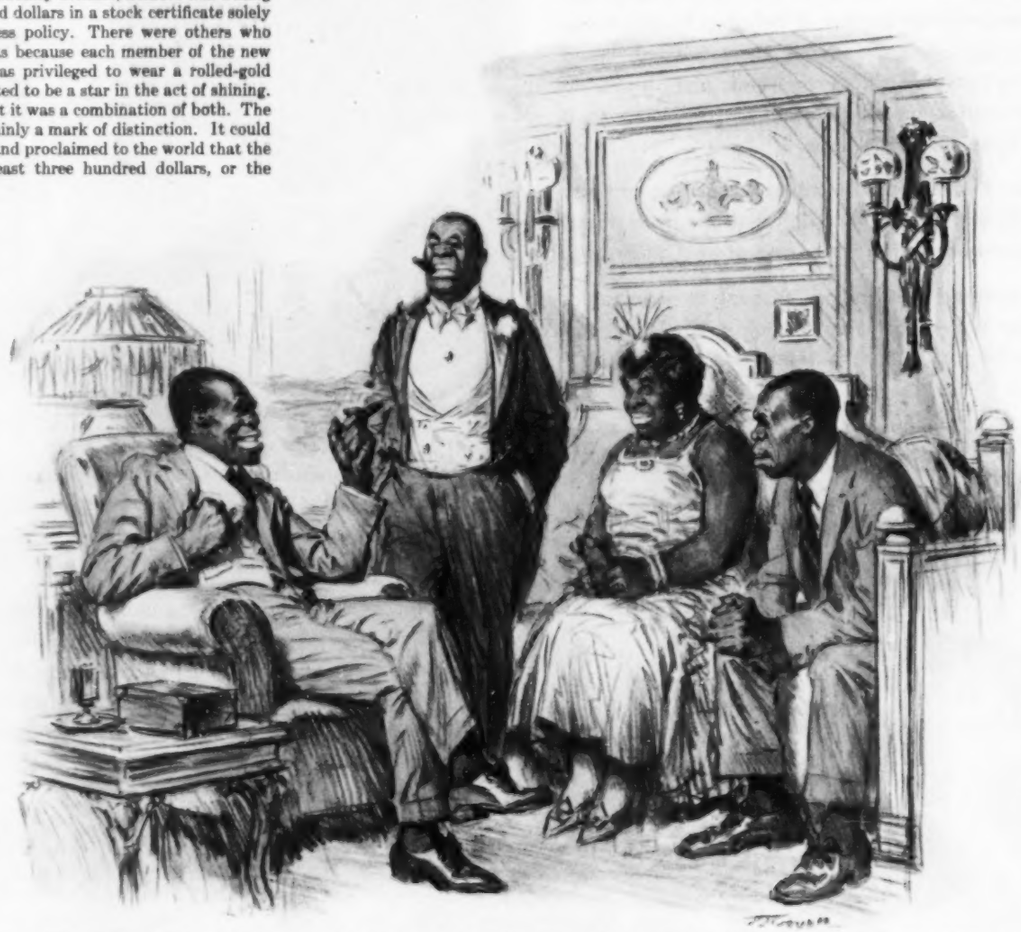
Florian reflected. He himself never worried about the morrow. Today he owed Semore nothing. Today, therefore, it behooved him to wreak the revenge that he always had craved. But he eyed the diminutive speaker with interest.

"Do you owe Semore any money, Brother Upshaw?"

The other nodded. "Uh-huh. Co'se, I has got the cash to pay it, but ——"

"But which?"

"—— but there ain't no tellin' when Ise gwine need some mo'."



They Spoke of Internal Politics Which Bade Fair to Rip "The Sons & Daughters of I Will Arise" Wide Open; They Discussed Barbecue Sauces and the Weather

"I suppose then," persisted Florian grimly, "that you yearn to have Brother Mashby a member of this club?"

"Noesuh!" Acey Upshaw was very positive. "I don't like Semore Mashby no mo' than the rest of you. In fack, I might even state that I hate his insides. But just the same, I don't see why us should invite trouble by just tellin' him that he cain't git into the club."

Dr. Brutus Herring delivered an oration which indorsed Mr. Upshaw's sentiment. There was an impressive unanimity of opinion regarding Semore. He was distinctly persona non grata, yet, by the same token, it was plumb dangerous to pass adversely on his application.

Florian Slappey, as chairman of the committee, gave attentive ear to the speeches. During the progress of the final oration he consulted certain records. Then he faced his associates, and his countenance was split by a grin.

"An' anyway," he announced, "all this argufyin' is plumb foolishment, 'cause even if we wanted to, we coul'n't let Semore in the club nohow."

Their faces were blank and somebody asked why.

"Because this," explained Mr. Slappey. "Yestiddy President Joshua Pruney sent me a notifrication that our membership is full. Our constitutional on'y allows us to have one hund'ed members, an' a'ready we has got them. We ain't issued but one hund'ed shares of stock, an' all them is a'ready bought up. An' since our laws previde that ev'y new member has got to have a share of stock, I ask you how is Semore gwine join when us ain't got no stock to give him, nor neither he cain't buy none?"

A murmur arose—a murmur which swelled suspiciously close to a cheer. Even the persons most apprehensive of Semore's power saw in this situation an excellent escape. Mr. Mashby could not possibly protest against the club's adherence to its own constitution. They could express their regret; they could state fulsomely that they hoped to have him as a member sometime soon, but right now ——

The formal rejection reached Semore the following morning. He was busy with some past-due promissory notes when the mail arrived, and immediately reached out one skinny claw for the envelope which bore the country-club seal. He ripped it open, read in the dim light, and then proceeded to wilt.

He looked very small in that huge, musty office; a black smudge on an area of dust. He passed a trembling hand across the top of his bald head. Then a great resentment commenced to grow in his bosom. He had proclaimed to all and sundry that he was about to become a member of the Shining Star. He had even purchased a golf club and a ball, both slightly second-hand. Now he was put in the absurd, the unthinkable position of explaining to his acquaintances that he had been rejected! It mattered little that the membership committee was barred by law from admitting him. The fact remained that the public would know only that his application had been refused.

Mr. Mashby called forthwith upon Mr. Slappey. He transfixed the genial Florian with a stern stare.

"Ain't you chairman of that membership committee?"

"That's the one thing I ain't nothin' else but."

"Then," squeaked Semore, "how come you to turn down my application?"

Florian struggled to conceal the elation which suffused him. He detested Semore and reveled in the present chance to gloat. He bowed low, mockingly.

"Us membership committeemen is sad, Semore. We is posolutely desecrated by havin' to turn down the application of so estimated a man as yo'se'f. But what is us to do when the law says we cain't have on'y one hund'ed members, an' a'ready we has got 'em?"

"Fumadiddles! Change the law—tha's what."

(Continued on Page 38)

For Easter morning—Swift's Premium

TIME-honored for the Easter breakfast—a thick slice of broiled ham, and around it, delicately poached eggs. A dish whose appeal is certain if the eggs are Swift's Brookfield, and the slice of ham Swift's Premium—so tender—so appetizing—so mild.

Swift & Company

Swift's Premium

Hams and Bacon

BE SURE IT IS SWIFT'S PREMIUM:

Ask for Swift's Brookfield Eggs, for Swift's Premium Hams and Bacon. And look for the identifying marks on the hams and bacon—the word Swift in brown dots down the full length of the side—the well-known blue Premium label.

Mr. Mashby

(Continued from Page 36)

"We would, Semore; on'y we cain't."

Mr. Mashby was quivering with rage. "You cain't pull no woolen over my eyes, Florian Slappey. I know good an' well you fellers done this thing deliberate 'cause you don't crave to have me fo' a member."

"Prevarication, what you utters! No man was ever no wronger than you, Semore."

"You mean if I was to git hol' of a stock certificate you-all would sholy eleck me a member?"

"Yassuh! We suttinly would."

Mr. Mashby drew himself to the full five feet of his height.

"A'right, Mistuh Slappey. I is gwine git me one of them things, an' gosh he'p you if anythin' goes wrong."

"Nothin' ain't goin' wrong," promised Florian. Then, under his breath, he added: "An' you ain't gwine git one of them certificates, either."

But there Florian figured without his host. Semore was a resourceful man and his tentacles reached out into many unsuspected crannies.

The little money lender secured a list of those who held membership in the Shining Star Country Club. Somewhere in that hundred names he knew he would find some person who was hopelessly involved with him. And far down near the end a single name leaped at him from the typewritten page: Eddie Tack!

Semore's eyes lighted and a smile of unholy glee twisted his thin lips. So Mistuh Eddie Tack was a member of the Shining Star Country Club, was he? Semore rubbed the palms of his hands together and chuckled. Nothing could be simpler. He seated himself at his desk, wrote a brief note to Mr. Tack demanding an immediate interview. Then he proceeded to indulge in a first-class, A 1 gloat.

Eddie Tack was a lean individual of medium height; a person of melancholy expression and slow movement. He had small ambition and meager desires, but there was one thing in the world which he loved above everything else, and that was golf. Since his ninth birthday Eddie had been a caddy at the Roebuck Country Club, where the white folks battled par. Somebody, many years before, had given him a broken golf club, and with this Mr. Tack had developed an amazing dexterity. He eventually acquired a meager outfit and a few balls. Dawn frequently saw him on the Roebuck links—way over on Numbers 14, 15 and 16, where the caddie master couldn't see him. He developed into a master golfer.

And so, when the Shining Star Country Club was organized, Eddie Tack mortgaged everything he owned to buy a membership. The happiest moment of his life was when he played his first round of golf as a full-fledged member of a country club.

A few were surprised that he had been elected to membership, his social status being considered not so very hot. But he was an easy-going, friendly, likable sort of person who didn't have an enemy in the world, and so the lack of certain social graces was overlooked. In any event, a member he was and a member he hoped to remain—even if he had to go without food. He strode blithely and unsuspiciously into Semore's office, greeted the little man with enthusiasm and inquired the reason for Semore's summons.

Mr. Mashby glared forbiddingly and spoke in the icy tone which he reserved for business affairs of importance.

"Mistuh Tack," said he, "you owe me two hund'ed an' fifty dollars."

Eddie grinned.

"I sho do, Semore. B'lieve me, I ain't fogotten it, either."

"Nor me, Mistuh Tack." Semore's eyes did not waver. "I crave that money."

"A'right." Eddie was unperturbed. "I gits it fo' you pretty soon."

"I want it now. Immedjit!"

"Says which?"

"You heard puffeckly well what I said. I said I want that money tomorrow mawnin'."

Eddie was puzzled. "You know good an' well I cain't git you no two hund'ed an' fifty dollars tomorrow mawnin', Semore. 'Tain't no ways possible."

"A' right. Then I garnishees you!"

"Hey!" Eddie was on his feet, making gestures of protest. "You cain't do that, Semore."

"How come I cain't?"

"It ain't fair. If you garnishee me my boss will fire me out of my job. He won't stan' fo' none of his cullud he'p bein' garnisheed."

"Just the same, I does it tomorrow mawnin'."

Eddie stared. Something had occurred to Semore. The man was harder than granite.

Mr. Tack was bewildered; he even felt that, under only a trifle more provocation, he could become angry.

"You ain't got no right to do such, Semore."

"Idiotism what you utters! The note you signed said, 'On Demand,' an' I is On-Demanding."

"I—I know it said that, but you an' me agreed diff'ent. We said that I could pay you back twenty-five dollars ev'y month an' you would give me credick fo' twenty of it, so that you would be gittin' 25 per cent interest each month. Wasn't that our 'greement, Semore?"

"Show me a writin' that says it was."

"I ain't got no writin'. Was you to put that kind of a thing in writin', they could stick you in jail fo' chargin' too much interest."

"If there ain't no writin'," observed Semore inflexibly, "there ain't no such 'greement. You owe me two hund'ed an' fifty dollars, an' I crave it. Quick!"

The long-suffering Mr. Tack pleaded for mercy. Semore listened patiently enough for a while, then put out a restraining hand.

"Quit th'owin' good breff after bad," he advised. "You is on'y wastin' bofe of our times. I git that money fum you tomorrow, or else."

"Oh, whoa is me!" Eddie walked up and down the office, clutching at such meager hair as he possessed. "Ain't there some way I can straighten this up with you, Semore? Ain't I got somethin' that would satisfry you?"

"What have you got?" inquired the canny Semore. "I inquire that."

Eddie took stock of his material assets. They were slightly less than nothing at all.

"I ain't got a single, solitary thing, Mistuh Mashby. Not a thing 'ceptin' that membership certificate in the Shinin' Star Country Club."

"A' right," snapped Semore, "I'll take that an' call the whole debt square."

At first Eddie did not understand. Then he gave vent to a howl. He protested that he couldn't let that membership go. It wasn't even thinkable. Semore talked crisply and firmly. Eddie could do as he pleased, but if he pleased to retain his membership in the Shining Star Country Club he could face the horrors of garnishment, with the consequent loss of his very excellent job.

Eddie Tack begged for mercy. He might as well have pleaded with a brick wall. Semore was frigidly polite and grimly unyielding. And in the end he won. Eddie Tack staggered from Semore's office free from debt, but without his membership in the beloved country club.

He sat miserably alone in the corner of Bud Peaglar's Barbecue Lunch Room & Billiard Parlor that evening, viewing in melancholy fashion a game of Kelly pool. Florian Slappey, always a wizard with a cue, separated his victims from considerable surplus cash and then seated himself beside the unhappy Eddie.

"What's the matter, Brother Tack?" he inquired solicitously. "You look like somebody knocked you down an' then stomped on yo' physiology."

Eddie turned unhappy eyes upon his friend.

"I has happened to a disaster, Brother Slappey."

"What kind?"

In sepulchral tones Mr. Tack outlined the story of his woe. Florian heard him with mixed emotions. Primarily, he was shocked. Semore had engineered himself into the Shining Star. From now henceforward he would be able to display the club emblem on the lapel of his coat. Mr. Slappey was quite willing to have Mr. Mashby blackballed, but the little man was too profoundly feared by his

(Continued on Page 52)

"Where Did You Git This, Eddie?" "Found It," Answered Mr. Tack With Scrupulous Honesty

As Others See Us

Cram's Automotive Reports are compiled from information believed by them to be authentic and obtained from sources which they consider reliable; therefore, it is with pride that we publish the following verbatim extract from Page 12 of an unprejudiced Analytical Report on the Auburn Automobile Company recently published by Cram and sent to their clients as part of their regular service.

"The success of the Auburn Automobile Company, and a glance at its income statements in recent years gives ample indication of that success, may be very easily traced.

Auburn's strength is based almost entirely on its management, policies and relationship toward its dealer and distributor organizations. It would be difficult to find any manufacturer in the industry with a more satisfied and more fairly treated sales organization than Auburn's.

The company is definitely committed against over-production and its policy has been strictly adhered to. When manufacturers' stocks have piled up Auburn has refused to overload or force its dealers and instead has moved its stocks through other channels in such a way that the dealer has not been affected by price reductions or forced to compete with the factory. Apparently it has been Auburn's policy to bear any loss resulting from heavy stocks rather than shift the burden to the dealers' shoulders.

In the next place Auburn has been well toward the front in the development of its products, but the line of cars it offers has been kept up-to-date with minor or inconspicuous changes, so that the line has not undergone violent revisions once or twice a year as in other cases. Accordingly, with this policy and the policy of conservative production, the dealers have been further protected and the violent seasonal fluctuations that many companies experience have been fortunately lacking in Auburn's case.

Apparently the satisfying relationship between factory and dealer has been extended to the consumer, for it has been stated that Auburn holds a portion of its original market to an extreme that few of its competitors can boast."

We shall be pleased to send the complete Report to any dealer upon receipt of a post card request. This Report is a remarkable testimonial to America and its opportunities.

R. H. FAULKNER
Vice President

AUBURN

POWERED BY LYCOMING

6-85 Sedan $1095; 6-85 Sport Sedan $995; 6-85 Cabriolet $1095; 8-95 Sedan $1295; 8-95 Sport Sedan $1195; 8-95 Phaeton Sedan $1395; 8-95 Cabriolet $1295; 125 Sedan $1595; 125 Sport Sedan $1495; 125 Phaeton Sedan $1695; 125 Cabriolet $1595. Prices f. o. b. Auburn or Connersville, Ind. AUBURN AUTOMOBILE COMPANY, AUBURN, INDIANA. *Equipment other than standard, extra.*

Airmail postage has been reduced to 5 cents for the first ounce and 10 cents for each additional ounce. Use Airmail daily for quicker communication. The development of aviation is vital to American progress

. . . That Every Owner Shall Be a Friend

The very nucleus of the Oldsmobile-Viking policy pledged to progress is fair and friendly dealing with the purchasers of Oldsmobile and Viking motor cars.

This policy becomes effective long before these cars are offered to the public—long before they are even built. And it continues to operate long after the cars are sold—in the form of service to Oldsmobile and Viking owners.

Briefly, the policy resolves itself into four parts—four responsibilities which Olds Motor Works recognizes toward every owner . . . to design progressively; to build faithfully; to sell honestly; to service sincerely.

Sound, progressive design is assured by the industry and intelligence of a capable engineering staff—backed by the vast resources of Olds Motor Works and the General Motors Research Laboratories and Proving Ground.

Faithful manufacture results from steadfast allegiance to the pledge, "Anything short of my best is not acceptable."

Absolute honesty in advertising and in selling is born of perfect confidence in a good product which is priced fairly.

Finally, because good service goes hand in hand with a good product, Oldsmobile-Viking supports its dealers and joins with them in maintaining one of the broadest service policies in existence today.

Olds Motor Works values the confidence and the good will of the public above all other considerations. And Olds Motor Works pledges itself to this policy of progress in order that the same fine public confidence may continue to exist, and to grow with the years . . . in order that every Oldsmobile-Viking owner shall be a friend.

OLDSMOBILE SIX
VIKING EIGHT

PRODUCTS OF GENERAL MOTORS

American Business and Business Men—By David Lawrence

TWENTY years ago Glenn Curtiss flew from Albany to New York and won the Pulitzer trophy. His life has been associated with invention as it relates to speed—speed in travel and transportation. Through the era of the bicycle, the motorcycle, the automobile, the dirigible and the airplane, the Curtiss mind has been trying to evolve a specific use for each new device.

"For one person who will travel in the air in the future," said Mr. Curtiss recently, "there will be a thousand who will travel on the ground. The airplane and dirigible will be used to span long distances, or to make short trips where there is need for hurry. More people, however, will be interested for years to come in land transportation.

"There is no reason why the principles of aviation should not be applied to road vehicles. These can be made lighter; they can have greater speed than they now have; and I believe they can be so constructed as to reduce the number of accidents. We are at the threshold of an engineering age in which we shall most certainly apply to the automobile what we have learned from the airplane."

Inventions have a way of becoming useful sometimes in an entirely different sphere from that for which they were originally designed. Long-distance telephony, for example, had long been tried without much success until certain devices of amplification were discovered for use in radio and submarine detection. Some of the patents obtained for radio sets were primarily responsible for the improved phonographs of today. The Diesel engine, designed originally for water transportation, is now being adapted for the airplane. Twenty years have seen many types of air vehicle with relatively little change in the interior arrangement of the automobile. That's why Glenn Curtiss predicts that the time is not far off when lighter materials, more comfort and, perhaps, even more speed will be attained, when the aviation engineer and the automobile engineer some day put their heads together.

* * * * * * * * *

John Hertz of Yellow Cab fame has developed a novel way of retiring from business; in fact, the word "retire" must be used advisedly with respect to a man in the early fifties who is part owner of at least twenty of America's foremost business enterprises. With many millions of dollars at stake, John Hertz is not responsible for the management of a single one of the businesses in which he is financially interested. His fortune is distributed over a number of companies.

"Practically every dollar I have," said Mr. Hertz, "is invested in common stocks of American business. I have chosen that form of investment because I believe in the ultimate prosperity of the United States. The essential thing is to select a company which you know has a capable and honest management, and a real opportunity for growth and expansion. I am not interested in the speculative side; I am concerned with actual ownership. Of course, a man must get his start by being active in business, but once he gets a sufficient amount of money, I believe he can often increase his earnings far more by investing them in other companies than by spending his whole life in a single enterprise. In other words, other people can earn more money for you than you can yourself, taking all things into consideration. Over a period of time certain American companies are bound to appreciate in value, and if you pick out the right ones and stay with them as long as you know their management to be sound and efficient, you are likely to gain.

"I feel that I have transferred the responsibility of management from myself to others. There are plenty of people who enjoy the responsibilities of management and who are willing to share the fruits of their toil with those who furnish the capital. The owner of common stocks is a partner in the business of others. For that very reason he must have more than superficial knowledge of the company in which he becomes a partner. And he must be prepared to take all the risks that go with that partnership.

"Many years ago I read a book which traced the growth of the foremost American corporations and compared common stocks with other forms of investment. It made a profound impression upon me and I made up my mind that some day when I retired from active management in business I would place my entire faith and fortune in the ownership of American businesses. As I look at it, no matter what the ups and downs may be, whether there are depressions or panics, the forces at work for expansion and growth in America are constant. And if the companies in which I have invested ever disintegrate, then the whole structure of American business would collapse as well. What I have tried to do and what I have no doubt many others are doing is to invest in the future prosperity of America—the long haul."

Time was when John Hertz rode the Pullmans many nights a week with Messrs. Sloan, Fisher and others of the General Motors executive group. Nowadays he owns a string of horses and plays a good game of polo himself. He is not exactly carefree—no man with many millions invested in American business could be entirely detached from the currents of business—but he confessed to the writer the other day that he had made more money in retirement than he ever had in active business.

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Albert Davis Lasker

* * * * * * * * * * * *

Albert Davis Lasker never had a college education; in fact, he never finished high school. He ascribes this to the restlessness of youth. He has a son at Yale now who has been reading what Thomas Edison has been saying about the futility of a college education, and sent his father a clipping with a question mark thereon. The son might have expected from the father a sympathetic reply. For had he not made millions of dollars and achieved a successful business career without benefit of college?

"These things must be passed on specifically," wrote the father to his son. "I dislike generalizations. I can well understand how it is a waste of time for a plumber to send to college a son who has no real ability. It is better that he become a happy plumber than a disappointed alumnus, but a survey of our own business shows that practically all the men drawing ten thousand a year or over who have come on our pay roll within the last fifteen years are college graduates. Since we had no policy directed toward that end, it seems to me that the fact that automatically all the key positions went to college graduates proves that in our type of business the college graduate alone survives—and, mind you, we have scores drawing ten thousand a year and over. Parenthetically, it is natural if the vast majority of key positions go by merit to college graduates, they themselves will out of sympathy, where everything is even otherwise, advance college men under them; so, both from the standpoint of merit and expediency, a college career seems to have been proved necessary for a man to advance on his own. Not only in our institution is this true but a check-up I have made proves the same is true of our competitors.

"You cannot realize, as I know, what it means to have a training in doing work that is dull, dreary drudgery. It makes little difference to me whether you later make any use of your calculus or your Latin—to get your passing marks you have to do a certain amount of drudgery in detail—and that is the training of mental muscle which is of the utmost importance when you enter business. For business today is so constituted that that type of training must be acquired before one enters business life. The prize fighter prepares for his matches with dumb-bells, jumping rope, Indian clubs, and so on, though in fighting he uses neither dumb-bells, ropes nor clubs. Those who have to have their mind muscles trained while at the same time being trained for the particular business in which they are engaged, most often are dropped out of consideration for advancement early in their careers.

"College life is a sort of laboratory training for contact in later life. The college boy has all the advantages, therefore, when he gets to work, over the noncollege boy. Much of what you think is wasted time is a practical education in meeting with people. A collegiate course I am convinced is absolutely essential for the man who would compete in business on an even basis."

* * * * * * * * *

Edward Romfh, banker, of Miami, came to Florida with a Texas regiment in Spanish War days and has been there ever since. I asked him to name the two outstanding things besides climate that had contributed to Florida's development.

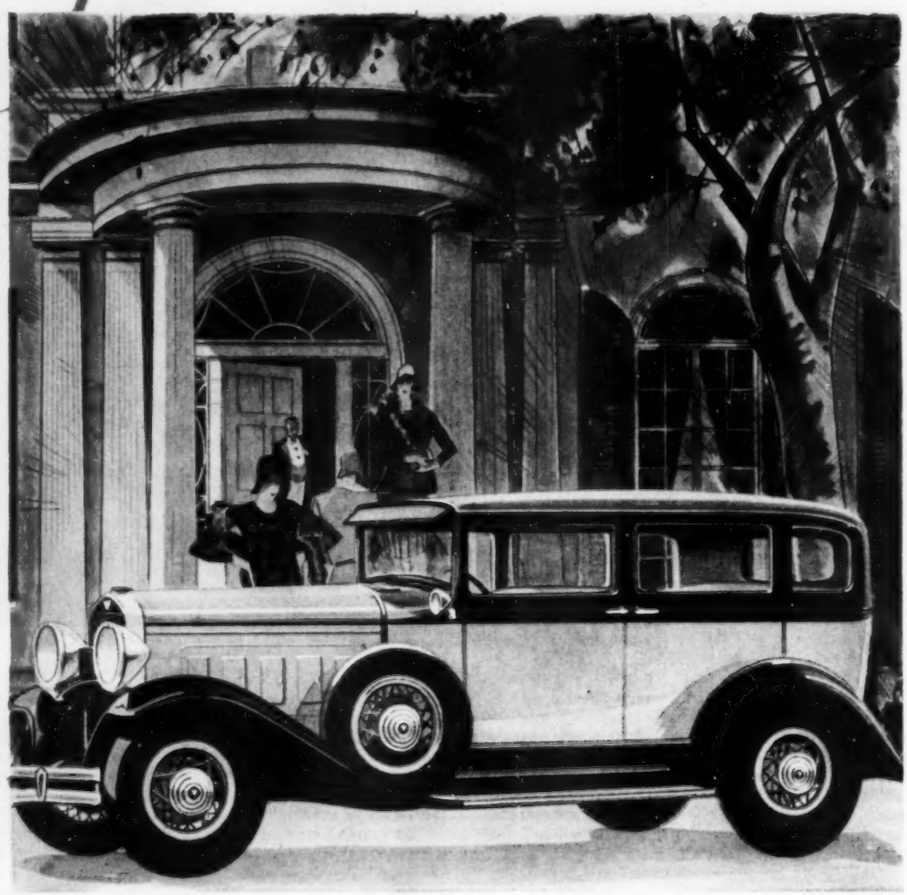
"The defeat of yellow fever and the invention of the long-distance telephone," was his reply. "The first made Florida livable and the second made it possible for business men to live here in the winter and keep in touch with the rest of the world."

Nearly everything that has been developed in Southeastern Florida has commanded the counsel of Ed Romfh, who has served as mayor of Miami and given of his time and energy to civic enterprises as well as his own successful business career. Mr. Romfh achieved quite a reputation for himself by being one of the first bankers to foresee the real-estate collapse nearly two years before the enthusiasts around him saw the handwriting on the wall. The late John Mitchell, of the Illinois Merchants Trust Company, picking up a statement of Mr. Romfh's bank one day, remarked that it was one of the most remarkable transitions he had ever seen—a bank had gone from eighty millions of dollars in deposits down to twenty millions and yet was as sound in its line-up as if it still possessed the larger resources.

But that tribute Mr. Romfh subordinates to another that came two years ago, when Florida suffered an epidemic of bank runs. Even the postal-savings bank at Palm Beach was not immune from attack. Hundreds of negroes who had deposited their small accumulations were waiting in line to be repaid. They had been told that the Government, of course, could not possibly fail. What actually happened was that this postal-savings bank had a hundred thousand dollars on deposit in one of the Palm Beach banks which had suddenly experienced a run too. There wasn't time enough to convert one hundred thousand dollars' worth of bonds into cash, so a telephone call to Mr. Romfh at Miami was necessary to get cash to Palm Beach in a hurry. One of the good old substantial colored folks, who had been a servant in Mr. Romfh's household for many years, was at the head of the line at the postal-savings bank in Palm Beach when word came of the prospective transfer of funds from Miami. The old darky suddenly left his place at the head of the line and loudly proclaimed to the brethren: "There's no need to worry. Mistuh Romfh is behind de Guvenment now."

And the run ended then and there.

HUDSON'S Great 8



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Question the wisdom of ever paying more for any car

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THE MEXICAN INVASION

By Roy L. Garis

Professor of Economics in Vanderbilt University

ABRAHAM LINCOLN once said that this country could not endure half slave and half free. When one considers the present effect of Mexican immigration in various sections of the United States, he is forced by the logic of developments to conclude that the United States cannot endure part citizen and part foreign.

We reached such a conclusion several years ago relative to European and Oriental immigration, when we put European immigration on the quota basis and excluded all Oriental immigration by declaring it to be our policy not to admit as immigrants any persons ineligible for citizenship.

We barred the gate to Europe and closed the door to Asia, but the entrance to the south has remained open. The restrictive program is thereby virtually nullified, for to admit peons from Mexico while restricting European and excluding Oriental immigration is not only ridiculous and illogical but it destroys the biological, economic and social advantages to be secured from the restriction of immigration. The Commissioner General of Immigration has declared in a recent report: "I cannot reconcile the unlimited flow of immigrants from the Western Hemisphere with the sharp curtailment of immigrants from Europe." The Secretary of Labor is of the opinion that "the limitation of European immigration has clearly proved to be a long step toward an economically sound balance between the labor demand and supply, but it seems obvious that such a goal cannot be fully established and permanently maintained so long as there are near-by sources from which millions of immigrants may come at any time they may choose to do so." It does seem queer, as Edward M. East has written in Heredity and Human Affairs, "that our worthy Congressmen should not be able to see that by failing to place all countries under quota they have diverted the source of the immigrant stream from Europe to South America, Central America, Mexico and the West Indies. During the past quarter of a century, 135,000 Negroes have been admitted to this country, most of them from the West Indies."

PHOTO, BY UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD, N. Y. C.

A Mexican Pottery Maker From Guadalajara

Labor From Across the Rio Grande

IN 1927, the Chamber of Commerce of the United States of America published jointly with the National Industrial Conference Board, Inc., a report by The Business Men's Commission on Agriculture, appointed by them to study the condition of agriculture in the United States. The report stated:

> If restriction of immigration is to be our accepted policy, then it should rest upon the test of merit and not be determined by the accident of geographical division. Mere distance in the separation of countries has been conquered by invention. Our relation to some countries far removed is more close than it is to others near by. A broad and generous policy would seem at least to welcome those newcomers who may promise to become an integral part of our institutions, and who are perhaps peculiarly endowed to follow the one great pursuit which is now the subject of our particular concern.

Having thus expressed themselves in favor of a liberal immigration policy, there then follows this statement:

> From this point of view, it may be seriously questioned whether the exemption from quota restriction of immigrants from American countries was wise or desirable. There is a standard of labor from Mexico, most of which enters agriculture, especially cotton production, sugar-beet growing and the raising of fruits and vegetables. From the point of view of the farmer employing this labor, this movement is immediately advantageous, but it clearly tends to lower the returns of competing native producers and probably makes for uneconomic utilization of our land resources. If the more desirable types of farmers are to be excluded, it would appear to be advisable at least to restrict the entrance of those types which do not make for the long-run interests of our agriculture as a whole.

Now, there is more truth than poetry in this honest and accurate statement of the facts of the case. Furthermore, it seems logical to conclude from it that this fact-finding commission of the Chamber of Commerce and of the National Industrial Conference Board is on record in favor of the restriction of Mexican immigration so long as we continue to restrict "the more desirable types" from Europe—a policy which we have no intention of weakening, since it is contributing so greatly to our national welfare.

The migration of Mexicans to this country first had its effect in the border states, so that, in 1900, statistics show that Texas had a population of 71,062 Mexicans, while Arizona had 14,172, California 8096, and New Mexico 6647. No other state in the Union had more than 500. Today, in Los Angeles and vicinity alone, there are at least 200,000 Mexicans, while San Antonio, Texas, has a colony of more than 75,000 and El Paso about 53,000. Every city of Texas has a large Mexican element. They are not confined, however, to the Southwest. Chicago has its own Little Mexico of 30,000 and is known as a distributing point for Mexican labor. The Mexicans are displacing the Negroes in the stockyards. In Pittsburgh, Detroit and Gary, the steel mills are full of them. They are found in the railroad-construction gangs of New York, Pennsylvania and other states. According to Mr. Alfred P. Thom, on 73,918 miles of main railway tracks in the Southwestern and Western states in normal times an average of 41,376 Mexicans in a total of 65,389 section and extra gang laborers, or 63 per cent, are employed by the railroads.

Recently an investigation was made to determine the distribution of Mexicans in the United States by tabulating the postal money orders sent by them to relatives in Mexico. It appears that in 1926 Mexican immigrants sent money home from every state with the exception of Maine, Vermont and the Carolinas. These money orders went from ninety-four American cities with a population of more than 25,000, and from 1417 communities of less than 25,000. In 1926 the Mexican Embassy set the figure of Mexicans in the United States at 890,418, and in the same year the Department of Labor estimated the figure at 1,000,000. Since that time fully 200,000 Mexicans have entered the country through legal channels. How many have waded the Rio Grande is a matter of conjecture, for many Mexicans prefer to enter without the formality of passing through the immigration office, for the simple reason that the head tax and several other charges are high, to say nothing of their ability—or rather inability—to pass the literacy test. The Mexican immigrant usually has a considerable family and the tax is an item which cannot always be found easily. Therefore, a careful consideration of all available data seems to indicate that the total population in the United States which could be designated as Mexican is nearly 2,000,000 at the present time.

The above facts indicate clearly that Mexican immigration is now a national problem rather than the problem of the Southwest. Indeed, the border states are now to a very large extent merely stepping-stones to the interior of the country, where this Mexican labor is in demand by industries and agricultural interests which seek cheap labor. The restriction of European immigration has made this invasion from the south an increasingly important factor in our communities and industries, so that at the present time we must reckon with it or be engulfed. We cannot postpone the erection of an adequate barrier any longer, for it is an invasion, even more serious than if it were military. Indeed, the Mexicans have come in such large numbers during the past few years as almost to reverse the essential consequences of the Mexican War. Today Mexican immigrants are making a reconquest of the Southwest more certainly, if we consider the matter of time, than America made the conquest in 1845, 1848 and 1853, while the outposts of their invasion extend far into the interior. They have not entered by force of arms. Yet they are there, conquering the territory more surely and more effectively than any army could do by military prowess.

The Land of the Mestizos

THE greatest possible contrast has existed in the building up of the population of Mexico and that of the United States. The native Indian population that lived in the present area of the United States was generally sparse or was concentrated in special districts. The Europeans who came to this country were settlers who introduced their own civilization, who very rarely interbred with the Indian, and who came in such a continuous and substantial volume that it required but a short time for the population of European stock to equal and presently to outnumber the Indian stock, so that today the pure Indian stock and the white stock having Indian intermixture is relatively and numerically insignificant.

At every point the Mexican development is in contrast. When the white man arrived, the native stocks were highly populous and inhabited the best lands of the country. Since the Spanish invaders sought gold and not homes, very few of their women ever went to Mexico. Today, therefore, the population of pure Indian blood or of mixed Indian blood very greatly outnumbers the pure European stock.

The few Spanish women in Mexico became the mothers of the pure creole stock, which has never been very large. Beyond doubt, the most frequent unions of the Spanish men were with Indian women. The result was presently the beginning of a new race of mixed Indian and white blood, called by the Spanish name of *mestizo*. Since Spaniards from all parts of Spain mingled with Indian women of many tribes having distinctive ethnological traits, some difference of type resulted. By further intermarriage of Spaniard with Indian during the past century, or of mestizo with Indian, the mixed-breed population has still further increased, and throughout the centuries there has been much intermarriage of mestizo with mestizo.

Still other than Spanish or Indian elements have been present in Mexico. During a period of about two centuries prior to 1817 there was some importation of Negroes to be used as slaves. They were largely males, a part of whom subsequently united with Indian women. So far as the Negro stock persists today, it is in the so-called sambos, the offspring of crosses between Indian and black, and it tends to be unrecognizably absorbed into the race stock of the country. Likewise, a considerable tide of Oriental immigration has added to the color scheme.

In industry, in Mexico, the Indians occupy the lowest places. They are farm hands, unskilled laborers, mule drivers, factory hands, workers in the mines, sometimes servants—human beasts of burden. They seem to be men of few wants, apathetic, without ambition, not concerned with the future. Rarely do they own land. They are improvident and prefer to work intermittently, getting into debt with their employers, who thereby are enabled to hold them to their estates.

The mestizos resemble the pure Indian in many respects. Most are of the peon or labor class, but, like the white class above them, they often scorn manual labor. They are clannish, their lives being largely determined by custom. It is evident from these traits that we should expect to find a high rate of illiteracy—a condition which characterizes the population of Mexico. According to their last census, only 3,000,000 persons in a population of 15,000,000 could both read and write, while more than 7,000,000 Mexicans, twelve years of age or over, could neither read nor write. We can search in vain throughout the countries of Europe—the sources of white immigration—for biological, economic and social conditions fraught with a fraction of the danger inherent in the immigration of peons into the United States.

The same dangerous conditions exist in the countries of Central America and the West Indies. In Central America, the general social conditions are poor. Illiteracy is common. The governments are unstable. Peonage as a problem still persists. The prevailing indifference to racial intermixture creates the same serious problems as in Mexico.

A Basis for Exclusion

NEARLY 8,000,000 people today inhabit the islands of the West Indies. Of this vast number there are today almost no pure-blooded Indians, and of Indians of mixed blood with the Indian element pronounced enough to be still recognizable, there are extremely few. Whereas the race stock of Mexico and Central America is largely composed of elements anciently present in America, the stock of the West Indies is largely new. A substantial number of them today are African Negroes of pure blood, though born in the New World.

Such are the conditions existing in the nonquota countries to the south of us. In view of these facts, can we honestly and sensibly restrict European immigration if we continue to admit immigrants without numerical limitation from the countries to the south of us?

It is true, as The Business Men's Commission stated in the report already quoted, that this labor may be "immediately advantageous" to certain interests in this country, especially to absentee landowners, who would otherwise likely be below the marginal producer and hence unable to farm at a profit.

Even assuming, for the sake of argument, that such immigrants from the southern countries would be of permanent economic value—an assumption that even those against the restriction of Mexican immigration grant is without foundation—it would be an argument full of danger. No man is a worker alone. He is a member of the body politic and must further be viewed as the father of citizens of the United States when his children are born in this country. The years of his service as a wage earner are limited, but not so the span of time in which those of his blood will play their parts in this country. Nor can the seriousness of this argument be sidetracked by any claims of the ultimate emigration of these persons; for the facts seem to be to the contrary. Likewise we must not overlook the tremendous burdens they have heaped upon our poor-relief systems, upon our penal institutions and upon our political system.

As an illustration of the fact that a man is not a worker alone, let us refer to the excellent study of Dr. Paul S. Taylor, Mexican Labor in the United States, Valley of the South Platte, Colorado. Doctor Taylor states:

The following interview with a Mexican laborer illustrates the effort to become Spanish-American as soon as possible.

Fernandez says that a person of Mexican descent born in the United States is a Spanish-American. I asked where he was born and what he was. He replied, "I was born in Zacatecas, and I'm a Mexican." I asked where his—eight-year-old—son was born. He replied, "In Zacatecas." "Then he is a Mexican?" "Yes." "And where was your—two-year-old—daughter born?" "She was born in Pueblo, Colorado." "Then what is she?" "Oh, she's a Spanish-American!"

When this definition and story were related to Spanish-Americans, they were greatly amused, for, according to their definition, ancestry must be traced back at least eighty years to inhabitants of territory which became part of the United States in 1848.

It should be noted that the Spanish-Americans are very proud, both of their ancestry and of their United States citizenship. The result is that they feel keenly the failure of Americans to distinguish between them and the Mexicans. As I traveled recently through the beet fields of Colorado, I was struck by the fact that even small children made it clear that they were Spanish-American. The Mexicans, however, tell the Spanish-Americans that they are neither Spanish, Mexican nor American, that they have no country, and that they were sold to the United States. Feeling on the subject seems to run rather deep.

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Native Girls of Tehuantepec

According to every test as to the desirability of this immigration, including the assumed economic demand for peonage or common labor, there can be but one answer—it must be restricted.

One of the provisions of the Immigration Act of 1924 is that all persons who are ineligible for citizenship under our naturalization laws shall be excluded from the United States. Here would seem to be an adequate and effective basis for the restriction of these nonquota immigrants from Latin America, the Philippines and the West Indies.

Congressman John C. Box raised this point in the hearings before the House Committee on Immigration and Naturalization:

MR. BOX: Do you know whether or not a Mexican Indian is eligible for United States citizenship?

MR. TAYLOR: I do not know.

MR. BOX: Is not the chairman himself of the opinion that a Mexican Indian is not eligible to United States citizenship?

THE CHAIRMAN: I am satisfied that the particular type we have in mind at this moment are not eligible for citizenship.

MR. BOX: Then, if he is not eligible for citizenship, he is not admissible to the United States under the Immigration Act of 1924.

THE CHAIRMAN: Yes; that is right.

That the people of Southern California regard Mexicans as coming under this interpretation is evident from the fact that in order to accomplish a domiciliary isolation of Mexicans, ownership and occupancy of property are limited to "persons of the Caucasian race." Doctor Taylor cites the following as a typical restriction clause which usually runs for a period of ten to twenty-five years:

The said party of the second part will not sell, transfer or assign premises here conveyed, or any interest therein to any person or persons of any other than the Caucasian race, and that he will not permit or allow said premises to be occupied or used by any person or persons of other than the Caucasian race.

Doctor Taylor adds:

The deed restrictions, however, are not so much the means of restricting residence of Mexicans, as they are evidence of the social feeling which enforces the restriction even beyond the limits of the tracts actually restricted. As a matter of fact, the deed restrictions themselves are not always enforced to the legal limit. It is known that in a number of residence sections limited to Caucasians, there are occasional Mexican owners who are not of pure Caucasian descent.

Let us refer again to Doctor Taylor for an illustration of the social barrier between Americans and Mexicans.

A former Americanization teacher in the valley, herself of Mexican descent, came to her superior with the tragic story of the cross-currents which pulled her in different directions. She said:

"I'm torn in two in this place. I get so impatient of our own people, and ashamed of their slowness, and the difficulty of getting them to embrace their opportunities in this country. There are times when I want to put dynamite under them. I feel the faults of the Mexicans more than an American. At the same time I am constantly infuriated by their treatment from Americans."

Do we not have here ample evidence of a racial problem that will soon, if it has not already done so, exceed the most serious dangers potential in Asiatic or Oriental immigration? If this be true, dare we hesitate longer in our efforts to check it before it engulfs us?

That the Mexicans are proud, and sensitive to the racial prejudice against them, and that they can be expected to be more so in the future is all the more reason why we should exert every effort to solve the problem immediately by checking it at its source.

Tightening the Laws

IF OUR recent experience with Japan taught us anything, surely it taught us the dangers that lie in racial conflict and discriminations between a proud and sensitive foreign element and the people of our Western States. Since the Mexican migration involves the same strong consciousness of racial difference, we are face to face with the same problem, multiplied many times over because of the numerical strength of the emigration from the south.

It is true that the State Department is seeking to ward off the numerical restriction of Mexican immigration by a more drastic enforcement of the present quality tests in the immigration law, which apply to all immigrants, whether they come from quota or nonquota countries. Thus a more drastic enforcement of the literacy test and of the proper issuing of visas is having some effect. Likewise, the State Department is being aided by the enactment into law by a recent session of Congress of the provision making it a felony with penalty for certain aliens to enter the United States under certain conditions in violation of law. The fear of going to jail is having some effect in deterring the Mexican from entering this country illegally, whereas, before, he was merely subject to deportation without penalty each time he was caught after entering illegally.

This law and the desperate efforts of the State Department are, however, not enough. The problem is too big and too serious to be dealt with thus in an adequate manner. At most, these efforts can only discourage the entrance of Mexicans not entitled to admission into this country. A positive numerical check is needed through the application of the quota legislation.

The president-general of the S. A. R., the Honorable Howard C. Rowley, of San Francisco, stated the problem recently in this concise manner: "I personally am of the opinion that there was a mistake in the first place in our immigration-restriction law in making any exemptions to the quota. But I am also of the opinion that the most valuable consideration in this Mexican immigration matter is that such a large proportion of the undesirable Mexican immigration comes, in my opinion, under the ineligibility prohibition. . . . I believe that this quota idea should be applied to Mexico, but also think that the added value of the racial situation under our ineligibility provisions should be worked into it to strengthen it. Incidentally, the latter is more important than the mere quota angle, which is restrictive, but gives us the future problem merely in smaller form." It would seem that only by thus closing the back door can we secure the full benefits of our present restrictive program that can and will mean so much to our national welfare.

That *something* which makes a Chrysler a *Chrysler!*

THERE is a certain thrilling something about Chrysler performance that one never senses or enjoys in any other car. It is "something" and yet somehow *everything.* It is the spirit and sure stride of Chrysler speed. It is the gliding sensation of Chrysler smoothness. It is the electric aliveness of Chrysler pick-up. The answer, of course, is Chrysler engineering. With new, roomier bodies of dreadnought construction; with new, bigger, more powerful high-compression engines—and, in the "77" and "70" with Down-Draft carburetion, together with the sensational Multi-Range 4-speed transmission and gear shift—these latest Chryslers further outdistance all attempts to equal Chrysler performance. And besides, there is more style in Chrysler beauty, just as there is more *go* in Chrysler power and more *stop* in Chrysler brakes—internal-expanding, weatherproof hydraulics, the safest brakes known to automobile science. Get a personal experience at the wheel—and you will realize with full conviction why a Chrysler inspires a pride all its own.

There is a Chrysler for every purse and every need from
$795 to $3575

The "77"
9 body styles, $1625 to $1825

The "70"
7 body styles, $1295 to $1545

The "66"
6 body styles, $995 to $1095

New Chrysler Six
5 body styles, $795 to $845

The Imperial
8 body styles, $2995 to $3575

All prices f. o. b. factory

CHRYSLER "77" ROYAL COUPE
$1725 *F. O. B. Factory (Special Equipment Extra)*

CHRYSLER

CHRYSLER MOTORS PRODUCT

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C. McClelland Barclay

for Economical Transportation

CHEVROLET

BODY BY FISHER

LOOK TO THE BODY

-at greatly reduced prices!

The Roadster	$495	*The* Sedan	$675
The Phaeton	$495	*The* Special Sedan (6 wire wheels standard)	$725
The Sport Roadster	$555	*The* Sedan Delivery	$595
The Coach	$565	Light Delivery Chassis	$365
The Coupe	$565	*The* Roadster Delivery (Pick-up box extra)	$440
The Sport Coupe	$655	1½ Ton Chassis	$520
The Club Sedan	$625	1½ Ton Chassis with Cab	$625

Prices f. o. b. factory, Flint, Michigan

BODY by FISHER

another assurance of CHEVROLET QUALITY

No single feature of the Chevrolet Six reveals its high quality more unmistakably than do the beautiful new Fisher bodies—for here, by every standard of comparison, is the finest coachwork ever offered in a low-priced automobile.

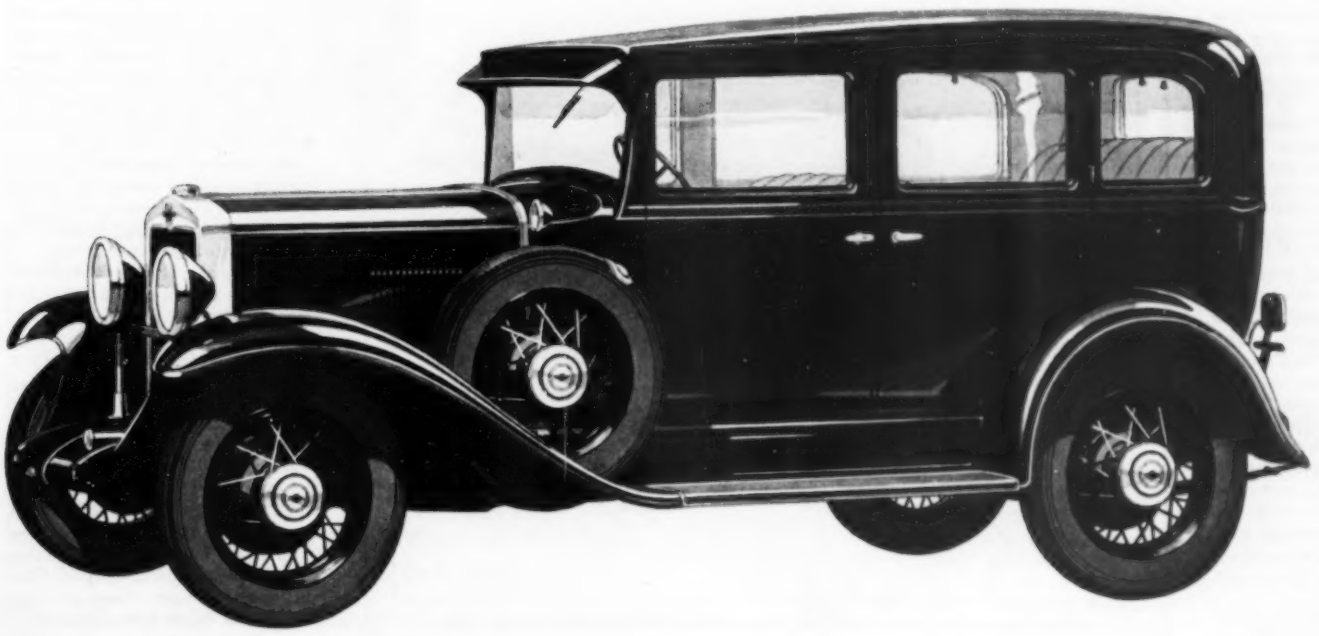
Chevrolet-Fisher bodies are long, low and gracefully proportioned. They are of composite wood and steel—the type of construction employed exclusively on the world's highest priced cars. The roof is a separate assembly, resting as securely upon the body pillars as does the roof of a house upon its framework. The roof itself is formed of bows and slats—the strongest type of roof construction known to the body building industry.

Furthermore, there are provided such modern features as the Fisher non-glare full-vision and ventilating windshield, which adds so much to driving safety; the adjustable driver's seat; the substantial hardware and fittings of pleasing design and finish; the long-wearing velour and mohair upholstery over comfortable form-fitting cushions, inclined at the right angle to afford the greatest riding ease. And so throughout there is evidence of an attention to detail not ordinarily expected in a low-priced car.

If you have not already inspected the new Chevrolet Six—do so today. Check over its many additional quality features—such as Lovejoy hydraulic shock absorbers and fully-enclosed 4-wheel brakes. Drive it—and know the finer performance of its 50-horsepower six-cylinder valve-in-head engine.

You'll find quality you never thought possible at such low prices—*the greatest value in the motor car industry today!*

CHEVROLET MOTOR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN
Division of General Motors Corporation



The New Special Sedan

TRYING TO LEARN NEW YORK

By Don Marquis

I HAVE been living in New York for more than twenty years, and for some reason I have never been able to find out anything about it. People tell me this, that and the other, and I'm not able to check up on them. Friends from Georgia, Illinois, California and Maine come and stay a couple of weeks, and present me with facts, theories, generalizations and compendiums of knowledge that astonish me. An English friend recently told me that it had the ethics, manners and general feeling of a frontier mining camp; a Californian said it was full of people who were too much like the English to suit him; a Canadian who had traveled all over the United States referred to it as "the typical American city in its spirit and general aspects"; a Chicago friend says it is not American at all, and that America doesn't start until you get west of the Hudson River.

My efforts to learn New York are continually baffled. I have, for one instance, heard a great deal during the last ten or fifteen years about the new, extraordinary architectural developments; the epochal great towers that reach up to pry the clouds apart. And in a vague sort of way I have known that such things do exist, and that more of them are being built every day; I hear them being built on all sides of me; I feel every twenty or thirty minutes the shock from the blasts of high explosives with which the excavations for their cellars and foundations are gouged out of the basic rock of the island. But I try in vain to see this new architecture. Every time I attempt to look at it in the daytime a taxicab hits me in the small of the back. I have never seen New York above the fourth or fifth story, and I understand that most of it is much higher than that. A friend tells me that if I stay up late enough at night I can look at it safely, but I have never been able to stay up late enough; along about four o'clock in the morning I begin to get sleepy. Only milkmen and garbage collectors have ever seen the new architecture from the ground. Of course you can see it from the windows of other buildings, but architectures should be seen from the ground, experts tell me, to get the right effect. People who have looked at it from airplanes say that a three-hundred-foot building and a five-hundred-foot building look about the same.

Hearsay Evidence About Manhattan

AN ACQUAINTANCE who had a grand idea about how to get around town rapidly postulated a method of getting a safe look at the architecture of the place, but it didn't work out so well in experience. He especially wanted to see Fifth Avenue above the second story. He made himself a pair of prodigious skis, with the notion that he might walk for sixty or eighty blocks up and down on the roofs of the taxicabs. Fifth Avenue feels ashamed of itself if there are more than six-inch intervals between the taxicabs; it is humiliated by all this waste of space. But, at the first trial, my friend, while gazing ecstatically at the architecture, made an unfortunate mistake; he got too near the middle of the street, and one ski started south just as the other one started north, and he found he had exposed himself too violently to the broadening influences of travel.

I hear from a good many people that New York is a terribly unhealthy place to live in; and I used to be imposed upon by this belief until I tried going away for a few weeks at a time when I was feeling bad. I discovered that my lungs and bronchial tubes suffered severely unless I got just the amount of gas mixture I was used to; I can't live anywhere any more unless I can breathe a certain amount of carbon dioxide; the pure air of other parts of the country does not taste right or smell right or have the uplift to it. I believe this gas intoxication is frequently mistaken for mental stimulation; a girl from Iowa said to me the other day that the thing she got out of her visits to New York was an intellectual stimulation she found nowhere else. I believe it is the air.

Several physicians have told me that the noises of the place are very wearing on the nerves, but I have found the contrary to be the case. I devote the afternoons to going about the city trying to find out something about it—always in vain—and through the night I work and read and sit around and think what I would do if I were a multimillionaire. Just as soon as the riveting machines and kindred noises begin in the morning, I go to sleep. I can't sleep at all any more without this racket; it is my daily lullaby; I go nearly mad with nervousness if I can't have my morning noises.

The terrific pace at which New Yorkers live, I have been hearing for twenty years, makes life in this city almost impossible for a sane and normal human being. And again I am unable to arrive at the truth of the matter. So many of the people who tell me that are people from other places who have frazzled themselves out with a hectic fortnight in the metropolis. I never go to night clubs and cabarets and such places unless friends from other parts of the continent drag me to them when they are visiting New York; the places do not particularly amuse me in themselves, and I always hate to see a lot of money spent for nothing at all. When I am lugged along wearily to these places with out-of-town friends, I always wonder how many of the other people there have also been lugged wearily along by out-of-town friends who will later rebuke them for the way they are wasting their lives. As a guide and cicerone to New York I am a total loss; I never understood the place and I will never be able to learn it. I have had persons pointed out to me in these glittering resorts as examples of the modern sleek, racketeer crook who has come uptown and put on evening clothes in the last decade, whom I knew to be reputable lawyers, actors or physicians, but I didn't destroy the illusion. I never destroy these illusions; they make the town more interesting. A friend insisted, for instance, on showing me Chinatown a few months ago, and it was none of my business to inform him that such Chinatown as there is left moved over to Newark, New Jersey, a number of years ago. Just because I can't find out anything about New York myself is no reason why I should destroy the glamour and enthusiasm of other people. I used to have a preacher friend who was by way of being a reformer also; and he could find more wickedness in New York with a single roll of his eloquent dark eyes than has ever been gathered into one spot before, with the possible exception of Dante's Inferno; two-thirds of the population were crooked, one way or the other, to his mind. He enjoyed the conception so much that I never tried to take the bloom off the picture by imposing my own theory that most of them were about the same average run of human beings you find anywhere else.

From my infrequent travels and frequent reading and rather extensive contacts with all sorts of people, I get a very definite reaction concerning what may be called, without too much exaggeration, the intelligentzia of New York. The reaction is that New York is rather actively disliked in various parts of the country because these intellectuals consider themselves superior to the rest of the country. And still once more I am forced to admit that I don't know New York—or don't know the New York that is presented to me in these pictures. I have, fortunately or unfortunately, a very wide acquaintance among these people who have been elected, or have elected themselves, to the so-called intelligentzia in New York—writers, artists of all descriptions, even interior decorators—and why they should be supposed to high-hat the rest of the country is something I can't understand. For nine-tenths of them—possibly an even larger proportion—originated in other parts of the country. Very seldom do I run across a native Manhattanite who is doing anything notable in any of the arts. They all came to New York from the Middle West and the Far West and the South and New England and England and every other place on the face of the globe. And a very great many of them devote a large part of their conversation to pointing out certain elements of superiority in the places they came from.

Free Information, and Worth the Price

IT ALL baffles me; the more I try to find out what the real New York is, the more baffled and puzzled I become. In my search for knowledge I have recently been handed the following alleged information about the city, which I pass on to my readers without indorsing it. All I say is that the people who told me these things seemed to be firmly convinced themselves:

Nobody in New York has any children.

Every third dancer in the night clubs and cabarets is supporting a worthless husband to whom she is insanely loyal.

Three men at least are killed in the construction of every story in a New York skyscraper; so you can figure out for yourself what a forty-story building means in human life. But the workmen generally—gay, romantic dogs—are thrilled by the gamble.

Most of the partners in Mr. Morgan's financial outfit were at one time very clever office boys.

The distinguished-looking gentleman accompanied by the two handsome women, to whom everyone in the night club seems to defer, is a Prince of the Racketeers. He combines crime with a taste for the best in literature and the arts; he has a broad general culture. Many of the persons near him are really crooks in his employ, although they are now masquerading as employes of the resort, or as ordinary patrons. If he steps into a telephone booth for a few minutes, that means that someone present will be bumped off before that person gets as far north as Eighty-fifth Street. He himself will probably be bumped off next week by the blond lady with the conspicuous pearls who now sits smiling across the table at him.

Half the swell apartment houses on Park Avenue are owned by people who are not considered by the superintendents and renting agents to be socially eligible to live in them.

A good many of the watchmen at the big jewelry shops and banks are reformed burglars.

The New Yorker would rather than not pay $12 each for theater tickets which have $3.30 plainly printed upon them, for it gives him a chance to brag about the way he is always getting gypped.

Prominent United States senators and even members of the Cabinet are frequently ordered by Wall Street kings to take the next train for New York for the purpose of secret conference, and none dare disobey.

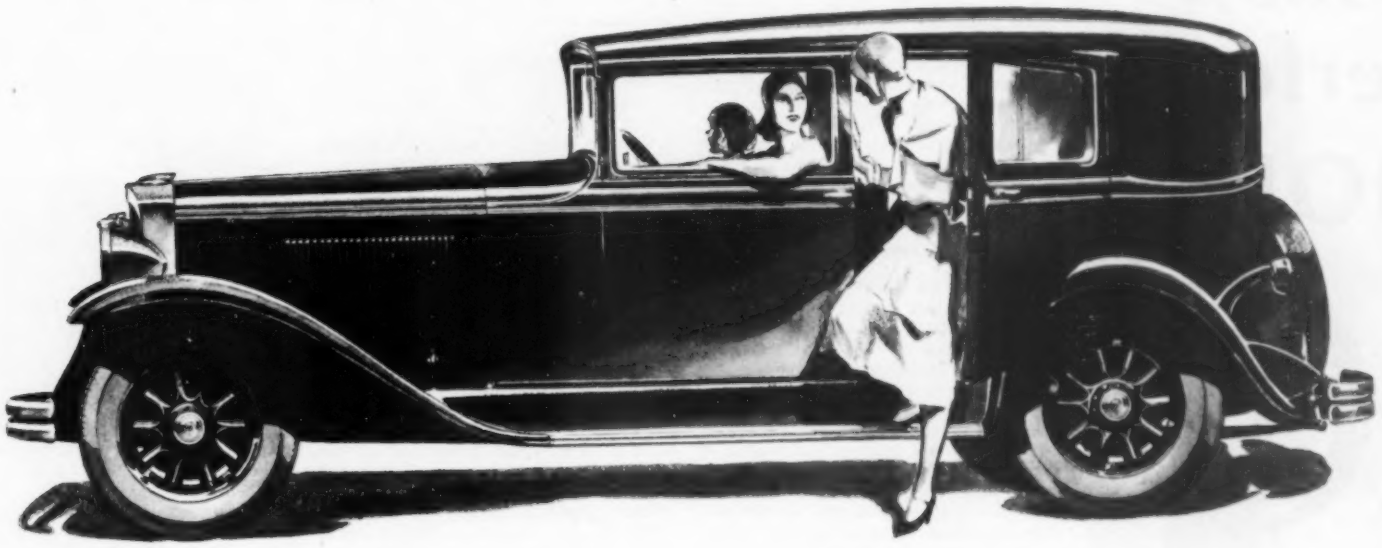
Rich middle-aged women are crazy to dine and dance with pugilists.

(Continued on Page 50)

DRAWN BY DONALD McKEE

Actual Sensations of a Poor Girl From the Country Arriving in New York

EVERY GRAHAM SIX AND EVERY GRAHAM EIGHT IS COMPLETELY EQUIPPED WITH SHATTER-PROOF *PLATE* GLASS



Graham Standard Six Town Sedan. Four wide doors. Beautiful body design, upholstery and finish. Sixty-six h. p. engine, 7-bearing crankshaft; 115-inch wheelbase, full five-passenger capacity. Price at factory $845

Quality is the best Policy .. Graham defines its rule *in terms of* unusual prices

GRAHAM

GRAHAM cars are now manufactured in such volume that it is possible to pass on to the public the fullest benefits of the economies accruing from massed production.

The prices on Graham Sixes and Eights give graphic demonstration of the scientific savings accomplished in Graham manufacturing. These prices which are especially significant in the light of the fact that each and every car in both lines —in high-grade materials, close-limit construction, extra-fine body work and brilliant performance—is held rigidly to the Graham rule that *quality is the best policy.*

The full measure of Graham good value, as exemplified in these most unusual prices, is climaxed by the important fact that those who drive any Graham car are protected against the grave menace of broken, scattering glass by complete equipment of shatter-proof safety plate glass.

In the new Town Sedan and the Universal Sedan, listing at $845 and $895 respectively, are a brilliance and an efficiency of performance little short of startling when considered in relation to these prices.

Yet this performance—and its extraordinary day-in and day-out reliability—are the outward expression of quality ideals that are satisfied with nothing less than a 66 h. p. engine (3⅛ x 4½), with a 7-bearing crankshaft, full pressure lubrication, full water-jacketed cylinders, the highest efficiency in carburetion and intake manifold design, a vibration dampener in the clutch; four-point engine suspension, with rubber rear mountings; and a beautiful, roomy, four-door Graham-built body.

You will recognize what Graham quality means in visible evidence the moment you see these cars. But, in order that you may learn what it truly means in owner-satisfaction, we suggest that you drive the one of your choice as soon as you possibly can, and before you commit yourself for a new car.

Graham Standard Six, Four-door Sedan, $845; Universal Sedan, $895
Standard and Special Sixes, $845 up. Standard and Special Eights, $1445 up. Prices at factory

GRAHAM-PAIGE MOTORS CORPORATION, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

Graham Cars will give you value and performance—reasons in plenty for preferring them. Their crowning appeal is the safety of the shatter-proof plate glass doors, windows and windshields. The more you study that one factor of protection for yourself and your family from an all too frequent and dreadful danger, the more surely it will lead you to the conclusion that it renders all the other attractions of Graham cars irresistible

CELLOPHANE WRAPPED

The best MURIEL ever made. Finer tobaccos. Better workmanship. Individual Cellophane wrappers. *But 10¢ instead of "Two-for-twenty-five."* How is it done? By equipping the MURIEL factory with marvelous high speed machines. By cutting out waste motions. And by placing huge contracts for the world's finest leaf. Try the new MURIEL today.

the 1930 MURIEL CIGAR

© P. Lorillard Co.

(Continued from Page 48)

If you are a stranger in New York and do not know where to find a speak-easy, just ask the nearest policeman. If you can't find a policeman, just call "Police" on the telephone and get the information.

Mr. Belasco wears that kind of collar, not because he wishes to appear like a clergyman but to hide a scar received in a romantic duel in his early California days.

Almost any reporter in New York City could wire a single sentence to any one of five hundred millionaires tonight, and before dawn the poor man would commit suicide.

If You Believe What You Hear

All branches of industry involving manual labor are now shot full of college professors and students getting material for articles for the highbrow magazines.

Mr. O. O. McIntyre has never met any of the people he writes about.

The easiest thing in the world is to crash a large party in New York if you are properly dressed, and frequently a quarter of the guests are totally unknown to the host and hostess.

A third of the chorus girls in town own their limousines; another third can always get hold of one at a moment's notice by calling on the telephone. The remainder, having virtuously refused limousines, are starving and supporting great numbers of indigent relations from their weekly pittance.

Nearly all the blind men and decrepit women who sell lead pencils, chewing gum and shoestrings on the street have considerable fortunes tucked away somewhere. Several of them own the buildings in front of which they make their pitches.

Many prominent artists, actors, movie people, writers, painters, dancers, and so forth, are drug addicts, and cannot do any work at all unless they are hopped up. The same is true of the more important criminals.

Some people have mysterious little cards which they can flash at policemen, and which will get them through any sort of traffic mix-up as if they were fire engines.

The presidents or general managers of railroads and insurance companies and large corporations in general, commonly do not know much about the business; there is some brilliant unknown secretary who does all the constructive thinking.

The scrubwomen backstage in the theaters were almost all beautiful and noted actresses in their day.

Industrial and financial leaders in New York usually consult astrologers before starting a campaign.

Nobody who owns one of the big town houses ever lives in it at all, although large staffs of servants are kept constantly on the job on the chance that the master will want to open it for a week every third year. These servants frequently wear the clothes of their masters, appearing in them in boxes at the Metropolitan Opera House.

People go to Union Square or down by the City Hall and get themselves clubbed by the mounted police for no other reason than that Soviet agents tell them it would be a nice thing to do in order to show sympathy for Russia.

If you see a man who is apparently quite intoxicated, propped up between two sober men in the Subway, between two o'clock and five o'clock in the morning, it is quite likely that the man in the middle is really dead. The friends on either side are but false friends detailed to get rid of the body.

The big business men of New York are all, one way or another, pretty much at the mercy of their stenographers.

You can always tell a gorilla in evening dress by the looks of his knuckles.

It would surprise you how often people get the wrong baby sent home from lying-in hospitals.

Seven or eight men could get together and shut off food supplies, transportation, public service generally, in New York City, if they wanted to; and all these men were at one time gunmen on the Lower East Side. They turned straight and worked themselves up to be the heads of important organizations.

New York columnists go around to clubs and theater lobbies and dinner parties and listen to all the smart things that are said and then hurry to the newspaper offices and get them into type.

Really, my dear, the suburbs are just as bad as the city. Why, even the high-school girls in the suburbs won't go to parties any more unless their boy friends bring plenty of gin and heroin.

Signed articles in the newspapers are not only never written by the people who sign them, but never even shown to them; and sometimes the people who sign them do not exist, either, but have been invented by the newspapers.

A good many hijackers, private detectives, dry agents and burglars will break down and cry if you talk to them about their mothers.

More Tidbits for the Credulous

The fad of suicide by jumping out of twentieth-floor windows has grown to such proportions in New York that the newspapers, on the advice of the leading psychologists, do not print one-tenth of the cases that occur.

Fifteen or eighteen members of the English aristocracy are on the stage in New York—the idea being, I suppose, that they would rather have ten or fifteen weeks' work a year than be obliged to take their places in the peerage.

Children on the Lower East Side and in certain crowded quarters of Brooklyn and Harlem are trained to get slightly hurt by motor cars, and whole neighborhoods live off the proceeds of damage suits.

There are any number of taxi drivers cruising about town in disguises, because they know too much about the operations of gangsters and gunmen, and at any instant the soft plop of an automatic pistol with silencer attachment may cause them to crumple over the driving wheel.

The mayor's speeches are always written for him in the reporters' room at the City Hall.

Head waiters really own most of the restaurants and hotels.

When public opinion demands that somebody positively must be punished for a conspicuous crime, the more prominent criminals and the police officials get together and caucus on who shall be elected to take the rap.

All business deals of any importance are put over nowadays through the agency of party girls.

The three richest men in America, with their headquarters in New York, are not known at all to the public; they never are mentioned in the public prints, never photographed, never interviewed, but they control everything from behind the scenes.

Whenever a play is put on in New York that requires a number of Negro actors, they always have to be taught what is called "Negro dialect" by some white man from the South.

Please Pass the Salt

A scientist in one of the big laboratories and a naval officer at the Brooklyn Navy Yard recently collaborated and invented a destructive process so terrible that they were aghast and tore up all their data and formulas.

There is still a political prisoner in Castle William on Governor's Island who knows so much that he will never be liberated.

Thousands of people in Flatbush, the Bedford section, East New York, and other parts of Brooklyn have never crossed the river and visited New York.

Voodoo is practiced in the colored districts of Harlem, and Oriental deck hands from the ships in the harbor occasionally gather at a secret temple for devil worship.

In one quarter of the city—never exactly specified—an old-fashioned horse-drawn street car still makes regular trips to keep a franchise alive.

Taxi drivers are apt to say quite witty things.

Reporters on the papers seldom have to spend any money for food, clothing, lodging or anything else, but necessities and luxuries of all sorts are forced upon them in the hope that merchants may get a line of mention in print sometime next year, maybe.

These are only a few of the hundreds of bits of information I have picked up recently while trying to learn something about New York. I do not guarantee the authenticity of any one of them; I have been, in fact, unable to verify them in any particular. But they at least convince me of one thing—that there is a romantic disposition to believe that the inside story of New York is in itself mysterious and romantic. Personally I have given up the attempt to learn the city. I finally see that I shall never know anything about it.

DRAWN BY DONALD MCKEE

She: "Thank Heaven I'm Nimble Enough to Get Away From Any Mouse!"

There are 1930 Styles in Entertainment too.

Paramount gives them to you. 1930-style stories. 1930-style stars. Smart, daring New Show World hits as new, timely and exciting as the latest from Paris. Created by showmen with an alert ear to the pulse of these changing times. And produced in the typical Paramount quality manner. ¶ Entertainment, 1930-style, by Paramount is exhibited at the best theatres everywhere. Your Theatre Manager will tell you when. ¶ *"If it's a Paramount Picture it's the best show in town!"*

PARAMOUNT PUBLIX CORPORATION
ADOLPH ZUKOR, PRES., PARAMOUNT BLDG., NEW YORK

Paramount Pictures

ON THE AIR! Paramount-Publix Radio Hour, each Saturday Evening, 10-11 P. M. Eastern Time over the Columbia Broadcasting System.

WORLD'S GREATEST FILM FESTIVAL . .

With practically all of Paramount's stars in the cast. Song hits galore, including "Sweeping the Clouds Away" and "Any Time's the Time to Fall in Love," hilarious comedy bits, dazzling Technicolor scenes . . .

MAURICE CHEVALIER "THE BIG POND"

Now comes the greatest of all Maurice Chevalier hits, better even than "The Love Parade." The songs are the best he's ever sung and his role will delight you. With Claudette Colbert. A Monta Bell Production, directed by Hobart Henley. Based upon a play by George Middleton and A. E. Thomas.

Charles "Buddy" Rogers "SAFETY IN NUMBERS"

A smart, gay, tuneful musical romance with Charles "Buddy" Rogers learning about women from three Broadway beauties played by Josephine Dunn, Virginia Bruce, Carol Lombard. Directed by Victor Schertzinger. Music by Richard Whiting. Story by George Marion, Jr., and Percy Heath.

"THE RETURN OF DR. FU MANCHU"

The same great cast, director and author of "The Mysterious Dr. Fu Manchu" are the producers of this thrilling, romantic sequel. Warner Oland again plays "Fu," and Jean Arthur, Neil Hamilton, William Austin and O. P. Heggie are in the cast. Rowland V. Lee Production from the story by Sax Rohmer.

VANITY'S FARE

(Continued from Page 38)

colored brethren to make that course possible. Concerning what he had done, Florian expressed himself in no uncertain terms.

"The low-down, knock-kneed, slab-sided, half-washed, no-'count hunk of side meat!" he ejaculated. "Of all the rotten, ornery, mean, cussed, nasty tricks I ever heard, that was the worst."

"Uh-huh," agreed Eddie, "on'y you ain't yet said half of what I is thinkin'."

Mr. Slappey pounded the chair with his fist. "It ain't to be stood!"

Mr. Slappey placed one hand over his colorado-maduro forehead and half closed his eyes. He was fond of Eddie and despised Semore. It was, with him, a matter of personal pride to keep the hated Mr. Mashby out of the club.

Suddenly Florian looked up and smiled. "I got it, Eddie."

"You got which?"

"An idea."

"H'm! I got lots of ideas, but none of 'em ain't no good."

"This one of mine is. Now listen: How good friends is you of president an' Mis' Joshua Pruney?"

"Pretty good. Co'se they is real quality folks an' I ain't nothin' but trash, but they always has treated me swell."

"Tha's enough. 'Cause, feller, Joshua Pruney ain't got nothin' fo' Semore Mashby but emnity." He rose and demanded his check. "Come along with me an' while we walk out to Mistuh Pruney's home I splains to you the scheme I has schum."

They walked southward on Eighteenth Street and Mr. Slappey talked with passionate earnestness. Eddie Tack listened attentively and with admiration. But when Florian concluded, Eddie shook his head mournfully.

"It's the slickest thing I ever has heard, Brother Slappey, an' fum the bottom of my heart I thank you fo' same, but it ain't possible."

"How come not?"

"Folks like the Pruneys wouldn't do nothin' like that."

"No? I reckon you is just plumb wrong. Ordinary, I know they wouldn't. But recently Semore Mashby done Brother Pruney dirt on a big deal, an' Joshua is sore as a mashed thumb. Gittin' even with Semore Mashby is the most ambition he has got."

They reached the impressive Pruney home and were admitted by the butler. The portly president of the Shining Star Country Club for Colored was surprised, but cordial.

Florian left Eddie Tack sitting in the hall while he entered the parlor with his host and hostess. Eddie, straining his ears for an occasional word, twice heard Mr. Pruney utter positive "No's!" Then he heard Mr. Pruney say, "Perhaps," and a few seconds later Mrs. Pruney's voice came to him: "Well, I don't see why you don't do just what Mistuh Slappey suggests, Joshua. It ain't like Semore hadn't done you dirt first."

In the end Florian strutted into the hall, his countenance decorated with a smile of triumph.

"Okay, lucky man!" he said to Eddie. "C'mon in an' do just like I splained to you."

"Y-ya-yassuh, Brother Slappey."

They sat around and chatted. They discussed the new country club and Eddie's golf game; they spoke of internal politics which bade fair to rip The Sons & Daughters of I Will Arise wide open; they discussed barbecue sauces and the weather.

Then, as though at a signal, Florian Slappey and Joshua Pruney rose and walked together to the fireplace, where they stood leaning against the mantel, their backs to the others. Mrs. Pruney smiled, rose and started across the room to join them. She was a massive person and her stride was something in the nature of a waddle, but Eddie Tack gazed at her hungrily.

Then something happened. Almost as though it had been prearranged, something dropped from Mrs. Pruney's person; something which she did not notice and which lay on the floor gleaming up into the eyes of Eddie Tack. Mr. Tack hesitated, but for one second only. Then he stepped across the room and retrieved the diamond brooch. Nervously he placed ft in his pocket and returned to his chair.

He coughed. As though the other three had been waiting for that particular cough, they turned. For perhaps five more minutes they conversed, and then Florian and Eddie rose to go. As they shook hands at the door, Joshua Pruney slapped Florian on the back.

"You is a slick boy, Brother Slappey."

"Ain't you correck? An' just wait!"

In the street, Eddie produced the brooch. "Heah 'tis, Florian."

"Hot ziggity dam!" Mr. Slappey gazed fondly upon the gleaming and expensive trinket. "Yonder is the jool which is gwine change Semore Mashby's name to Misery."

The following morning Mr. Mashby's most arduous labors were interrupted by a visitor. Semore scowled and made a pointed remark:

"There ain't no use of you talkin' to me any mo', Eddie Tack. I ain't gwine give you back that membership certificate in the Shinin' Star, an' that's all there is to it."

Eddie seemed surprised. "Shuh, Brother Mashby, I wasn't even aimin' to talk to you 'bout such."

"No? Then what you want with me?"

The other edged closer. "I—I kind of need some money."

"I reckon you do. But what I got to do with that?"

"Nothin', 'ceptin' I thought you was in the money-lendin' business."

"I is. But I got to have better s'curity than charity."

"Did I say you didn't? Honest, Semore, you is plumb distrustful. Don't you reckon I got sense enough not to come to you fo' money less'n I has got the best s'curity in the world?"

For the first time Mr. Mashby's interest was aroused. Mention of perfect security for a loan was right down his alley, and he sidled forward crabwise to the vicinity of his visitor.

"How much you crave to borrow, Eddie?"

"Two hund'ed dollars. An' I got s'curity which the best jooler in Bumminham says is wuth not less than one thousan' dollars cash money."

Semore glanced apprehensively about the room. "Lemme see."

Eddie Tack handed over to the avaricious little man the diamond brooch which he had picked up the previous night from the floor of the Pruney parlor.

Semore's eyes gleamed. He slid across the room and adjusted a jeweler's glass. The brooch was gorgeous and quite obviously Eddie Tack had not overstated its value. But he looked up suspiciously.

"Where did you git this, Eddie?"

"Found it," answered Mr. Tack with scrupulous honesty.

"Where at?"

"Nemmin' where at. I found it, an' tha's all. Either you lends me two hund'ed on it, or either else you don't. Also, don't forget that Ise tellin' you honest that it was found. Had I of gotten it any other way, I woul'n't be so plumb silly as just to take two hund'ed dollars on it."

Mr. Mashby pondered. He knew that Eddie Tack could never redeem the pledge. This, then, was equivalent to buying one thousand dollars' worth of diamonds and platinum for two hundred dollars.

Eagerly he wrote out a pawn ticket and tendered that and two hundred dollars to Mr. Tack.

Within the hour Eddie presented himself at the Pruney home, where he was greeted by the ample Mrs. Pruney. He smiled significantly and handed her Semore's pawn ticket and the two hundred dollars in cash.

"Tha's just ezackly how much was borried on the pin, Mis' Pruney. Also tha's the ticket to redeem it with in case anything goes wrong."

Later he reported to Florian Slappey. That debonair young colored gentleman grinned broadly and slapped his friend on the shoulder.

"Between us," he observed, "we sho has got one good brain."

For two days thereafter nothing happened. Eddie went his way; Florian Slappey pursued his duties as personal representative for Magnolius Ricketts, sole star of the ultra-successful Midnight Pictures Corporation, Inc.; and the membership committee of the Shining Star Country Club for Colored prepared for its next meeting.

During that time Mr. Semore Mashby attended strictly to business and gave his odd thoughts to the delights of the game of golf. He had swung a club once and hit a ball by accident, and, consequently, was a convert to the game. Besides, membership in the club had now become a matter of principle with him, and he was grimly determined that no combination of circumstances was to keep him out.

Mr. Mashby was positive he would make a golfer. He was going to commit the rank extravagance of taking lessons from the club pro, and had some faint idea of making a deal with that personage whereby he would receive a group of lessons at reduced rates.

And it was while Mr. Mashby was thinking of tees and greens and fairways that the door opened and Mr. Joshua Pruney entered.

Semore skittled forward to greet his important visitor and inquire after his health and the welfare of the Shining Star. Joshua was friendly enough and, after chatting for a few minutes, notified Semore that he was interested in the purchase of some jewelry. Instantly the country club was forgotten.

"What kin' of joolry, Brother Pruney?"

"Oh, all kinds—rings, bracelets, necklaces an' other sorts."

"But nothin' in special?"

"No-o. Ise just speculatin' aroun' to see 'bout buyin' a present fo' my wife, an' I figured maybe I could git a better bargain heah than in a joolry store."

"You sho never made no mistake there. The most things I has got is bargains, an' I don't mean maybe."

Mr. Mashby then commenced to produce trays from the rusty old safe in the corner of his shop. Following that, he displayed a handful of pledges. Each little envelope was opened and its contents disclosed to the gaze of Joshua Pruney.

"These is some of the swellest jools the cullud folks in Bumminham ever owned, Brother Pruney. You is gwine find somethin' heah that will interest you."

"You is dawg-gone right I is!" The ebony countenance of Mr. Pruney had turned grim. He bent over the counter and pounced upon a marvelous diamond brooch, which he held up before the startled eyes of Semore Mashby. His question came in the form of an accusation. "Where did you git this, Semore?"

Mr. Mashby blinked. It was the identical brooch upon which he had loaned Eddie Tack two hundred dollars.

"Off a client," he answered.

"Where did that client git it?"

A premonition of catastrophe banged the little money lender squarely in the brain. He more than suspected that everything was not as it should be.

"I don't see that it differs any where it come fum."

"But I do!" growled the large man.

"H-h-h-how come?"

"'Cause this heah brooch is the pussonal property of my wife, Mrs. Pruney."

"No!" wailed Semore. "It cain't be!"

"Cain't be ain't isn't. She lost this thing 'bout th'ee days ago, an' Ise gwine take it home with me."

"But I loant somebody two hund'ed dollars on that."

"I don't care if you loant them two milliums. This brooch is my wife's."

"But how 'bout my money?"

"In return fo' that you is gwine git a lot of sympathy."

"You cain't just walk out of heah with it 'thout payin' me nothin'."

"No?" Mr. Pruney transfixed Semore with a glare. "I reckon nobody don't have to splain to you the law of pussonal property, Mistuh Mashby. In this line of business you is bound to of learned long ago that a man's property is his wherever he finds it. Now of co'se if you doubt that I is tellin' the truth 'bout this belongin' to Mis' Pruney ——"

"I don't. But I hate to lose them moneys."

"An' us hated to lose the brooch." Joshua turned toward the door, the brooch in his pocket. Semore flung one last despairing plea after him:

"Ain't you gwine buy nothin' fo' yo' wife?"

"I don't need nothin' now. I just wanted somethin' to take the place of the brooch she lost."

He departed, leaving a stricken little man in an attitude of dejection. Mr. Mashby was in the act of plumbing depths of misery hitherto untouched. He had loaned two hundred dollars to Eddie Tack, and he counted the money gone. A thousand-dollar brooch had been taken from him. And last, and most unkind, was the knowledge that because Joshua Pruney had recovered the brooch, he had changed his mind about making a large purchase of jewelry from Semore.

Eventually he recovered a semblance of normality. He seated himself at a ramshackle typewriter and indited a note to the author of his unhappiness:

mr. Eddie Tack,

Sir: You better come to my office an come quick or else you will wish that you had of done so. what I has got to talk with you is buisness an I warn you if you don't do what I want trouble is the most thing wich is goin to affeck you. You done me dirt wich same I don't stan from no man least of all a poor tripe like you. With best wishes.

Resptvely

SEMORE MASHBY.

When Mr. Tack arrived Semore was on the verge of hysterics.

"Dawg-gone yo' hide!" he said to his visitor.

Mr. Tack arched his eyebrows. "How come?"

"'Cause you has plumb ruint me."

Eddie assumed a judicial expression. "I suspicions that somethin' must be wrong, Semore."

"It is. Terrible wrong."

"Sposin' you gimme a cigar an' splain yo'se'f."

Semore ignored the cigar hint, but launched into a lengthy explanation. In mournful voice and graphic manner he detailed the recent cataclysmic visit of the prominent Joshua Pruney, with the subsequent departure of the diamond brooch.

"An' it's all yo' fault, Eddie Tack."

"'Tain't so. Di'n't you ast me where at I got that pin, an' di'n't I say I found it? Furthermo', di'n't I tell you that hadn't I of found it, I woul'n't let it go fo' no measly two hund'ed dollars?"

"Yeh, I reckon you did. But just the same, I has been done out of two hund'ed good dollars."

Mr. Tack made a clucking sound which was intended to convey the information that he sympathized deeply.

"What is we gwine do about it?" inquired Semore.

"Where you git that 'we' stuff?"

"Ain't you an' me bofe in this?"

"Maybe you bofe is in it, but I bofe ain't. What us had was a business deal."

(Continued on Page 57)

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UNTIL YOU'RE THIRSTY

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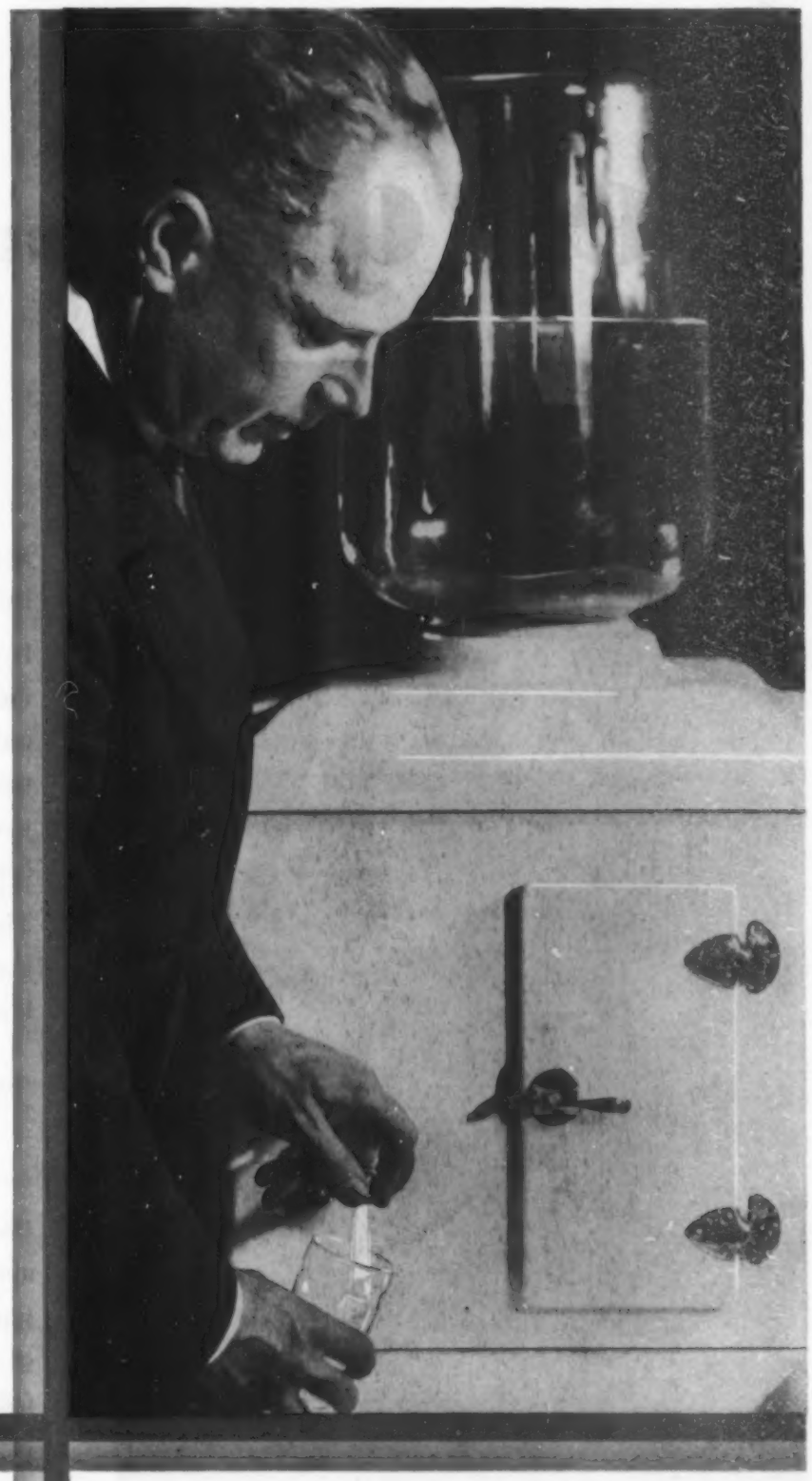

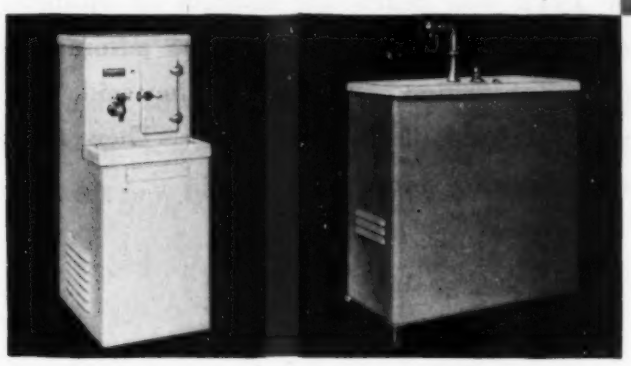

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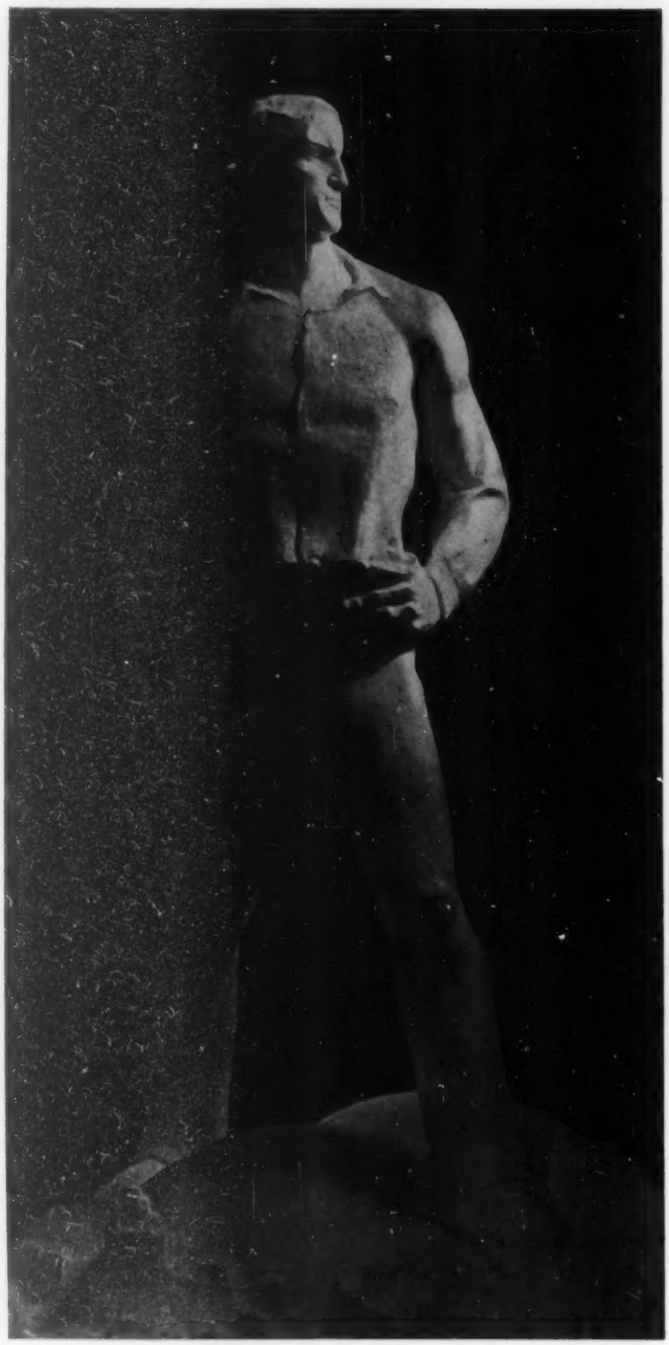

"Leadership"
from the original sculpture created for the Vacuum Oil Company by Mr. Warren T. Mosman.

It is dangerous to be a leader. A leader stands out in front, in full view, facing forward.

If you wish to remain a leader, you have to keep on facing forward. You have to move faster, think more quickly, see more clearly and act more decisively than your followers or your competitors. As a leader you can't merely "do your best"—you have to do *better than anyone else.*

The makers of Mobiloil have experienced the dangers, the exhilaration and the constant challenge of leadership for 64 years.

DO YOU REMEMBER THE 6-CYLINDER FORD?

Perhaps you still remember the one-cylinder Cadillac and the six-cylinder Ford (yes, there *was* one). *One* type of oil was generally supposed to lubricate both of them, and all other cars of that time, equally well. Oil was merely oil then.

But in 1912 you heard the makers of Mobiloil publicly challenge the whole field of automotive thought on lubrication. "No one oil," they said, "can efficiently lubricate all types of engines. There must be a special oil for *yours.*"

beyond tomorrow

With this revolutionary idea came the Mobiloil group of oils—*several types* of oil designed to meet the varying needs of different engines.

To bring scientific accuracy into the selection of the right oil for a given engine, the Mobiloil Chart of Recommendations was formulated and supplied to every Mobiloil dealer.

This guide, and the high quality of the oils it recommended, brought Mobiloil quickly to leadership.

THE GREAT OIL-RUSH

Naturally, attempts to challenge Mobiloil leadership came almost immediately.

Dozens of other brands of oil appeared. Each had its "story"—its special test, its special process or its special crude oil base.

You have seen many of these oils disappear. You have seen others come—and also go. But Mobiloil has stayed. It has not only stayed, it has uninterruptedly retained its leadership—in America, in Europe, in Asia, Africa and Australia.

How? By adhering to its scientific tradition. By anticipating new conditions. By providing the *right* oil for each new type of engine.

THE OIL HAS CHANGED BUT NOT THE LEADERSHIP

Mobiloil has changed, of course, as a leader will always change—when change has meant improvement.

Today there are new "stories" of special crudes, special processes, special tests. Yet the Mobiloil of today is still the world's leading oil—

NOT—because it is made from a particular crude base (although there is available to its makers practically every grade of crude oil produced);

NOT—because it is made by some single special process (although the Vacuum Oil Company were the first successful makers of lubricating oils by the Vacuum process, which is acknowledged to produce the finest lubricants the world affords);

NOT—simply because it passes certain tests (although Mobiloil has always maintained its lead against other oils in every scientific lubrication test).

NO—Mobiloil leads today because it provides a definite type of oil for your particular engine—and because that oil is backed by (1) the most comprehensive study of automobile engines in the world, and (2) the refining experience of the world's acknowledged leader in scientific lubrication.

VACUUM OIL COMPANY

GARGOYLE

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"Take no chances with inferior tubes!"

says **F. A. D. ANDREA,**

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"We test all our sets with RCA Radiotrons and recommend the use of RCA Radiotrons for Fada Vibra-Control Radio. RCA Radiotron quality and engineering precision assure the maximum performance built into every Fada set. They are the only safeguard against troubles caused by faulty tube construction. Take no chances with inferior vacuum tubes. To get maximum enjoyment from Fada Vibra-Control Radio use long-lived RCA Radiotrons throughout for both initial equipment and yearly replacement."

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RADIO ENGINEERS ADVISE:

Replace all the vacuum tubes in your radio set with RCA Radiotrons at least once a year. This is the only sure way to maintain good performance and minimize disagreeable noises and other troubles caused by inferior tubes. RCA Radiotrons will give you the maximum in selectivity, sensitivity and *tone quality.*

Old tubes may impair the performance of the new

RCA RADIOTRON CO., INC., HARRISON, N. J.

RCA Radiotron

THE HEART OF YOUR RADIO SET

(Continued from Page 52)

"Sholy you ain't gwine make me take all this loss? Di'n't I trade with you on the level? Di'n't I give you all the money you ast on that pin?"

"Tha's right," admitted Mr. Tack. "Seems like you has had kind of tough luck." He reflected for a few moments and finally looked up brightly. "Tell you what I'll do, Brother Mashby. Ise willin' to be fair if you is."

"Boy, bein' fair is the fondest thing I is of."

"Hmph! Ain't many cullud folks in Bumminham suspicions no such thing 'bout you, Semore. But just the same, heah's what I is willin' to do. In the fust place, I is gwine return to you the entire two hund'ed dollars you loant me on that brooch."

"Brother!"

"Just a minute. That ain't all."

"It's enough fo' me!" declared Mr. Mashby with enthusiasm.

"Just the same, there's mo' comin'. I return you that two hund'ed dollars on one condition, and that is that I give you a new note fo' two hund'ed an' fifty dollars an' you gimme back my certificate of membership in the Shinin' Star Country Club. That puts us ezackly back where we was to start. I will owe you two hund'ed an' fifty dollars, which is fair, an' you will have that certificate as s'curity. Also you will git back the two hund'ed dollars you lost on the diamond brooch. On'y thing is that this new note has got to be fo' six months, so that you cain't again do what you done befo' 'bout gittin' my membership away fum me."

Semore was dazed. "You—you mean that when it's all over, I won't have no loss at all, an' also you will owe me two hund'ed an' fifty dollars just like in the fust place?"

"Tha's it."

"But," argued Mr. Mashby, "I won't be able to join the country club."

"Tha's yo' business. An' remember that does you refuse my offer, it will be just the same as you payin' four hund'ed an' fifty dollars cash money fo' a th'ee-hund'ed-dollar membership."

Semore paced the room unhappily. The prospect of losing two hundred dollars pleased him no more than an invitation to his own funeral. But he desired membership in the country club more than he ever wanted anything else in his whole life. It wasn't only the golf that he desired to play, but rather it was a matter of personal pride.

It was a tough decision, but eventually Semore whirled on his visitor. There were beads of perspiration on his dark forehead, which evidenced the agony he was experiencing.

"No!" he exploded.

"No what?"

"I ain't gwine give you back that stock certificate."

Mr. Tack shrugged. "A'right, Mistuh Mashby. Then also I ain't gwine give you back that two hund'ed dollars. But don't you never forget that I come heah an' offered it to you."

"I ain't gwine forgit. Nor neither, Eddie Tack, I ain't gwine disremember that you was the cause of all my misery."

"All right, Semore. Befo' I goes I crave to exten' my thanks fo' that money you just gimme of yo' own free will an' discord."

Semore reached for a paper weight. "Git out of heah before manslaughter happens to you. I is gittin' uncontrollable, thinkin' what has happened."

Mr. Tack vanished down the musty stairway. On Eighteenth Street he was greeted by a dapper little man in a light gray suit.

"How 'bout it, Eddie?"

"He kep' the certificate. Said he was gwine be a member in that club no matter what happened."

"An' he woul'n't take that two hund'ed dollars back?"

"Nossuh, Brother Slappey. Nary cent."

"Then that puts you one hund'ed an' fifty dollars winner, 'cause otherwise he was gittin' a th'ee-hund'ed-dollar membership fo' two-fifty. Also you is in the clear 'cause you has tried to do the fair thing. An' he on'y gits what is comin' to him on account of how he trimmed Brother Pruney an' tooken fum you the one thing you loved most." Then Florian Slappey emitted a large and throaty chuckle. "But what Mistuh Mashby don't know yet is half. When he heahs what we has got to tell him ——"

A smile appeared on the face of Eddie Tack.

"Can I go with you when you break the news, Florian?"

"Sholy, Eddie—sholy. I woul'n't have you miss the fun fo' nothin'."

In a merry mood the two friends adjourned to the delightful confines of Bud Peaglar's Barbecue Lunch Room & Billiard Parlor, where they ate heartily and talked cheerfully. The name of Mr. Mashby was mentioned often in the course of their conversation, and each time it evoked a large guffaw.

That afternoon at four o'clock an impressive group invaded the dingy office of Semore Mashby. Immaculate in his light gray suit, and swinging a Malacca cane, Mr. Slappey led the procession, followed closely by Dr. Brutus Herring, President Joshua Pruney, Lawyer Evans Chew, Acey Upshaw and the melancholy and elongated Jasper De Void, the sextet comprising a majority of the membership committee of the Shining Star Country Club for Colored. Eddie Tack unobtrusively brought up the rear.

Semore Mashby rose. In his gimlet eyes was a startled light of inquiry, as though he were struggling to determine whether these men were friends or foes.

Of course they were all smiling genially, but Mr. Mashby never felt entirely comfortable when Florian Slappey was smiling at him, and the presence of Joshua Pruney and Eddie Tack seemed somewhat sinister.

He bade them a doubtful welcome and they grouped themselves about the dusty walls. Then Mr. Slappey stepped forward, placed hat and cane on Semore's desk, inserted two fingers of his right hand in his vest and addressed the bewildered little man.

"Mistuh Mashby," he declaimed sonorously, though with an irrepressible twinkle in his eyes, "us has the honor to come heah as the bearers of good tidings."

Semore withheld comment.

"You see befo' you," continued Florian, "a majority of the membership committee of the cullud country club, and we has come to notify you pussonal that a special meeting was held this afternoon to consider yo' application fo' admission."

Mr. Mashby ducked his head and said, "Y'assuh."

"We wish you to understan'," orated Florian, "that this was a se'ious problem. Under our constitutional an' by-laws, also some other special rules, we ain't allowed to have on'y one hund'ed members, an' a'ready we had those, so it didn't seem like you could join up nohow. But, Mistuh Mashby, we was heartbroke over the situation. It didn't seem noways right that the slickest and one of the swellest cullud citizens of Bumminham should be deprived away fum playin' golf on our fair links. An' also we knowed we coul'n't 'leck nobody which didn't have a stock certificate, which same we reelized you didn't have an' couldn't git."

Semore opened his lips to explain that he did possess a certificate, but a gesture from Mr. Slappey caused him to pause.

"An' so, Brother Mashby," went on the spokesman, "it is our pleasure to announce that you has been duly 'lected to the Shinin' Star Country Club fo' Cullud as an honorary member!"

Semore's eyes popped open. "A-a-a-as a which?"

"As an honorary member, an' that means that you has got all the rights an' privileges, an' also that you is the only member which don't need no stock certificate. You see, Brother Mashby, that saves you ezackly th'ee hund'ed dollars!"

Semore knew that he should be both complimented and happy, but the only sound he was able to emit was a hollow groan as he reflected upon the immediate past. He now owned a stock certificate which was utterly useless to him—a paper worth only three hundred dollars which had cost him four hundred and fifty.

Florian Slappey, eying his victim closely, was convulsed with amusement. He took a keen delight in Mr. Mashby's suffering, knowing that the thought of his unnecessary financial loss was far outweighing the pleasure of achieving an ambition.

In a dazed manner he thanked them and they departed—all save Florian Slappey and Eddie Tack. Instantly Semore pounced on Mr. Tack.

"Eddie," he said hoarsely, "I assept yo' offer."

"Which offer?" inquired Mr. Tack.

"The one about where you gimme back that two hund'ed I lost on the brooch, an' also yo' note fo' two hund'ed an' fifty dollars fo' which I give you yo' membership certificate in the country club."

The other shook his head. "Much obliged, Mistuh Mashby, but I ain't got no use fo' that certificate."

"Didn't you offer ——"

"You refused that offer an' it don't stand no mo'."

"But I thought you was crazy 'bout playin' golf at that club."

"I is crazy," confessed Eddie, "but I ain't lunatic."

Mr. Tack's eyes met those of Mr. Slappey, and the two friends exchanged chuckles. Then Eddie Tack returned his attention to the stricken Semore and made an explanation which capped the climax of that little man's abysmal unhappiness.

"At the same meetin' which 'lected you an honorary member, Semore," he announced, "the committee decided that the club needed an assistant golf pro to give lessons to new members. So they hired one at a sal'ry of twenty dollars a week, an' the name of the feller they hired is Mistuh Eddie Tack."

Semore spluttered. He felt that unpleasant surprises had been heaped too lavishly upon him.

Besides, as a full-fledged member of the Shining Star, he resented this latest extravagance.

"How come the club is so rich it can spend all that money on you?" he inquired heatedly.

"This way," grinned Mr. Tack: "The committee decided that my sal'ry was to be paid th'oo an assessment of the members. An' most specially, Semore, it was agreed that honorary members was liable."

Watch This Column

Universal's Weekly Chat

LEWIS AYRES

in "ALL QUIET on the WESTERN FRONT"

Here is the picture that will echo 'round the world like the shot which started the American Revolution.

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MY FRIENDSHIP WITH ROOSEVELT

(Continued from Page 25)

civilization, and it is because I so earnestly wish to see the most effective kind of warfare waged against exactly what you denounce that I regret you did not put your denunciation in a way which would accomplish more good.

"In the first place, though it may have been all right from the standpoint of the story, from the standpoint of the tract it was a capital error to make your swine devils practically all Northerners and your angels practically all Southerners. You speak so sweepingly, moreover, that you clearly leave the impression of intending the swine devils to be representative not of a small section of the well-to-do North but of the overwhelming majority of the well-to-do North; indeed, of the North which leads. Now, as a matter of fact—remember I am speaking from the standpoint of the tract—the contrast could have been made with much more real truth between Northerners and Northerners, for then there would not have been a strong tendency to divert the attention from the difference of quality to the difference of locality, and to confound this difference of quality with difference of locality.

"In the next place, I do not regard your sweeping indictment of the Northern people as warranted. That there is an immense amount of swinish greed in Northern business circles, and of vulgarity and vice and vacuity and extravagance in the social life of the North, I freely admit. But I am not prepared to say that these are the dominant notes in either the business life or the social life of the North. I know they are not the only notes. I am struck, whenever I visit a college, whenever I have a chance to meet the people of any city or town, with the number of good, straight, decent people with whom I am brought in contact, with the number of earnest young fellows with high purpose whom I meet, with the sweet young girls whom I see. The men I get together to settle the anthracite coal strike, the men I see when there is a scientific gathering in Washington, the artists like Saint-Gaudens and French and MacMonnies, the writers like Crowther and Hyde, the men of the Army whom I meet, the young fellows with whom I am brought in contact in doing political work, the families with whom I am intimate—yours, the Grant LaFarges, the Gilders, my cousins, the Bacons, and so I could go on indefinitely—all these go to show that the outlook is in no shape or way one of unrelieved gloom. There is plenty of gloom in it, but there is plenty of light also, and if it is painted as all gloomy, I am afraid the chief effect will be to tend to make people believe that either it is all black or else it is all white; and in its effect one view is just as bad as the other. Smash vacuous, divorce-ridden Newport, but don't forget Saunderstown and Oyster Bay!

"You also continually speak as if we have fallen steadily away from the high standard of our past. Now, I am unable to say exactly what the proportions of good and evil are in the present, but I have not the slightest doubt that they are quite as favorable as in the past. I have studied history a good deal, and it is a matter of rather grim amusement to me to listen to the praise bestowed on our national past at the expense of our national present. Have you ever read Lecky's account of the Revolutionary War? It is perhaps a trifle too unfavorable to us, but is more nearly accurate than any other I have seen. Beyond all question, we ought to have fought that war, and it was very creditable to Washington and some of his followers and to a goodly portion of the Continental troops, but I cannot say that it was very creditable to the nation as a whole. There were two and a half millions of us then—just ten times as many as there were of the Boers in South Africa—and Great Britain was not a fourth as strong as she was in the Boer War, and yet, on the whole, I think the Boers made a good deal better showing than we did. My forefathers, Northerners and Southerners alike, fought in the Revolutionary Army and served in the Continental Congress, and one of them was the first Revolutionary governor of Georgia, so that I am not prejudiced against our Revolutionary people. But while they had many excellent qualities, I think they were lacking, as a whole, in just the traits in which we are lacking today; and I do not think they were as fine, on the whole, as we are now.

"The second greatest Revolutionary figure, Franklin, to my mind embodied just precisely the faults which are most distrusted in the average American of the North today. Coming down to after the Revolution, we have never seen a more pitiful exhibition of weakness at home or a greater mixture of blustering insolence and incapacity in reference to affairs abroad than was shown under Jefferson and Madison. So I could go on indefinitely. But let me take only what I have myself seen; where I can speak as a witness and participator. Thirty years ago, politics in this country were distinctly more corrupt than they are now, and I believe that the general tone was a little more sordid and that there was a little less of realizable idealism. The social life in New York was not one bit better than it is now. Gould, Sage, Daniel Drew, the elder Vanderbilt, Jim Fisk and the other financiers of the day of that type were at the very least as bad as the corresponding men of today. No financier at present would dare perpetrate the outrages that Huntington was perpetrating some thirty years ago. Nothing so bad has been done in the insurance companies as was done in the Chapter of Erie. The Newport set is wealthier and more conspicuous now, and I think the divorce business is more loathsome, but I would certainly hesitate to say that things were worse than then, taking it as a whole. The Porcellian Club of the last ten years, for instance, averages at least as well as the Porcellian Club for the ten years before I went into it. Among my own friends and in the little circle in which I live at Oyster Bay, I don't see that there is any difference of an essential kind as compared with my father's friends and with the circle in which he lived. In the Civil War, our people—a mere democracy—were better than in the Revolution, when they formed in part a provincial aristocracy.

"When you come to the South and imply or express comparison between the South and the North, I again think you have overstated it. I am half a Southerner myself. I am as proud of the South as I am of the North. The South has retained some barbaric virtues which we have tended to lose in the North, partly owing to a mistaken pseudo-humanitarianism among our ethical creatures, partly owing to persistence in and, perhaps, the development of those business traits which, however, distinguished New York, New England and Pennsylvania a century ago, just as they do today. On the other hand, the Southerners have developed traits of a very unhealthy kind. They are not as dishonest as, they do not repudiate their debts as frequently, as their predecessors did in the good old times from which you think we have deteriorated, but they do not send as valuable men into the national councils as the Northerners. They are not, on the whole, as efficient, and they exaggerate the common American tendency of using bombastic language which is not made good by performance. In the early part of South Carolina's history there was a small Federalist Party, and later, a small and dwindling Union Party within the state, of which I cannot speak too highly.

"But the South Carolina aristocrats, the Charleston aristocrats and their kinsfolk in the upcountry—let me repeat that I am of their blood, that my ancestors, before they came to Georgia, were members of these very South Carolina families of whom you write—have never made good their pretensions. They were no more to blame than the rest of the country for the slave trade of colonial days, but when the rest of the country woke up, they shut their eyes tight to the horrors, they insisted that the slave trade should be kept, and succeeded in keeping it for a quarter of a century after the Revolutionary War closed; they went into secession partly to reopen it. They drank and dueled and made speeches, but they contributed very, very little toward anything of which we as Americans are now proud. Their life was not as ignoble as that of the Newport people whom you rightly condemn, yet I think it was in reality an ignoble life. South Carolina and Mississippi were very much alike. Their two great men of the deified past were Calhoun and Jefferson Davis, and, I confess, I am unable to see wherein any conscienceless financier of the present day is worse than these two slave owners who spent their years in trying to feed their thirst for personal power by leading their followers to the destruction of the Union.

"Remember that the Charleston aristocrats—under Yancey—wished to reopen the slave trade at the time of the outbreak of the Civil War. Reconstruction was a mistake as it was actually carried out, and there is very much to reprobate in what was done by Sumner and Seward and their followers. But the blame attaching to them is as nothing compared to the blame attaching to the Southerners for forty years preceding the war and for the years immediately succeeding it. There never was another war, so far as I know, where it can be honestly and truthfully said, as of this war, that the right was wholly on one side, and the wrong wholly on the other. Even the courage and prowess of those South Carolina aristocrats were shown only at the expense of their own country, and only in the effort to tear in sunder their country's flag.

"In the Revolutionary War, in that remote past which you idealize as compared to the present, the South Carolinians made, as against the British, a fight which can only be called respectable. There was little heroism; and Marion and Sumter, in their fight against Tarleton and the other British commanders, show at a striking disadvantage when compared with DeWet and De la Rey and the other Boer leaders. In the War of 1812, South Carolina did nothing. She reserved her strength until she could strike for slavery and against the Union. Her people have good stuff in them, but I do not think they are entitled to overpraise as compared to the North. As for the days of reconstruction, they brought their punishment absolutely on themselves, and are, in my judgment, entitled to not one particle of sympathy. The North blundered, but its blunders were in trying to do right in the impossible circumstances which the South had itself created, and for which the South was solely responsible.

"Now, as to the Negroes! I entirely agree with you that as a race and in the mass they are altogether inferior to the whites. Your small German scientific friend had probably not heard of the latest scientific theory—doubtless itself to be superseded by others—which is that the Negro and the white man, as shown by their skulls, are closely akin, and taken together, differ widely from the round-skulled Mongolian. But admitting all that can be truthfully said against the Negro, it also remains true that a great deal that is untrue is said against him; and that much more is untruthfully said in favor of the white man who lives beside and upon him. Your views of the Negro are those expressed by all of your type of Charlestonians. You must forgive my saying that they are only expressed in their entirety to those who don't know the facts. Are you aware that these white men of the South who say

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that the negro is unfit to cast a vote, and who by fraud or force prevent his voting, are equally clamorous in insisting that his votes must be counted as cast when it comes to comparing their own representation with the representation of the white men of the North? The present leader of the Democrats in the House of Representatives is John Sharp Williams, a typical Southerner of the type you mention. In his district, three out of every four men are negroes; the fourth man, a white man, does not allow any of these negroes to vote, but insists upon counting their votes, so that his one vote offsets the votes of four white men in New York, Massachusetts or Pennsylvania.

"During my term as President, bills have been introduced to cut down the Southern representation, so as to have it based, in effect, only on the white vote. With absolute unanimity, the Southerners have declared that to deprive them of the right of the extra representation, which, as white men, they get by the fraudulent or violent suppression of the black vote, is an outrage. With their usual absurd misuse of nomenclature, they inveigh against the effort to prevent them crediting themselves with the votes of which they deprive others as 'waving the bloody shirt,' or being a plea for 'negro domination.'

"Your Charleston friends lead this outcry and are among the chief beneficiaries, politically, of the fraud and violence which they triumphantly defend. The North takes absolutely no interest in any such measure, and so far from having any feeling against the South or giving any justification for the South's statement that it wants to interfere with the South's concerns, it is really altogether too indifferent to what is done in the South.

"Now remember, Dan, what I am saying has nothing to do with the right of the negro to vote, or of his unfitness generally to exercise that right. It has to do simply with the consistent dishonesty championed and gloried in by your special Southern friends, who will not allow the negro to vote and will not allow the nation to take notice of the fact that he is not voting; and insist upon his vote being counted so as to enable them to overcome the honest, white Northern vote. I may add that my own personal belief is that the talk about the negro having become worse since the Civil War is the veriest nonsense. He has, on the whole, become better. Among the negroes of the South, when slavery was abolished, there was not one who stood as in any shape or way comparable with Booker Washington. You say you would not like to take orders from a negro yourself. If you had played football in Harvard at any time during the last fifteen years you would have had to do so, and you would not have minded it in the least; for during that time Lewis has been field captain and a coach.

"When I was in Charleston at the exposition, the very Charlestonians who had hysterics afterward over Crum's appointment as collector of the port assured me that Crum was one of the best citizens of Charleston, a very admirable man in every way, and while they protested that negroes ought not to be appointed as postmasters, they said there was no such objection to appointing them in other places, and specifically mentioned the then colored collector of customs in Savannah as a case in point. You cannot be more keenly aware than I am of the fact that our effort to deal with the negro has not been successful. Whatever I have done with him I have found has often worked badly, but when I have tried to fall in with the views of the very Southern people which, in this volume, you seem to be upholding, the results have been worse than in any other way.

"These very people whose views you indorse are those who have tried to reintroduce slavery by the infamous system of peonage; which, however, I think, in the last three years, we have pretty well broken up. I am not satisfied that I acted wisely in either the Booker Washington dinner or the Crum appointment; though each was absolutely justified from every proper standpoint save that of expediency. But the anger against me was just as great in the communities where I acted exactly as the Charlestonians said I ought to act. I know no people in the North so slavishly conventional, so slavishly afraid of expressing any opinion hostile to or different from that held by their neighbors, as is true of the Southerners, and most especially of the Charleston aristocrats, on all vital questions.

"Are you acquainted with the case of the Indianola post office in Mississippi? I found in office there a colored woman as postmaster. She and her husband were well-to-do, and were quite heavy taxpayers. She was a very kindly, humble and respectable colored woman. The best people of the town liked her. The two bankers of the town, one of them the Democratic state senator, were on her bond. I reappointed her, and the senators from Mississippi moved her confirmation. Afterward the low whites in the town happened to get stirred up by the arrival of an educated colored doctor. His practice was, of course, exclusively among the negroes. He was one of those men who are painfully educating themselves, and whose cases are more pitiful than the cases of any other people in our country, for they not only find it exceedingly difficult to secure a livelihood but are followed with hatred by the very whites who ought to wish them well. Too many Southern people and too many Northern people repeat like parrots the statement that these 'educated darkies' are 'a deal worse than the old darkies.' As a matter of fact, almost all the Tuskegee students do well. This particular negro doctor took away the negro patients from the lowest white doctors of the town. They instigated the mob which held the mass meeting and notified the negro doctor to leave town at once, which, to save his life, he did that very night. Not satisfied with this, the mob then notified the colored postmistress that she must at once resign her office. The 'best citizens' of the town did what throughout the South the 'best citizens' of the type you praise almost always do in such emergencies, what your Charleston friends have invariably and at all times done in such emergencies—that is, they 'deprecated' the conduct of the mob and said it was 'not representative of the real Southern feeling'; and then added that to save trouble the woman must go! She went. The mayor and the sheriff notified her and me that they could not protect her if she came back. I shut up the office for the remainder of her term. It was all I could do and the least I could do.

"Now, Dan, so far from there being any reprobation of this infamy, the entire South, led by your friends in Charleston, screamed for months over the outrage of depriving the citizens of Indianola of their mail simply because they let a mob chase away, by threats of murder, a worthy, refined, educated and hard-working colored woman whom every reputable citizen of that town had indorsed for the position! This is at present the typical Southern attitude toward the best type of colored men or colored women; and absolutely all I have been doing is to ask, not that the average negro be allowed to vote, not that 95 per cent of the negroes be allowed to vote, not that there be negro domination in any shape or form, but that these occasionally good, well-educated, inteiligent and honest colored men and women be given the pitiful chance to have a little reward, a little respect, a little regard, if they can by earnest, useful work succeed in winning it. The best people in the South, I firmly believe, are with me in what I have done. In Trinity College, in North Carolina; in Roanoke College, Virginia, here and there elsewhere, they have stood up manfully for just what I have done. The bishops of the Episcopal Church have, for the most part, stood up for it. The best Southern judges have stood up for it. In so standing up, all these college professors and students, bishops and occasional business men have had to face the violent and angry assaults of the majority; and in Lady Baltimore you give what strength you can to those denouncing and opposing the men who are doing their best to bring a little nearer the era of right conduct in the South.

"Now, Dan, I have written to you as I should only write to a dear friend whose book is a power, and who has written about things as to which I think I know a good deal, and as to which I hold convictions down to the very bottom of my heart.

"Can't you get on here soon and spend a night or two? I will get Root and Bob Bacon and Taft to come to dinner, and perhaps Moody, and I will tell you in full detail some of the various facts about the North and South on which I base my beliefs.

"With love to Mrs. Wister,

"Ever yours,

"THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

"P. S. Have you read Democracy, a novel published nearly thirty years ago? Of course you have read Martin Chuzzlewit, published over sixty years ago. Each deals mainly with the society of the North; each makes a number of statements which are true as isolated facts; and each would go to show worse conditions than those you set forth. I think poorly of the author of Democracy, whoever he or she may have been, but Dickens was a great writer, and the American characters in Martin Chuzzlewit are types that are true, as well as amusing, and the book itself is valuable as a tract even today; yet as a picture of the social life of the United States at the time which you are tempted to idealize, it is false, because it suppresses or slurs over so much of the truth. Now in each of these books, as in yours, I eagerly welcome the assault on what is evil, but I think that it hinders instead of helping the effort to secure something like a moral regeneration if we get the picture completely out of perspective by slurring over some facts and overemphasizing others.

"David Graham Phillips has written a book called The Plum Tree. I only read the first half. In it he portrays all politics as sordid, base and corrupt. Sinclair, the Socialist, has written a book called The Jungle about the labor world in Chicago. He portrays the results of the present capitalistic system in Chicago as on one uniform level of hideous horror. Now, there is very much which needs merciless attack both in our politics and in our industrial and social life. There is much need for reform, but I do not think the two books in question—though they have been very widely read and are very popular and have produced a great effect—have really produced a healthy effect, simply because, while they set forth many facts which are true, they convey an entirely false impression when they imply that these are the only facts that are true and that the whole life is such as they represent it. Of course, Lady Baltimore is the work of a master, and so cannot be compared with either of these two books, but as a tract on the social life of the North, as compared with the North's past and the South's present, it really seems to me to be about as inaccurate as they are; and what is more, it produces the very feeling which makes men followers of David Graham Phillips, the Hearst writer, and of Sinclair, the Socialist, and which makes them feel that there is no use of trying to reform anything, because everything is so rotten that the whole social structure should either be let alone or destroyed."

One may feel pretty sure that many brains have existed along the course of the centuries, equipped with every faculty to accomplish something of mark, except the driving power, just as even the most excellent locomotive can only crawl along unless its steam is kept at a certain pressure. At the time Roosevelt wrote that letter he was going at top speed with several reform measures, each of which was designed to

(Continued on Page 62)

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(Continued from Page 60)

shear somebody's excess of power, and, consequently, had its group of determined enemies in Congress. But he drove so hard that he broke through their opposition and left them uttering various imprecations of defeat—such as these from Senator Tillman, whom, it will be remembered, he once invited and then uninvited to dinner:

"If the country wants to go to the dogs or the devil along the lines of changing the form of the Government and surrendering the rights of the people into the keeping of one man, I suppose I will have to stand it."

The rights of the people were being surrendered in the form of thirty-six indictments and nine convictions against railroads under the Anti-Rebate Law, the railroads being the people in this instance; the stopping of several thefts of Government land by large corporations and powerful magnates, who were the people here; and compelling Chicago packers and makers of patent medicine to print truthfully on their labels outside their bottles and cans what was inside; and to see what the newspapers—even Democratic newspapers, often opposed to Roosevelt on purely party grounds—had to say about these results of his measures, it looks as if the people had very much liked to have their rights surrendered in this manner. And yet, in some nook of his brain he was carrying Lady Baltimore along, even after he had already unburdened himself at such length on that subject. He wrote again, on May 3, 1906:

"*Dear Dan:* Yesterday I received a letter containing the following sentences:

I suppose you read what Adams said about the negro in the May Century. That question will never be settled, just as conflict between capital and labor will never be settled. They both take on phases, acute or mild, according to conditions. You have done more than any living man to make the negro question take on a mild aspect.

"It is written by J. M. Dickinson, of Tennessee, a Mississippian by birth, an ex-Confederate who was Solicitor General under Cleveland and is now a leading lawyer of Chicago. He is a Democrat who voted for Parker. It is very difficult for a man to be sure that a man who passes judgment on his acts to his face is telling the truth. What Judge Dickinson has said is precisely what Governor Aycock, of North Carolina, has told me; what Governor Montague, of Virginia, has told me; as well as Senator Clay, of Georgia; Gen. Luke Wright, of Tennessee, and the entire Louisiana delegation in Congress, as well as Judge Jones, of Alabama. Personally I believe that it expresses the very best sentiment, the most intelligent sentiment in the South. The most earnest, intelligent and honest-minded young men of the South, like those of Trinity College, North Carolina, are, if anything, inclined to feel that I have been slightly overcautious. I do not believe that the feeling of those Charlestonians which impressed you so much represents anything substantial save the survival of the old Yancey slave-trade-reopening feeling. It is a feeling which, if it had its way, would even now plunge portions of the South down that short and evil path which ends in the Avernus of Haiti.

"I know the negro fairly well. I have seen him at close quarters in the Yazoo delta, where he formed 90 per cent of the population, and where universal suffrage in his hand is the veriest criminal farce. I see the hideous difficulties of any solution of the problem. The solution of the impracticable visionaries who adored Sumner, and still adore his memory, was perhaps the very worst, save only the solution advocated by the extreme reactionaries of the type of your attractive South Carolinians.

"One word more as to what you say of the North. Remember, I agree with you entirely as to the evils you denounce. There are points in which we are worse than we were thirty or sixty or ninety years ago. But there are other points as regards which we are better. My plea is merely for that sense of proportion which can come only if the good and bad are presented as they stand relatively to each other.

"Ever yours,
"THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

"MR. OWEN WISTER,
"328 Chestnut St.,
"Philadelphia."

I seem to have stayed with him immediately after this; for he writes my wife:

"May 7, 1906.

"*My dear Mrs. Wister:* That is a nice note of yours, and I thank you for it. It was such a pleasure to have Dan here. With warm regards,

"Sincerely yours,
"THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

"Mrs. OWEN WISTER,
"328 Chestnut St.,
"Philadelphia."

Evidently, however, we did not finish Lady Baltimore in conversation. A few weeks later there is more of it:

"June 21, 1906.

"*Dear Dan:* I have received a letter, running as follows, which portrays what has now happened in connection with the Cox family at Indianola:

"'It will interest you to know that the Cox family, over whom such a disturbance was made in connection with the Indianola, Mississippi, post office, have started a bank in that same town which direct and reliable information convinces me is in a prosperous condition. The bank has the confidence of both races. It is a curious circumstance that while objection was made to this black family being at the head of the post office, no objection is made to the black man being president of a bank in the same town.

"'A letter just received from a reliable banker in Mississippi contains the following sentences:

"'"Now, with reference to Mr. W. W. Cox, of Indianola, Mississippi, I beg to advise that no man of color is as highly regarded and respected by the white people of his town and county as he. It is true that he organized and is cashier of the Delta Penny Savings Bank, domiciled there. I visited Indianola during the spring of 1905 and was very much surprised to note the esteem in which he was held by the bankers and business men—white—of that place. He is a good, clean man and above average in intelligence, and knows how to handle the typical Southern white man. In the last statement furnished by his bank to the state auditor, his bank showed total resources of forty-six thousand dollars. He owns and lives in one of the best resident houses in Indianola, regardless of race, and located in a part of the town where other colored men seem to be not desired. The whites adjacent to him seem to be his friends. He has a large plantation near the town, worth thirty-five or forty thousand dollars. He is a director in Mr. Pettiford's bank in Birmingham, and I think is vice president of the same. He also owns stock in the Bank of Mound Bayou."'

"You will remember that in my letter before the last, I furnished you full facts about this case. The Coxes are the new negroes of the generation that has grown up since the war—the educated negroes; the very type to which Charleston aristocrats have objected and about which they lie so unblushingly. The Indianola white people are of the stamp of these Charleston people. Some of them took part in turning out, and the others acquiesced in turning out, of office this woman. The Charleston papers went into hysterics over my actions, portraying it as part of my general plan for 'Negro domination,' 'miscegenation,' and the like. Bands of valorous southrons from Arkansas and other seats of culture volunteered to rush to the defense of the imperiled white race in Indianola, and join in mobbing or killing the colored postmistress—who had already served there for six years and who was backed by all their decent citizens. I told you what ultimately happened. This woman and her husband came to the conclusion that perhaps their death, certainly the destruction of their property, would follow any effort of the woman to retain her office; and the mayor and sheriff said they could not protect her. Out she went.

"Now the fantastic fools and moral cowards who encouraged or permitted the mob to turn her out are depositing their funds in the husband's bank and have him as a director in a white bank, and she and her husband own one of the best houses in Indianola and one of the best plantations in the neighborhood. Exactly what scheme of morals or intelligence can justify the theory that the Coxes are excellent bankers, should be encouraged as such, and are excellent postmasters up to the time a mob objects, but that if the mob chooses to jeopardize them, they are not to be protected, I am really unable to understand. Only the Charleston people would!

"Ever yours, "T. R."

Editor's Note—This is the fifth and last of a series of articles by Mr. Wister.

POST SCRIPTS

(Continued from Page 34)

assortment. With kind regards, believe me to be, Cordially and sincerely yours,

WILLIAM BILL.

APRIL 7, 1930.

Dear Mr. Bill: Re our marriage in March, I note what you say about getting a small house near you in the country. As you know, my time is valuable, and I find it more convenient for me to be here in town within office call. But I should like to meet your wishes, and if you will have your office manager, Mr. Bunce, look up a few places, I could probably arrange to run out and look them over. I shall have to be back in town again in the autumn, however. A one-car garage will be sufficient for my purposes, unless you personally feel that it would be better for me to have a two-car garage. With kind regards, Cordially,

ALGA GATES.

MAY 3, 1931.

Dear Miss Gates: I am very much gratified to receive word from the superintendent of the hospital of the birth of our boy. I have ordered some flowers sent, and it is needless for me to say that I am greatly gratified to learn from the superintendent that mother and son are doing so well. I am making arrangements to call on you in person next Monday and present my compliments.

With best wishes for your continued improvement,

Yours sincerely and cordially,

WILLIAM BILL.

NOVEMBER 3, 1951.

Dear Miss Gates: Re our son. I see by the papers that he is captain of the Harvard eleven, and that there is a game scheduled between Yale and Harvard on Thanksgiving Day. It occurs to me that you might like to attend this game—I inclose the notice—and if so, I shall take pleasure in sending to William, Jr., and getting seats. Will you kindly reply at your earliest convenience, as the time is rather short?

Cordially and sincerely,

WILLIAM BILL.

NOVEMBER 5, 1951.

Dear Mr. Bill: Unfortunately, I had made a date for Thanksgiving, but when yours of Nov. 3 came, I was able to cancel it. Looking forward to seeing you and our son—isn't it the first time now since he was born?—believe me,

Ever cordially yours,

ALGA GATES.

NOVEMBER 7, 1951.

WILLIAM BILL, JR., ESQ., CAPTAIN,
HARVARD UNIVERSITY,
CAMBRIDGE.

Dear William: Your mother and I have decided to go into conference with you. We have arranged in person to see you play with the Harvard eleven on Thanksgiving Day. I am writing direct to you to forward a couple of tickets. With best wishes for your success, believe me, my dear William,

Respectfully yours,

WILLIAM BILL, SR.

NOV. 18, 1951.

WILLIAM BILL, SR.,
NEW YORK, N. Y.

Dear Sir: Your application for two tickets Harvard-Yale football game on Thanksgiving Day duly received. Mr. Bill has instructed me to say that he greatly regrets not being able to fill your application, as no more tickets are available. He suggests that next year, in case you make a similar application, you file it at least six weeks in advance.

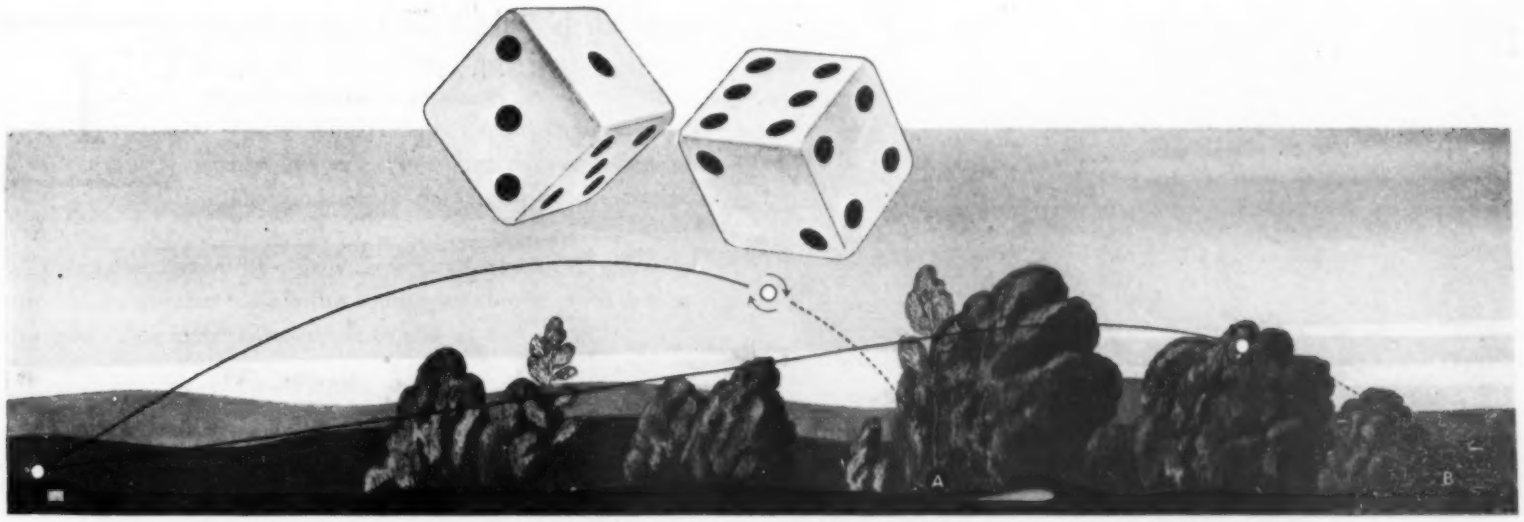
Fraternally yours,

BARBARA GLIDE,
Secretary for Mr. Bill.

—THOMAS L. MASSON.

DRAWN BY JOHN HALDIVE

"Yes, Sir, I'm in Charge of Barnyard Noises for Station WOOF Now"



A "topped" ball with over-spin acts like a baseball "drop". When the spin takes effect, the ball dives down in an almost vertical path. You undoubtedly have often noticed this phenomenon, especially on tee-shots.

An *under*-spinning ball, hit equally hard, forms a cushion of air underneath and a partial vacuum on top, forcing itself up. Under-spin causes it to stay in the air longer and carry much farther.

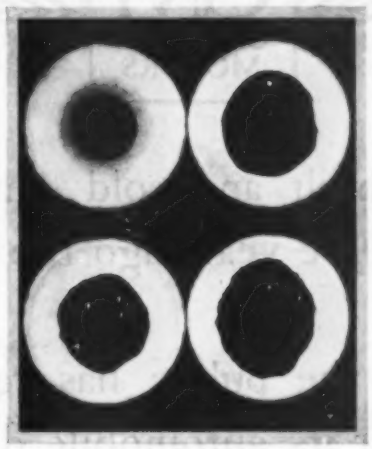
Driving an off-center ball is like playing against loaded dice

When you hit a ball squarely and true, the angle of your club-head gives it *under*-spin, which causes it to rise in flight. You've often seen the opposite phenomenon—a *topped* ball has over-spin which causes it to dive.

The long rise and soaring airplane flight of the well-hit ball, which gives it great distance, are due to the cushion of air built under the ball by its under-spin. The distance you get depends very largely upon how *long* this spin lasts.

Like loaded dice, a ball whose core is off-center will behave unevenly. It *wobbles* in the air. Even a slight wobble clamps down on the under-spin. Air resistance increases. The air-cushion dissolves. The ball drops quickly and your drive is short. When you come to the green, your off-center ball again causes trouble. Your surest stroke, your most accurate calculation of distance and direction and roll, can't overcome the off-center ball's tendency to wander and miss. A true putt is obviously impossible.

The X-ray picture below shows a "U. S." *true-center* golf ball in the upper left corner. The other three are well known 75¢ balls of other makes.



Thousands of golf balls of every make have been X-rayed—in our own laboratory, as well as by impartial X-ray specialists all over the country. The un-retouched photographs shown here are typical. Compare the *true*-center of the "U. S." ball with the irregularities of three off-center balls selling for the same price. It becomes instantly clear that none of these three balls could *spin* true or putt true.

Because of the exclusive United States Rubber Company method of construction the center of a "U. S." ball is true from the start and cannot be pounded *out* of true. The center of gravity is *always* in the exact center of the ball.

The "U. S." balls—Royals, Tigers, 444's—are perfect balls. True-centered, true-flying, true-putting balls—the finest golf balls, we believe, that are made in the world. Select the "U. S." *true-center* ball that suits your own particular style of game by reading below.

The Distance Twins

If you hit clean and want maximum distance, play either of these fine, true-center golf balls.

No ball is longer than the "U. S." Royal. None fly or putt as true. Mesh or recess, plain or colored dot marking. New 1.68 or present 1.62 sizes. 75¢.

The "U. S." Tiger's smooth, circle-marked cover gives it tremendous run and perfect putting. A true-center ball, of course. Price 75¢.

• • •

The new large-size ball—official Jan. 1, 1931

True-center construction is of vital importance in the new larger ball. "U. S." 1.68's are as long as, or longer than, any 1.62. Compare a "U. S." 1.68 ball with a 1.62 in play. Prove to yourself that this "easier-to-hit" ball is as long as the old one.

What makes a ball tough?

In any ball, resistance to cutting depends chiefly on the winding *under the cover*—not on the cover itself. Looser winding lets the cover "give" and makes it harder to cut.

The "U.S." True-center 444 is a "tough cover" ball. It is wound looser than the Royal. It offers the utmost resistance to cutting, with a negligible loss in distance. Slash a 444 with a niblick. You can't cut it. Mesh or recess, plain or colored dot marking, new 1.68 or present 1.62 sizes. 75¢.

"U.S." TRUE CENTER Golf Balls

Product of the United States Rubber Company

© 1930, U. S. R. Co.

WE ALSO MAKE THE FAIRWAY—THE BEST AND LARGEST-SELLING FIFTY-CENT BALL ON THE MARKET. PLAY A NEW FAIRWAY INSTEAD OF A "SECOND" OR DOUBTFUL "REPAINT."

Five Ways in which General Motors gives you *added* value

GM
GENERAL MOTORS

OF ALL the new cars built and sold ten years ago, 1 in 10 was a General Motors car. Five years ago the proportion was 1 in 5. Last year it was 1 in 3.

Steadily and increasingly the public has recognized General Motors' efforts to give *added value* for its automobile dollar, through the five ways described on the opposite page.

The same factors apply to General Motors' operations in other fields. In electrical refrigeration, where Frigidaire in a few short years has won more than a million users. On the farm, where Delco-Light electric plants and pumps provide conveniences of the city.

Recently General Motors has increased the diversity of its interests by making substantial investments in aviation and radio—two more industries which are inseparably bound up with the progress of the world in the years that lie ahead.

1

Rightly designed and rightly built . . . Many minds are better than one. General Motors, when it designs a car, draws on—

The combined talents of many engineers, specialists in every type of automotive design.

The guidance of the largest automotive research laboratory in the world.

The final judgment of a Proving Ground where every kind of automobile, whether built in this country or abroad, must demonstrate its value under competitive tests.

2

Quality materials purchased at favorable prices . . . Combining the purchasing power of so many companies, General Motors becomes a most desirable market for quality materials of every sort—iron, steel, nickel, wool, cotton, leather, lumber and many other products. More than 5000 suppliers in the United States, Dominion of Canada and other countries bring to the General Motors' factories the best of their production at favorable prices.

3

Quality bodies by Fisher . . . The Fisher Body Corporation is itself one of the largest of industries, having its own forests and mills, its own glass factories, its own factories for the design and construction of hardware and its body-building plants in connection with each General Motors car division. Fisher Bodies are internationally famous. The Fisher Body Corporation, with its subsidiary, Fleetwood Body, is a part of General Motors.

4

Fairly priced . . . It is General Motors' policy to put its products into your hands at the lowest possible cost. The economies of manufacture are reflected in the prices of its products at the factories, and General Motors dealers maintain that value in their delivered prices. For those who wish to buy their automobiles out of income, General Motors provides the convenient GMAC Plan, operated by the General Motors Acceptance Corporation.

5

World-wide service . . . General Motors has girdled the globe with sales and service organizations. Through more than 20,000 dealers, standard parts and authorized service are conveniently available wherever you may live or drive. Each car division is striving in every way to provide the best possible dealer service, the best proof of which is found in the fact that owners of General Motors cars stay in the General Motors family year after year.

GM
GENERAL MOTORS

GENERAL MOTORS

"A CAR FOR EVERY PURSE AND PURPOSE"

CHEVROLET · PONTIAC · OLDSMOBILE · MARQUETTE
OAKLAND · VIKING · BUICK · LaSALLE · CADILLAC
ALL WITH BODY BY FISHER

General Motors Trucks · Yellow Coaches and Yellow Cabs · Frigidaire–the automatic refrigerator
Delco-Light electric power and light plants and water systems
General Motors Radio · GMAC plan of credit purchase

«Sure - - it will keep firm until you get home»

DON'T risk disappointment by carrying home ice cream in an old-fashioned leaky paper pail that permits it to become soft and mushy. Buy from a dealer who uses Sealrights. These sturdy food containers keep ice cream firm longer. And Sealrights are made with the patented double bottom for double safety. They just can't leak or drip when used for carrying home ice cream, sundaes, sodas etc. ¶The double bottom also enables you to push out the ice cream and serve it cut in dainty round slices. Look for the dealers who use Sealrights. They are good dealers to buy from.

DEALERS: *Sealrights, plain or printed, made in sizes from ½ pint to 1 gallon. Look for "Sealright" on the top or bottom. Sealright Co., Inc., Dept. SA-4, Fulton, N.Y. Canadian Sealright Co., Ltd., Peterborough, Ont.*

SEALRIGHT
LEAK-PROOF
FOOD CONTAINERS

A GLANCE AT WORLD AERONAUTICS

(Continued from Page 7)

Diesel engine for aircraft use which is splendid. A great many types of airplanes are being developed for all sorts of uses and with various speeds, all of them suitable for use in the military service. In case of war, with her great dye factories and chemical industry, Germany could almost overnight load up her great commercial air fleet with toxic gases and cause the complete evacuation of cities such as Paris or London.

The Germans have the greatest passenger-carrying planes in existence. The large Dornier flying boat has carried 169 people. It is equipped with twelve engines, of 500 horse power each, giving 6000 horse power. Doctor Junkers has an extremely interesting new airplane in which the engines are carried inside the wings and the power transmitted by long shafts to the propellers. Diesel aviation engines will probably be installed in this ship at an early date.

German air lines extend to all neighboring states and into Russia. They are assisting the Russians very greatly in the development of their air power, furnishing them with technical assistance and supervision of their factories. German aeronautical engineers have factories in Italy, Sweden and Denmark. They have passenger air service in the summertime that competes to such an extent with the railways as to cut down their income considerably.

Germans are inventive, excellent technicians and thoroughly understand the problems of aviation. Their airship development, with the Zeppelin Foundation at its head, has accomplished wonders. Beginning shortly after the Civil War in our country, Count Zeppelin attacked the problem of dirigible airships. After years of painstaking work he produced one that flew. Accidents and the tremendous expenditures required for experimentation used up all his fortune, but at this point he appealed to the German people to help him, and they generously responded with funds which were put into what amounts to a trust, administered by a committee. No stock is owned, and only the cost of experimental work and salaries are paid out of it. The Zeppelin Foundation owns various subsidiary companies, which make duralumin, engines, cloth, even airplanes, motor cars and railroad carriages. The profits from all these things go back into the central fund. Doctor Eckener, an associate of Count Zeppelin for many years, who recently commanded the airship Graf Zeppelin on its trip around the world, is the active head of the organization. This latest airship embodied in its construction many of the ideas of the late Count Zeppelin.

Flying in Russia

Russia is making strenuous efforts to develop a tremendous air power. All over the Soviet Republic will be seen signs and propaganda to the effect that the future of Russia lies in the air. Under a department of aviation, with a minister, or commissar, at its head, agents go everywhere, organizing clubs called The Friends of Aircraft and Chemical Warfare. Airplanes visit these organizations and take up their members for flights and tell them what aviation holds for Russia. This propaganda is even disseminated through the Arctic among the Eskimos, Laplanders and inhabitants of Arctic Siberia to the shores of the Pacific; south to the Sea of Aral and Turkestan, the Caspian Sea, the Caucasus and the Crimea. The people respond energetically to this propaganda by liberal contributions to the Russian Air Force.

The Russians know that no invasion of their country can be made in the face of a strong air force. They also know that the only way of attacking their country and smashing up their few centers of population, destroying the fields and livestock, is through the air. No outside nation has ever conquered Russia, with the exception of Jenghiz Khan's armies, which, with their lightning movements and encircling attacks, were almost like aircraft, compared with the unwieldy armies of those days.

Their air power is organized into an air force, with squadrons, groups, wings and brigades, of bombardment and pursuit aviation. Their vast armies are supplied with observation aviation. They have bought airplanes from every country that would sell to them. They are organizing their factories and make some very good planes. The Junkers Company of Germany has a large airplane factory at Moscow, and others are being established.

Russian civil aviation has passenger lines radiating from Moscow to Germany and other points in Western Europe, and north to the White Sea in the Arctic, east across Asiatic Russia and Siberia to Vladivostok on the Pacific, also through Mongolia and to Peking, China. Aircraft fly to the south through the Caucasus into Turkestan and to the great city of Samarkand, once the capital of Tamerlane. Through all these vast areas, where only a short time ago the fastest means of transport was by camel or horse, dog or reindeer, the airplane wings its way, filled with passengers clothed with furs in the north, or with bright-colored turbans and silk robes in the south.

Japan Tries its Wings

Russia labors under a great handicap because her industrial resources and factories are very limited, as are her technicians and mechanics, but she is trying to overcome this by strenuous work and careful education. Russia's department of aviation is organized similarly to the others, with military and civil departments and a department of experimentation. At present, Russia has about 1200 airplanes under the colors.

Japan began her aeronautical development shortly after the war. Seeing the tremendous effect which aircraft were having on the conduct of war, she put out redoubled efforts, particularly after the bombardment experiments carried out in the United States in 1921 had proved beyond a doubt that battleships are at the mercy of air power. They obtained French instructors to organize their land aviation and British instructors for their aviation in the navy. They bought the best models of aircraft they could get from France, Great Britain, Italy and Germany, then established their own factories for making them. As there were no automobile factories in Japan, it was quite a job to get the motor industry started. Gradually they have evolved a powerful air force, their system being based on that of the French. Their army has been cut down and the money saved from this put into the air force. They are moving toward a department of aviation along the lines followed in Europe. The small islands in the vicinity of Japan have been organized so that air forces can land on them. If any navy attempted to cross the Pacific from America or from the north or south, they would most assuredly be attacked and destroyed far out at sea by the Japanese Air Force.

The Japanese make excellent aviators. Naturally at first they were entirely unaccustomed to going into the air and had not served their apprenticeship of years, like Americans and Europeans, in developing the airplane. Some thought, as they did not do everything at once, that they would never make good aviators, but that is not the case. They are athletic, quick of eye and thought, brave and resourceful, self-reliant and enduring, and these are the very qualities that make good flyers. As Japan, above all else, is a military nation, they can be trusted to develop their aviation to the utmost, and in a sensible manner. They have about 1500 airplanes with the colors at present.

The Kingdom of Siam, the last absolute monarchy in the world except that of Sarawak, in Borneo, has a department of aviation and an independent air force. This air force, though small, is active and well organized, and flies all over the country, affording protection to its frontiers and a means of communication to outlying districts. It does a great deal of sanitary work, such as carrying doctors to various places and bringing patients who have been injured, fallen sick or been bitten by venomous reptiles into the hospitals at Bangkok. The Siamese make fine aviators. They send aviation students to schools in Europe and America, and are thoroughly conversant with the world's aeronautical progress.

The Dutch in Java maintain a considerable air force. Few people realize that the Dutch empire in the East Indies consists of fifty-odd million people, industrious and great agriculturists, who have made of these islands one of the great garden spots of the world. The air force is exceptionally well organized, with splendid officers and fine mechanics and very good airplanes. A force of about 300 planes is used to handle any native uprisings, patrol the coasts, map the islands and their coast lines, effect communication between their multitude of islands, carry officials on inspection trips and aid commercial development, prospecting for oil, timber and fisheries.

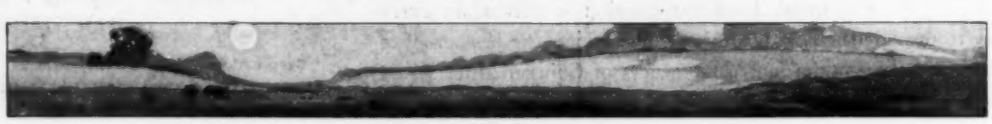
Neglected Opportunities

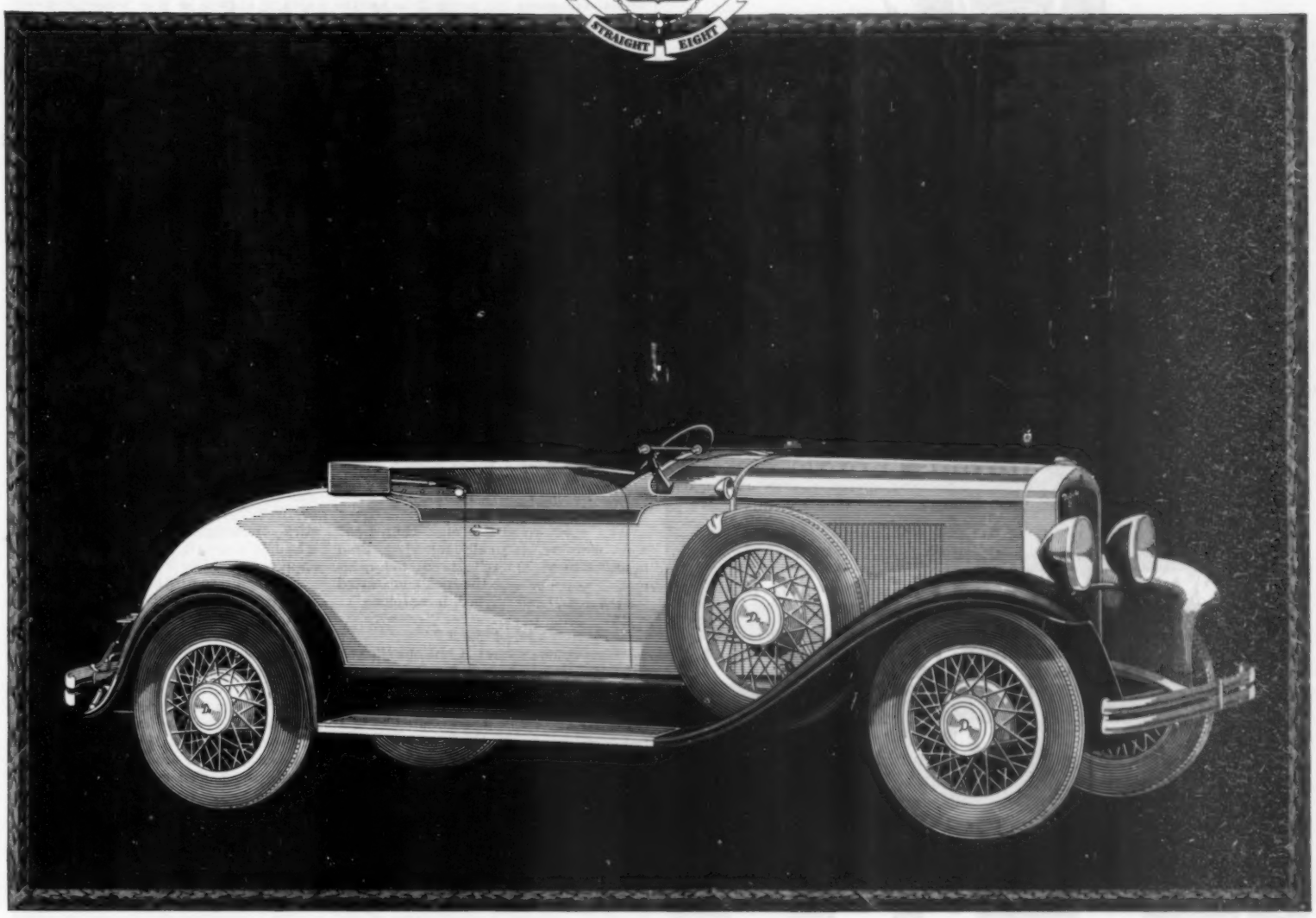
Even China, rent asunder by the terrible civil wars that have been progressing there for many years, takes a great interest in aviation. Her people have got over the feeling that the airplane is the "white man's devil." So far, on account of the great instability of their government, they have been able to do very little in a positive way.

The South American states are all interested in aviation and are developing it in accordance with their needs, using it for military purposes and for the transportation of passengers, express and mail.

All over the world, aviation is taking its place as a major activity of the governments, organized in each into a department by itself which is on an equal basis with any other government department, and with a minister or cabinet member at its head. In all these countries it is more popular than the old army or navy services. The only great country in which this condition does not exist is the United States. Here the air activities are distributed between the War, Navy, Commerce, Treasury and Post Office Departments and other organizations.

The Americans make the best pilots in the world. Our factories are more capable of turning out excellent airplanes than those of any other country, and we have every raw material necessary for the construction and upkeep of aircraft. America should lead the world in the air, and very easily can under an intelligent and educated leadership, but nothing can be hoped for until a department of aviation is established.





Thinking people realize that it is possible to have and enjoy fine things without paying a penalty in price. One may have good clothes without indulging in extravagance. A home may be beautiful without being a mansion. And a motor car may be fine in quality and delightful in performance and still be economical in price. ¶ Such a motor car is the new De Soto Straight Eight . . . A car stylishly beautiful without being overly ornate . . . rich without being ponderous. Brimming with power, it is swift, it is smooth, it is thrilling and it is remarkably economical. ¶ When you can have this kind of an eight-cylinder car—of good name, good quality, good style, good comfort and good performance for so low a price—it does seem so utterly unnecessary to pay more.

DE SOTO
STRAIGHT EIGHT

CHRYSLER MOTORS PRODUCT

$965
AND UP, F. O. B. FACTORY

WORLD'S LOWEST-PRICED EIGHT

PLYMOUTH

CHRYSLER MOTORS PRODUCT

NOW ONE OF THE LOWEST-PRICED CARS IN THE WORLD

$590

AND UP, F. O. B. FACTORY

Now, at new low prices, the *full*-size Plymouth offers you definitely more for your money than any other low-priced car. More comfort—the biggest chassis and the biggest, roomiest bodies. More performance—45-horsepower high-compression engine. More safety—the only car at or near its price with weatherproof four-wheel hydraulic brakes. More style in its low-swung smartness. More satisfaction in its Chrysler Standardized Quality. Don't even think of deciding until you see and drive the Plymouth.

4-Door Sedan, 3-Window, $625; Coupe, $590; Roadster (rumble seat), $610; 2-Door Sedan, $610; Touring, $625; De Luxe Coupe (rumble seat), $625; De Luxe Sedan, $675. F. O. B. Factory.

SOLD BY PLYMOUTH, DE SOTO, CHRYSLER AND DODGE BROTHERS DEALERS

THE WALKING STICK

(Continued from Page 5)

he was crazy to go tramping about the countryside at night. It punctuated the rhythm of his stride. At first he was satisfied with smooth monotony, but presently he had the whim to vary the combination, syncopating it, fitting it to his changing mood.

He came home late and dropped the stick into the umbrella stand with a cheerful clatter. His mother cried down the stairs, "Fred? What is it?"

He answered cheerfully, "Just me. Did I wake you? Sorry. By the way, whose walking stick is this? It's been here all along, but father never used it, did he?"

There was a puzzled silence. Then, going up the stairs, he heard her laugh.

"Oh," said Mrs. Harper, "walking stick! Yes, he did use it—once. On our wedding trip. He never quite had the nerve to try it here, where everybody knew him, but he never would let me throw it away. He always thought he'd use it sometime."

But of course he hadn't. People would have laughed. They would have thought Jim Harper was getting dandified. Golf knickers were no longer considered an affectation—the municipal course was finished now, and everybody wore them; men had been known to wear them to the office; even small-salaried clerks walked boldly through the streets with golf sticks in their hands. But not even rich men carried walking sticks.

Why not? What if a man wanted to? Next morning, unusually refreshed, Fred hesitated by the umbrella stand. Before his mother's eyes he took the stick and started for the door. She laughed, incredulous.

"You going to carry that?"

"Yes'm. I kind of like it."

"Bet you don't carry it but once."

"Betcha," said Fred defiantly.

He didn't know it was a passionate gesture of rebellion. He only knew it was no crime to carry a stick if you wanted to. His father had wanted to. It gave him a queer new feeling about that stout, practical business man. What right had the community to bear down on a man like that, regulate every tiny detail of his conduct, so that his own son didn't know him?

What was the harm in a bit of polished wood? He didn't flourish it, didn't thrust it on attention; only carried it, soberly, because he liked to feel it in his hand. He cheerfully endured the witticisms of his friends along the street. What if he did look funny—different? It was nobody's business. He walked cheerfully through the store to the back office.

The clerks stared. Mr. Kinsey, the bookkeeper, pushed up his spectacles in waggish consternation, shouting, "Hi, boys! Git your silk hats! J. Pierpont Rockefeller has broke loose!"

The clerks guffawed. They had no awe of him as their employer; he was just Fred—Freddie, J. D.'s son. They crowded through the railing to touch the stick, snatching their hands away as if it burned them—chortling. Simpering, they brushed imaginary specks of dust from his neat blue serge sleeve. He grinned and let them. They'd get tired of it.

But jokes don't happen often in a grocery store. They told customers about it, escorting them to the office to view Exhibit A. The customers could see the joke; most of them could remember Freddie as a baby. They spread the news. At noon, clutching the yellow stick, he found his homeward path a gantlet to be run. Even strange traveling men, perched in a row behind the plate-glass windows of the Grand Hotel, shaded their eyes and burst into unseemly mirth.

Red-faced, he grinned as best he could. As lightly as he could, he admitted to his mother that people had laughed. As good-humoredly as he could, he said, "What of it? They'll get over it."

But in his heart a stubborn flame had begun to burn. The stick had become a symbol.

He never told his mother how relentlessly, how constantly the herd put pressure on him. Not his own friends especially; they'd always known he was temperamental—gifted, and therefore not quite average or masculine. It was the strangers and near-strangers on the street who never failed to show surprise, followed by supercilious amusement. It was the dirty children of the factory district who ran after him, jeering, "Aw, you ain't crippled!"

Why? Why? What difference did it make to them?

At the store, of course, the joke wore thin; the clerks got tired of thinking up variations. There was no spite in their amusement. But there was spite in Mr. Kinsey, the bookkeeper—a queer, impersonal, somehow puzzled spite. He was the oldest of them all; he should have been above such childishness. One day the boy burst out at him, "For heaven's sake, Mr. Kinsey! Forget it, why don't you?"

"Well," countered Mr. Kinsey querulously, "why don't you leave the thing at home?"

"Why should I? Is it any of your business?"

"Naw," said Mr. Kinsey, "it ain't none of my business. But I worked for your dad goin' on fifteen years, and I never saw him gallivantin' no dude stick!"

"Well," said the boy grimly, "this is his stick. He bought it before I was born, and if he didn't carry it, it was because he didn't happen to feel like it."

"Yuh durn tootin' he didn't feel like it," retorted Mr. Kinsey. "He was a business man, which is more'n I can say for you. He was a durn good grocer, and just because you happen to be his son don't make you no durned aristocrat!"

Was that it? Did they think he felt superior? He looked at Mr. Kinsey, and for the first time he saw how drab and worn and somehow pitiful Mr. Kinsey was—his thin mustache, the drooping lines about his mouth, the baffled eyes behind his spectacles—a perfect specimen of crushed mediocrity. If any flame had ever burned in Mr. Kinsey, something had snuffed it out.

The boy said soberly, "You mustn't take it that way, Mr. Kinsey. I know I'm green at business, but a man's got to learn. I work as hard as anybody, don't I?"

"Oh," admitted Mr. Kinsey, mollified, "you do your best, I reckon. But why can't you act like a business man?"

"What's a walking stick got to do with it?"

Mr. Kinsey couldn't tell him. Mr. Kinsey had never tried to analyze that all-pervading force whose name was the community; he had lived under it so long that he no longer felt it. He only knew a walking stick was somehow offensive. Especially just now; business was bad, as Mr. Allison, the banker, had foreseen. It was no time for gallivanting.

Mr. Allison, too, disapproved. One day when the Rotary Club was gathering for its weekly luncheon in the Grand Hotel, the banker lingered a moment in the coat room.

"Fred," he said, "you're not much interested in the grocery business, are you?"

"Sir?" said the boy warily. "Why, Mr. Allison?"

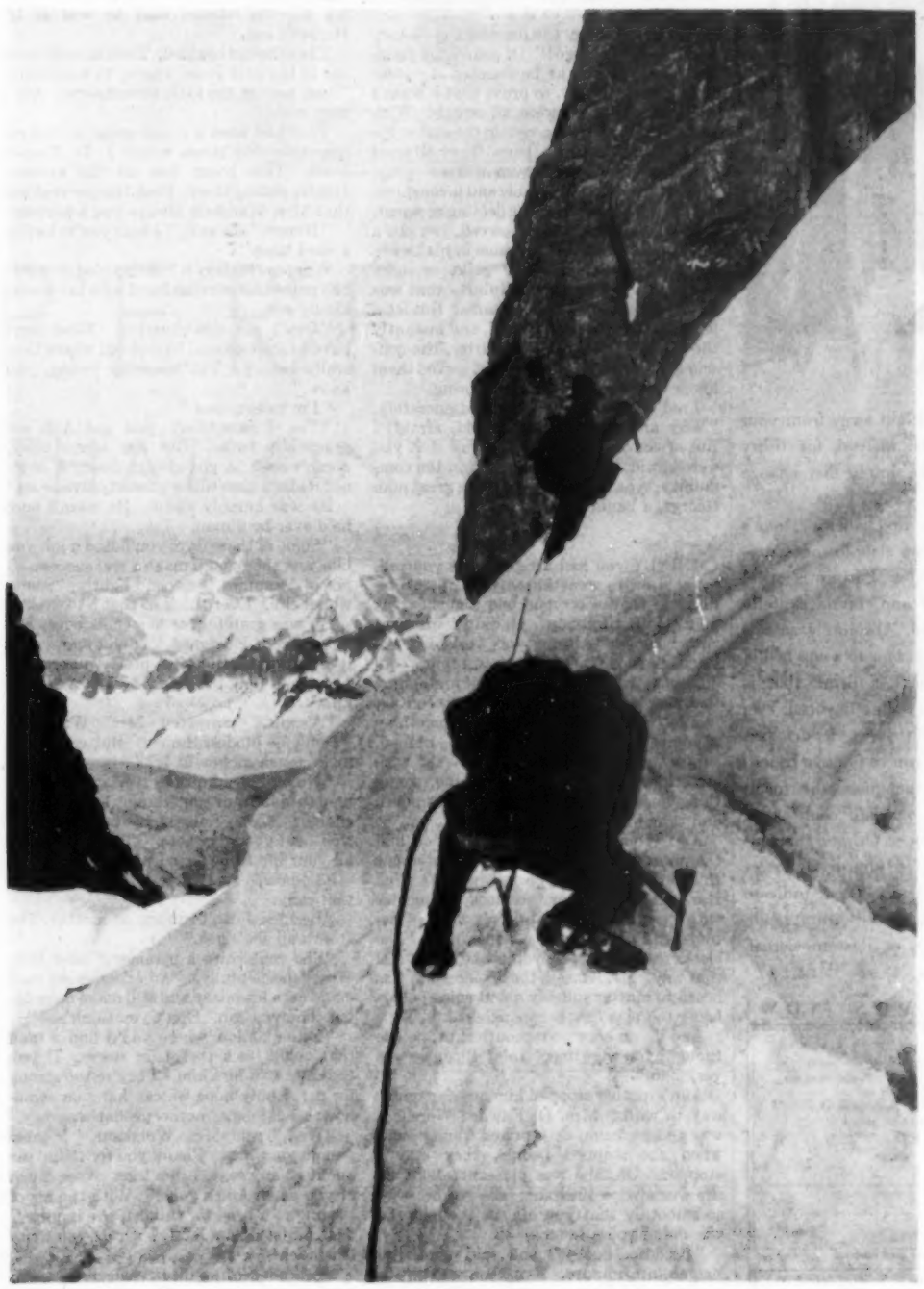
He could have been fined twenty-five cents for that. The lobby was full of solid, prosperous Rotarians—all degrees of prosperity, from old George Hall, the richest man in Mumford, a manufacturer of international importance, down to young Fred himself, who had no importance even in his own store. But Rotary required you to pretend that there were no degrees. You were supposed to call the great man George, the banker Bill.

But for the moment they were alone; he could be respectful. He wasn't Mr. Allison's equal and he knew it. He didn't resent it when Mr. Allison tapped the stick with a disapproving finger.

(Continued on Page 70)

RISK DIVIDED IS RISK DIMINISHED

THREE THOUSAND FEET *above them their goal, the peak, rears its majestic head. Between are hours of jagged rock, snow-masked crevasses, icy slopes, and the uncertainties of weather. Their feet are shod with iron-studded shoes. In their hands are ice axes, but the one item of equipment that most guarantees their safety and success is the Alpine rope that binds them man to man, strength to strength, resource to resource. . . . Alone, few mountain guides will match their skill against an almost certain tragic end. But with three or more intrepid spirits roped together, each contributing his experience and vigor, treacherous snow-bridge, precipitous cliffs, gale-swept ridges are surmounted with comparative safety.*



THE PATHS of our every-day existence are beset with equal hazards. A spark—our home is destroyed. An automobile beyond control—some one injured for life. Embezzlement may undermine our business. An unfulfilled contract bring ruin. Catastrophe may wipe out the accumulations of many years. Death may stay our course in mid-career, leaving unprotected dependents. But through united resources, risks can be minimized and the weakest find support and strength. . . . The sharing of risk and the elimination of loss are the outstanding missions of insurance. All forms render the same fundamental service—the safeguarding of property, the indemnification of loss and the distribution of the cost of risk-bearing. The many can withstand those losses which would fall with crushing force upon the few. Insurance furnishes great reservoirs of capital for the development of a wide range of enterprises. To a large degree our industrial structure rests upon the sound credit basis which insurance affords. The development of modern business would have been impossible without it. And these successful enterprises, financed with insurance funds in turn, stand as barriers against the whims of chance. . . . Through the great Ætna resources, you may join with the great strength of many against virtually every danger that may come in this complex present-day life.

THE ÆTNA LIFE INSURANCE CO.
THE ÆTNA CASUALTY & SURETY CO.
THE AUTOMOBILE INSURANCE CO.
THE STANDARD FIRE INSURANCE CO., OF HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT

An actor lifts the curtain on his own life

"MY PROFESSION, *that of acting, is a calling that quite readily tends to make one extremely nervous. Caffein for years had been my 'consolation.' I paid dearly for this consolation with sleepless nights, indigestion, and jumpy nerves. Constant worry, ill temper, lack of power to concentrate, and a failing memory were part of the penalty. This failing memory was a very serious matter, since my work absolutely depends upon my memorizing the various roles I play.*

"A friend suggested Postum for a month. I tried it. Soon something happened . . . I slept all night! My nerves became more quiet, the cobwebs in my memory began to clear away, my grouch vanished. Today I am absolutely free from all my nervous troubles. Postum has changed me physically, mentally, and I might also say, spiritually."

ROBERT WARREN STRAUSS
629 Boynton Terrace
Chattanooga, Tennessee

• • •

BEHIND the scenes in your own life, what is happening? Are you being robbed of your full share of health and happiness by sleepless nights—indigestion—jumpy nerves? So many men and women accept these troubles as necessary evils—simply because they don't know where to look for the *cause*. Yet so often, the cause lies close at hand—in *caffein*.

Perhaps it has never occurred to you to blame caffein for your own sleepless nights and jumpy nerves—but make the test this actor made! Send caffein away from your table. Drink Postum instead, for thirty days! See what this simple diet change can do for you!

Postum contains no caffein. There's nothing in it to cause sleeplessness, nervousness, or indigestion. Postum is made from whole wheat and bran, skilfully roasted and blended. Absolutely safe—and delicious! Add cream to a cup of hot Postum and you have a drink that is golden-brown, mellow, fine-flavored. Two million families who are now drinking Postum will tell you you've found a friend!

Postum costs less than most other mealtime drinks—only one-half cent a cup. Order from your grocer. Or mail the coupon for one week's free supply, as a start on your 30-day test. Please indicate whether you wish Instant Postum, made instantly in the cup, or Postum Cereal, prepared by boiling.

MAIL THIS COUPON NOW!

P—S. E. P. 4-30

POSTUM COMPANY, Inc., Battle Creek, Mich.

I want to make a thirty-day test of Postum. Please send me, without cost or obligation, one week's supply of

INSTANT POSTUM . . . . ☐ (prepared instantly in the cup)
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Check which you prefer

Name_____

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Fill in completely—print name and address

If you live in Canada, address *General Foods, Limited*, Sterling Tower, Toronto.

Postum is one of the Post Food Products, which include also Grape-Nuts, Post Toasties and Post's Bran Flakes. Your grocer sells Postum in two forms. Instant Postum, made instantly in the cup by adding boiling water, is one of the easiest drinks in the world to prepare. Postum Cereal is also easy to make, but should be boiled 20 minutes. © 1930, G. F. Corp.

(Continued from Page 68)

"I'm afraid you ought to have been born a swell, a member of the leisure class. Unfortunately, there is no leisure class in Mumford."

"Leisure?" said the boy earnestly. "I wish you'd tell me, Mr. Allison: What's a walking stick got to do with it? Do you think it takes me a minute longer to walk to work with it than it does without?"

"It's not a matter of time. It's—I guess it's a matter of attention. You dress too carefully. You pay too much attention to yourself. Swank doesn't pay in Mumford."

"But it isn't swank! I give you my word it isn't! I don't do it to get noticed—I only wish they wouldn't! Why is it anybody's business if I like to feel a stick in my hand?"

The banker stood a moment in the coat-room door, gazing out into the lobby. He looked back and grinned.

"I don't know, Fred. I like to carry a stick myself; I've got a dozen of 'em. I like 'em. I buy one nearly every time I go East—and carry it, too. But I wouldn't dare do it here."

"Why not?" said the boy passionately. "Tell me that!"

"It would hurt my business," said the banker. "People would resent it—the farmers and a certain type of business men. It would seem swank to them."

Out in the lobby the president of Rotary had called "Let's go!" Of course the president had grinned as he shouted it—jocularly, deprecatingly, to prove that it wasn't a command; they were all equals. With one accord they all moved up the stairs. No man stood out among them. They all tried consciously to be alike, even in dress—gray, most of them; a serviceable and inconspicuous color. Sometimes for a fleeting moment, if he thought he was unobserved, you saw a man's own temperament show in his face—a flash of ruthlessness, or guile, or sober dignity, or the grave wistfulness that was the memory of thwarted dreams. But let a fellow Rotarian speak to him, and instantly the mask was on—the jocularity, the consciously assumed equality, that served them like a uniform—protective coloring.

Fred Harper wanted to cry desperately, "Why are we all afraid, afraid, afraid?" But of course you couldn't admit that you were afraid. You were a leader in the community; you had a right to call a great man George, a banker Bill.

IV

SURELY you had a right to be yourself, hold on to something nameless and intangible that was your own identity. It didn't hurt anybody. It didn't interfere with business. All day you worked in the smells of food, had to meet customers—all different; what was the sense of pretending that people were all alike? At every contact you felt something, had to give something of yourself; night found you spent, drained, empty. It felt good, then, to walk with something that demanded nothing, something you could get hold of, solid and smooth and tangible to nervous hands.

Ann Worsham was away at school, and there was nobody else to talk to—not about things that wouldn't go into words. Fred Harper tried to wear the mask, be jocular with everybody. But it didn't work. Customers thought he was being fresh. The clerks resented it; they knew he didn't feel that way. Mr. Kinsey, the bookkeeper, was heard to mutter sullenly about some people being too nice for their papa's pants.

And if you kept your mouth shut, people thought you were unsociable. Business was very bad.

Ann's mother stopped him one day on his way to work. Mrs. D. Edward Worsham was a large, calm, determined woman, and when she stopped people, they stayed stopped. Oh, she was pleasant about it; she was always pleasant; she got her way so smoothly that you almost thought she was doing you a favor.

"Freddie, honey," she said cordially, "come in a minute. I've been wantin' to see you, and I must say you ain't ve'y attentive to your Auntie Belle."

She was not his aunt. That was her Southern manner; everybody knew she came of an old Southern family—Florida planters or something—though she had lived in Mumford ever since Fred could remember. Her large, calm figure marched him into the Worsham house, which was large and polished and upholstered. Her calm eyes pushed him into a chair he hated because it made him feel undersized.

"How's your dear mother? Do give her my love. I've been wantin' to run over and see her, but I'm just distracted. Club work takes so much time, and Ann needs so many things, and Edward fairly talks my arms off about that new East End addition. If you ever have a wife, honey, don't you tell her a solita'y word about your business!"

She was not distracted; everybody knew she was the brains of D. Edward Worsham, Real Estate. Dumbly, waiting, Fred Harper felt calm purpose in that "if."

It brought a queer dim flash of memory. He saw himself and Annie perched on a piano bench, a very high piano bench, it seemed. He didn't remember how he got there; he was simply there, liking his new neighbor, trying to show her clumsy little fingers how to span an octave. He hadn't meant any harm. But Annie's mother had loomed suddenly upon him, pretty terrifying till she learned that he was J. D. Harper's son.

Then she had beamed. Then he had heard her in the next room, cooing to somebody, "Just look at the little sweethearts! Ain't they cute?"

That had been a small house on the respectable side street where J. D. Harper lived. This house was on the avenue. Dimly, sitting there, Fred Harper realized that Mrs. Worsham always had a purpose.

"Honey," she said, "I hear you're havin' a hard time."

What use to deny it? He nodded dumbly. She patted his nervous hand with her warm, kindly one.

"Don't get downhearted. Most boys have to shift around to find out where they really belong. You're awf'ly young, you know."

"I'm twenty-one."

"Yes, I remember; you and Ann are practically twins. But she seems older, doesn't she? A girl always does. A boy's not really a man till he's twenty-five or so."

He was humbly silent. He wasn't sure he'd ever be a man.

"Some of these days you'll find a job you like, and then you'll make a real success. If not in Mumford," she said lightly, "somewhere else. Ever think of that?"

He was grateful for her confidence, but not cheered. He sighed, "I don't know what it'd be, Aunt Belle. I'm pretty dumb. All I can do is play the piano, and that's just a knack."

"A gift," corrected Mrs. Worsham. "Don't be modest, honey. But could you make much money at it?"

"No'm," he admitted. "Maybe a job in a picture show or something. I don't know enough. I play mostly by ear, and that won't get you anywhere. You got to study all your life to be a real pianist."

"I know," said Mrs. Worsham sympathetically.

"Besides, I can't run out on mother. The store's all she's got."

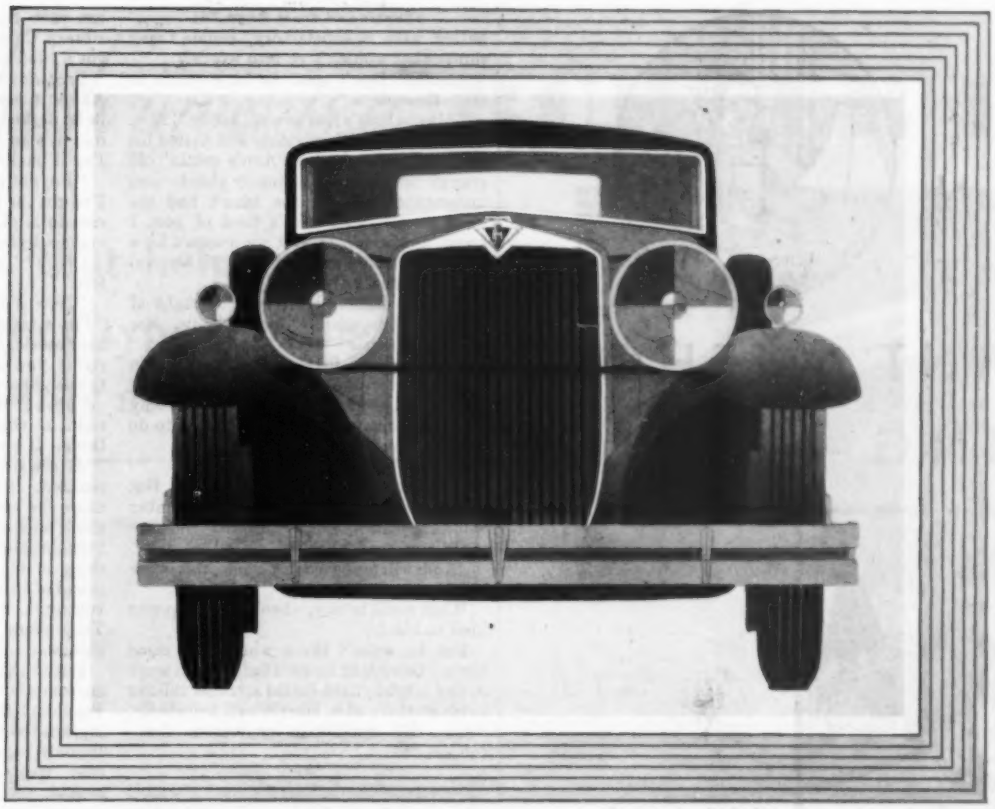
"She could hire a manager," said Mrs. Worsham helpfully. "An experienced man could earn his salary and still make more for her than you can. Don't you think so?"

"I don't know where you'd find a man that could buck the chain stores. If you could, they'd hire him. They're too strong for us. I only hope we can hang on somehow as long as mother needs the money."

"Well," said Mrs. Worsham, "I know you do your best. Thank you for tellin' me about it, anyway. I don't get to see much of you when Ann's gone." With the air of turning to a brighter subject, she inquired, "Heard from Ann lately? Or do you write her much?"

He didn't see how directly she had moved on her real purpose. He only knew that

(Continued on Page 72)



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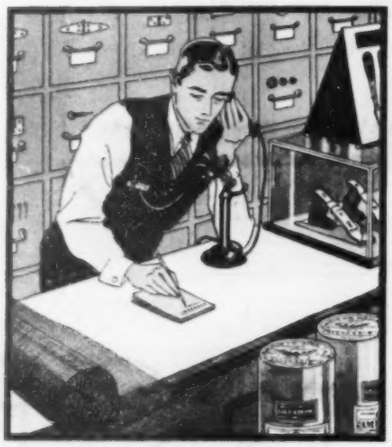

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Find where to buy it in your classified telephone directory

BELL SYSTEM

(Continued from Page 70)

letters were unsatisfactory, couldn't say things that wouldn't go into words.

"No'm. Don't seem to have much to say—these days."

"Maybe that's just as well, honey." Mrs. Worsham smiled forgivingly and patted his uncomfortable cheek. "Ann's gettin' old enough now to think seriously about—you understand. Maybe she hasn't had the heart to tell you. She's fond of you, I know, and so am I. But we mustn't let a childish attachment interfere with her real chances, must we?"

He was dumb. He hadn't thought of marrying Ann exactly—or anybody. She was just his girl.

"If you were a little older, honey, and in a position to take care of her, I wouldn't say a word. But you're not. You can only make her unhappy. You don't want to do that, do you?"

"No'm."

"I want you always to be friends. But when you write to her, will you remember what I've said?"

He muttered "Yes'm."

"And when she comes home this summer?"

What could he say, when she had been so kind to him?

But he wasn't there when Ann came home. One night he plodded in from work to find a brisk, hard-boiled stranger talking to his mother. Mrs. Harper said agitatedly, "Son, this gentleman represents the—the ——"

V

"GOLDEN GROCERIES, INC.," smiled the stranger. "Name's Coleman. I've just made your mother an offer for the store. Cash," he said impressively, "cash on the nail!" and named a sum that wouldn't have overloaded a very big nail.

Mrs. Harper faltered, "I know the business hasn't been doing well, but surely it's worth more than that!"

Fred knew that wasn't the way to sell anything. He tried to be businesslike, hard-boiled; but a wild hope almost choked him. He said huskily, "It is. The—stock and fixtures alone ——"

"'S all right," smiled Mr. Coleman. "Sell 'em. Dump 'em in the alley if you want to. All I want is your location. Best stand in town for a grocery—I'll be frank. But you're not cashing in on it."

"You—you seem to know a lot about it!"

"Sure we know. Counted the people passing your door; counted your customers. Pretty near counted you," said Mr. Coleman, grinning, "more'n once. Couldn't get it through our heads that you worked there. Catch one of our men sportin' a cane in a town this size!"

Then Mrs. Harper was alarmed. Fred's thin, tired face went white, and his eyes blazed, and his teeth showed impolitely. But he only said, "That so? Maybe you'd like to tell me: Why shouldn't one of your men—or anybody, if he likes?"

"Search me," admitted Mr. Coleman. "You got to watch your step in a little town, that's all. We found that out."

Fred nodded, smiling queerly, and lapsed into his customary still-faced calm. Mrs. Harper was relieved. Fred was a good boy, but he hadn't inherited his father's gift for getting along with people.

She didn't know what to do. She'd never had to make any decisions; her husband had run the business, and the steady, gentle pressure of the community had shaped her life. So she consulted Mr. Allison. The banker thought she'd better sell. Will Allison had been Jim Harper's friend; he was glad to help Jim Harper's widow. He took charge of negotiations and jockeyed the Golden Groceries into paying a decent price. He took charge of the money and disposed it so as to assure her a small but steady income.

Oh, yes, Fred Harper knew that the community was kind. Afterward, with queer poignancy, he remembered.

"You'd better go back to school," said Mr. Allison, "and get your engineer's degree. Your mother can't send you, but you can earn part of your expenses, and the Rotary Club will see you through. We've got a fund for helping boys."

Fred didn't know he stiffened visibly. Mr. Allison, misunderstanding, snapped, "Don't be so darned high hat, Fred! It's not charity; it's an investment in the community. Pay it back when you're able."

"I'm not high hat, sir. I just don't think I've got the brains to be an engineer. All I can do is play the piano. Maybe I can't make a living at it, but I want to try."

"Huh?" said Mr. Allison. "In Mumford?"

"New York," said the boy recklessly. "I'm a total loss around here. I need to hear music, study if I can. Mother'll be all right; you can take care of her money, and the neighbors won't let her be lonesome."

"H'm!" said the banker. "Maybe you're right, at that. It might amount to something. If you've got the nerve ——"

Afterward, with queer poignancy, Fred realized. His mother would be all right because she had good neighbors. They didn't think he was a coward to run away; they thought he was brave to try to make something of his gift. They even got a little proud of him, as home folks do of young adventurers. They thought he was ambitious. They hoped he might turn out to be a real pianist, a credit to his home town.

But at the time his weary eyes were fixed on something shining, beckoning, far off. Freedom! He knew he had no proper training, was too old now to acquire a real technic. He only hoped he could make a living. He only wanted to be free—free of that steady, relentless pressure, the bewildering compulsion to be like everybody; to be himself, build up the trampled walls that emptied him, find out if anything was there, inside.

He had no words to say a thing like that. He wrote to Ann:

Well, kid, the grocery prince is out. As a small-town business man, I'm a fine musician. Maybe I'll do better where nobody knows me. . . . Maybe you'll see me in a jazz band somewhere. You don't have to know me, but maybe you'll drop a quarter in the hat for the gentlemanly pianist.

Oh, there was nothing in his letter that might seem a claim on her. There was nothing in her answer that was more than comradely. She wrote:

Poor darling fish! You need a nurse maid, honestly you do. You've got everybody thinking you're high hat, too good for Mumford. Why are you so darn bashful? If you can't stand thirty thousand people, how will you stand New York? It's no place for a shrinking violet. Don't let 'em get your goat. Make 'em notice you. Be a young De Pachmann, or murder somebody in a big way. . . . There are two New York girls here who lived years in the same apartment house and never knew it!

That would seem terrible to Ann. She liked to know everybody. How could she understand the thrill that took him when New York engulfed him, swallowed him, made him an unconsidered atom in its mighty streets? Nobody noticed him. Nobody cared what he carried in his hand. The very roar of traffic made him feel safe and insignificant—blended of many roars, like a great wind, like the deep, selfless power of the sea.

New York wasn't a little town. Freedom! Freedom!

VI

MUMFORD reached after him and helped him even then. He had letters of introduction to the New York agents who had sent occasional performers to the Mumford Evening Musicale. Those hard-boiled Hebrew gentlemen were out of his class; he was no celebrity; he was just looking for a job. But they told him how to get one. He joined the union, and presently he found a modest place in a sub-cellar Greenwich Village tea room, where he was half the orchestra.

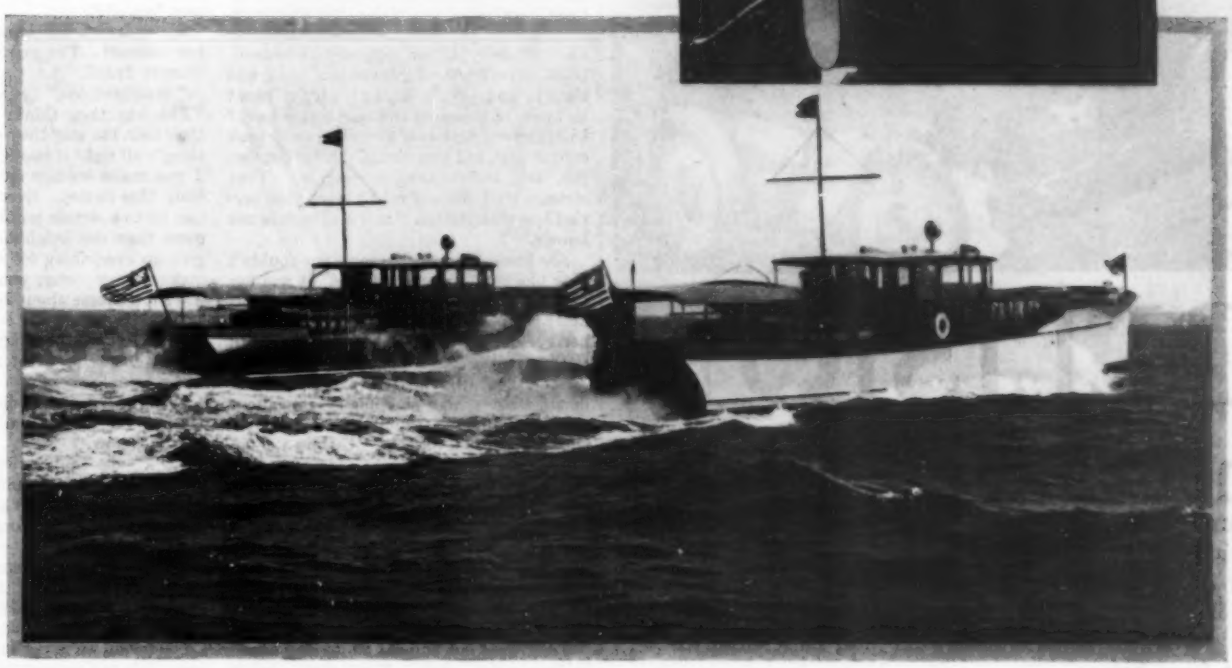
The other half was a violinist, a black-browed, stormy-looking, rather alarming girl whose name, professionally, was Rosika Yanci.

He supposed she was Hungarian or something. There seemed to be a good many

(Continued on Page 74)

Goodrich invents a "RUBBER FIST"

. . . . that helps keep craft of every type moving more smoothly at lower cost



RUBBER BEARINGS, *lubricated by water, help solve the problem of costly bearing renewal . . .*

TRIM cabin cruisers, cutting flashing wakes. Bustling harbor craft . . . tug boats, ferries. Serious-miened coast-guard cutters . . . business-like freighters . . .

All of them move under the same shadow . . . the threat of recurring trouble and expense from bearing renewal.

Ordinarily, propeller shafts revolve in bearings of babbitt, bronze, lignum vitae, or similar material. Oil lubrication is difficult; without lubrication, rapid wear is unavoidable.

Th's is where Goodrich engineers entered the picture. They had discovered a certain compound of rubber that was amazingly resistant to abrasive wear. So they designed a "rubber fist" . . . a bearing of this rubber to reach down from the hull and hold the spinning propeller shaft. Water lubricates it . . . water keeps it clean of grit and sand.

It materially reduces dangerous vibration and under similar service conditions *actually outwears bronze, babbitt metal, etc., many times to one.*

• • •

That was several years ago. Today, Goodrich Cutless Bearings are in service not only on craft of every type, but in hydraulic turbines, in centrifugal pumps, on suction dredges, in elevator boot shafts and in many other ways. In fact, they find application wherever bearing and sleeve wear is a problem and where water for lubrication is available.

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Cutless Bearings represent but one of the many developments of Goodrich engineers, whose services are made available to industry in general through the Goodrich Industrial Research Committee.

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THE ALLIANCE INSURANCE COMPANY
OF PHILADELPHIA

and its affiliated companies write practically every form of insurance except life.

(Continued from Page 72)

foreigners in New York. Most of the steady patrons of the tea room were exotic—languid, eccentric-looking men; women who smoked incessantly and were elaborately unconscious of their sex. They used a good many foreign words, from what languages he couldn't even guess; at first he hardly understood their English. Now and then some party of sensation-hunting trippers spoke with his own familiar Middle Western accent, showed him how flat and flavorless it sounded.

Humbly he kept his mouth shut, did his best to please Rosika Yanci. She knew more music than he did, was better trained; he thought she was dissatisfied with him. She hardly spoke except to make some brief correction, in odd, careful English, almost contemptuously impersonal. But one evening something happened.

They were playing a weird Russian thing, harsh, gloomy chords that broke into wild singing cadences, so strange to him that he had drilled all morning on the piano part. He hadn't got much out of it. But suddenly, as he played, he had a sense of something vast, shadowy, bitter beyond his commonplace experience—darkness and cold and misery, and people crying. What could he know of darkness and cold and misery? In Mumford, Indiana, the community took care of you, hid you from frightful depths; yes, and from nameless heights. That strange, dark flood of music lifted him, carried him with Rosika Yanci into a place not known.

She knew—he told himself. She couldn't play like that unless she knew. It was her violin that was crying, crying, raking his heart with a queer ecstasy of pain. He saw her eyes, dark, wide, unseeing, blind with the bitterness of sobbing strings.

She stood a moment so when they had finished. A patter of applause ran about the tables, languid, sophisticated, soon forgotten. She said harshly, "Gif me a ci-garette."

But she was no longer formidable. Her eyes were dull; her painted mouth drooped, oddly incongruous, like a pathetic remnant of a mask she had let slip. She was no more alarming than Ann Worsham.

She oughtn't to let these languid people see her like that. He said protectively, "Let's get a breath of air."

They went out and sat on an iron bench in the barren park. They were almost alone. A few unstirring loafers sat on distant benches, meaningless. It was still early evening, that dull hour when cities drain away from their open places; a dull stain of red still hung across the sky, robbing the lights of color, robbing a thousand lighted windows of significance. Fred Harper was still thinking of a strange, dark country somewhere.

Rosika Yanci smoked with moody violence, her eyes half closed, her scarlet lips compressed. He offered, "Something on your mind?"

"A letter from my dear father."

He didn't hear the bite of irony in that; he was accustomed to her stilted turn of words.

"Bad news?"

"No worse than usual. I'm wild. I'm worthless. It's a great life," said Rosika Yanci, "if you don't weaken."

He stared at her. That husky, flippant flow of syllables was pure American. She grinned.

"You're a sweet boy. You really thought I was some kind of Hunky, didn't you?"

"Yes'm. What's the idea? Just kidding me?"

"Not you," she sighed. "Myself, maybe." The red spark of her cigarette shot like a tiny, vicious rocket into the dusk. "You break my heart. You think it's all on the up and up, don't you? You think all we've got to do is be good, and the managers will fall on our necks?"

He was confused. He hadn't thought of any manager.

"Don't you know a plain American can't be an artist? Not without apologizing—to Americans for being an artist, and to artists for being an American! Art," she said bitterly, "with a big A, grows only in Europe. Who wants to hear Rose Yancey, a gal from Columbus, Georgia?"

She spoke the surname flatly, through her nose, so that it lost its exotic flavor. He perceived that it was somehow comic to come from Columbus, Georgia.

"Well," he confessed, "I'm from Mumford, Indiana, which is worse."

"Why worse?"

"I don't know. Unless," he said with a flash of inspiration, "it's because I've never been to Columbus, Georgia."

He groped for words. The spell of that dark music hung across his mind, like that wild, somber afterglow across the sky. He knew the level streets, the level lives of Mumford; but somewhere out there men knew red pain and savage exaltation, a deep source of power that had no name in words.

"I mean," he said, "I can—well, use my imagination on it."

"Don't," said Rose Yancey flippantly. "See one small town, I reckon, and you've seen 'em all."

A ponderous policeman passed, watchful but tolerant. The vision of a strange, far country faded.

"Standardized," said Rose Yancey. "The way they think, the way they cut their hair, the way they earn a living—anything's all right if enough people do it. Or if you make enough money at it. Everybody likes money. Everybody likes music, too, up to a certain point. But if you like it more than the neighbors do—slave at it, give up everything for it—and then don't make money—why, you're just worthless. Ain't it a shame about Judge Yancey's gal!

"He'd be proud of me if I were a bum stenographer, and kept trying. That's guts. That's character. But a bum musician is just a bum."

"You're a darn fine musician," said Fred Harper, "if you ask me. You knocked me cold just now."

"Oh," she said listlessly, "I have moments when I'm not quite normal. Or used to. Not often now. That letter made me just mad enough to forget what a bum I am."

"Something sure knocked you loose. I thought—you know, I thought you were a foreigner. Americans don't feel that way."

"There you are," said the girl grimly. "You mean, we're not supposed to feel that way. It's not respectable. It's not standard. Oh, it's all right to play that way! That's skill. They all admire a good mechanic. But you'd better not feel that way. Wouldn't it be shocking if everybody felt that way at the same time? That's the test. If it's not fit for mass production, it's not American."

Fred Harper listened strangely. This girl knew things that wouldn't go into words.

"I know," he said. "Why is it, do you think? Why do they want people to be all alike?"

"Mass production. Standardized."

"But why? Why?"

"Because," said the girl savagely, "it's the land of the free and the home of the brave. . . . Come on, you're in the union now!"

They went back down the steps into the smoky, sophisticated buzz and clatter of the tea room. One of the regulars, a horn-rimmed, hungry-looking woman who always carried a manuscript—always the same manuscript—said as they passed her table, "Cradle-robbing, Rosika?"

"Why not?" said the girl flippantly. "He's natural prey. He's the son of a big butter-and-egg man from Indiana."

The regulars about the table laughed. Fred Harper didn't mind. He knew he was undersized. He knew a butter-and-egg man wasn't literally a grocer; it was just anybody from a small town. He knew he wasn't sophisticated.

He said under his breath, "You forgot your accent."

"Oh," said the girl moodily, "that's all right. They're all four-flushers too."

(Continued on Page 76)

MRS. CALVIN COOLIDGE

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Grace Coolidge

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(Continued from Page 74)

He didn't know what she meant, but he learned presently. Most of them came from little towns themselves. Listening, day after day, to their many-syllabled conversation, he heard lapses from the mannered speech he had mistaken for the New York idiom. He saw lapses from the unimpressionable manner they all used—a sort of cynical detachment that observed, but disclaimed any responsibility for, the gross materialism of the United States.

They were idealists. The horn-rimmed woman had taught school in Iowa, but it had stifled her; people in Iowa were incapable of abstract thought. She despised Iowa. She was writing a strong novel about it. Probably it wouldn't sell; but here, among intellectual equals, she could be sure of understanding. Her eyes were curiously hungry, but her speech was free.

Fred Harper listened humbly. He knew he wasn't intellectual. He only wondered: Why? Why? These people were intelligent; they could talk; but they never said anything to explain the pressure they had come here to escape. They said that small-town people were indecently in contact, knew too much of one another; but they met at the same table every day and talked quite freely of themselves. They came from many places, but they tried to be alike. They formed a community of equals, based on a bitter sense of superiority, just as the Rotary Club was based on jocularity.

Fred Harper was surprised to find how much they talked about the Rotary Club. They used it as a horrible example of the forces of materialism; they seemed to think it was a business-getting proposition. One day, diffidently, he tried to set them right.

"Look here," he said, "you've got that wrong. I'm a Rotarian, or was; and it's got nothing to do with getting business. Ways of doing business, yes. Truth in advertising. Being on the level. Serving the ——"

A young man with a poetic forelock murmured with obscure significance, "The level. Quite."

They laughed. Fred Harper didn't know just why. He went on earnestly, "It's true that they're all business men. But they do lots of things outside. They all get out and work in the Community Fund drives. They—they've got a fund for helping boys through school. They've got a committee to help boys that get into trouble. They've got a motto: Service Before Self!"

The regulars were amused. Earnestness was all right if you were talking about Russia, but it was definitely ridiculous if you were defending anything American. The young man with the forelock murmured, "Ah, a motto!"

"Yes."

"Er—isn't there a franker way of putting it?"

"Sir?"

"He Profits Most Who Serves Best?"

"That's right. They say it that way too."

"I'll bet they do," murmured the young man, casting an eye about to gather up the laughs. He got them; and Fred Harper almost got a nickname. They called him "Babbitt" for a day or so—he never knew just why. But they forgot him presently. He was merely the piano player.

He was pretty lonely. His only human contact was Rose Yancey, and she didn't have much time for him. She was grimly, desperately ambitious. She practiced hours every day. The tea-room job was only a necessity; even Fred Harper knew it was beneath her. She was a real musician. Playing for people who didn't even stop drinking tea—and other things—to listen!

Oh, they drank other things. Even if you didn't see the bottles, your nose told you. They were not vulgar about it; they explained often to one another that it was a civilized amenity, a matter of personal freedom, as in France. Fred Harper hadn't thought of it especially. Even in school, some fellows carried flasks. It was rather smart. He didn't like the taste of liquor much himself, but he had never thought of it as anything disgraceful—until one day he turned from the piano and saw Ann and Mrs. Worsham sitting there.

Ann was smiling, but her lips trembled queerly. Rose Yancey murmured in his ear, "We are observed. Unfavorably, I fear! Friends from Bohunkus, Indiana?"

VII

IT WAS Mrs. Worsham's face that made him suddenly aware of things that he had never noticed much, only accepted as part of the general strangeness of New York. A close and somewhat alcoholic smell. The garish walls, covered with frankly nude and curiously distorted human figures in the manner he had come to recognize as modern art. Another nude scratched on the polished surface of the piano, oddly like something a small boy might scratch on a back-yard fence, but proudly preserved because it bore a signature grown famous now. A word that leaped out of the buzz of conversation, a scientific word, evidently part of some frank physiological discussion, but rather startling to the ears of Mumford, Indiana.

Yes, Mrs. Worsham's observation was unfavorable. But she was very gracious about it. She stretched a hand to him as he approached, her left hand, since she would have had to twist her large, calm figure in its chair to offer him her right. Mrs. Worsham never made herself uncomfortable; only other people. Her eyebrows lifted sympathetically. The pressure of her warm, kind fingers told him, "You poor boy! That you should sink to this!"

He said stiffly, "Hello, Aunt Belle. Hi, Ann."

Why did he have to act like that? Ann wouldn't have cared if he had hugged her. A friendly hug didn't mean anything these days, even in public. But he was afraid. There was a hard lump in his chest, and his knees trembled. What if they failed him now? What if he lost his grip, slumped down by her chair and put his head in her dear restful lap and cried, "Oh, Ann! Ann! It's you!"

She was still smiling, but her lips were steady now; her eyes were grave. They saw too much, those cool, sweet, friendly eyes; knew his unmanly weaknesses too well. But she only said, "Hi, big boy! They're not feeding you."

"Oh," he said, "I'm keeping down my boyish figure."

He was rather proud of that. He didn't want to be stiff, offish; he wanted to be gruff, cheerful, masculine. He gripped Ann's slim, cool fingers, briefly and hard, so that she couldn't feel him tremble. He dragged out a chair with unnecessary clatter, said loudly, "Well, how's everything in Mumford?" He didn't know how loudly, till he heard the voice of the young man with the poetic forelock:

"And the dear old Rotary Club?"

Mrs. Worsham turned her head calmly, and the young man shivered and turned up his coat collar. Then she answered calmly, "Quite as usual, I believe."

"It always is," said Ann, "isn't it?" She didn't glance at the impertinent young man, but her clear voice proceeded audibly: "I imagine you have plenty of variety around here."

"I should think so," said Mrs. Worsham, and her calm eyes fastened pointedly on Rose Yancey. "Won't you present your—your partner?"

What could he do? He rose mechanically and fetched her, saying, "My—my friends from Mumford want to meet you."

Rose Yancey knew at a glance that he was wrong. She acknowledged the introduction with a formal curtsy, apparently not seeing Mrs. Worsham's graciously offered hand, even though it was the right one this time.

"You play very nicely."

"Madame is too kind."

That was her foreign or professional manner, each syllable very distinct, as if she had to shape them separately in her mind. Fred Harper begged unhappily, "Don't kid me, Rosika. . . . Miss Yancey isn't really a foreigner. She's from Georgia."

"Oh," said Mrs. Worsham with lifted brows, "Georgia?"

Rose Yancey's teeth flashed in a sudden and exotic smile. She suddenly looked foreign, vivid, dangerous—he didn't know why. She gave him a merry sidelong glance.

"But yes, madame. It is that Fred-er-ic is keed-ing me. Not your Geor-gia, in Alabama, madame, but my Geor-gia, in Caucasia. You haf haird of my countree, madame?"

Mrs. Worsham said uncertainly, "Oh, yes. Yes, of course. In Russia. We're on our way to Europe now." The pronouncement restored her poise; her voice lifted a trifle, so that the public might be properly impressed. "Not Russia, though, this trip. Only London and Paris and Vienna. Perhaps Rome."

"Haow naice. I hope madame will learn moch cul-ture."

And with another curtsy and another flashing smile, Rose Yancey turned and sauntered back to the piano. Fred Harper begged them to believe, "Honestly, she's just kidding. She's from Columbus, Georgia. I don't know what makes her act that way."

"No doubt," said Mrs. Worsham coldly, "you'll learn in a minute. If I'm not mistaken, you'll get an earful."

He looked, and met Rose Yancey's dark, demanding eyes. Her red mouth curled ever so little at the corners, and her head jerked almost imperceptibly. The gesture said—oh, very confidentially!—"Don't waste your time. Get rid of them and come to me."

He blurted, "You're really on your way to Europe?"

"Yes, really," said Ann, smiling. "Dad's made a sinful lot of money lately, and it's just itching to be spent."

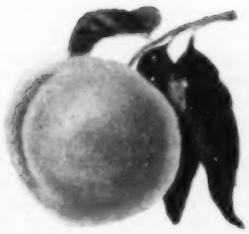
Smiling. Her clear eyes were friendly still, but something had gone out of them. No; it had never been there. He had just imagined it because he had been glad to see somebody from home. He was just homesick, that was all. Just for a moment they had made Mumford seem real again. Not now. This was a cooler, brighter, more sophisticated Ann than he remembered. School had done a lot for her. Time would do more, and money.

What right had he to care? No right. He wasn't man enough. Just a jack-leg piano player in a dump like this. Not a pianist. He could never be a pianist. It was too late; his fingers had too many habits to unlearn. Lucky to be here, lucky to make a living—a sort of living. Not for a girl like Ann. It didn't hurt any more. He wasn't even homesick any more; he remembered too clearly now that he couldn't fit in Mumford. He didn't fit anywhere. Just sitting here, hard-boiled, casual, chatting about things that didn't matter.

Ann made it easy to be casual. Only at the last, when they had said good-by, she did something that almost destroyed him. She turned back suddenly and kissed him. But before he realized it, before he even recognized the touch of her remembered lips, she was in the taxi, calling back gayly, "'Take keer o' yourself, Jim!' See you in Sunday school!"

It didn't mean anything. She was just sorry for him. He stumbled back down the steps into the tea room.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)



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HAPPY LANDINGS

(Continued from Page 29)

explain. He must have hated it. Poor Jed!" She could see his wry, aloof smile, answering Sutherland's questions.

"That was the first night I met him—dinner with you and Lilly," said Sutherland.

The orchestra began to play Love Me or Leave Me. The first violin crying:

"Love me or leave me, and let me be lonely;
You won't believe me, but I love you only."

That day in Chicago, his low voice singing.

She laid a hand on Sutherland's arm. She said, "Jimmy, you weren't kidding, were you? They're really going to give him something? It's funny I hadn't heard——"

Sutherland said, his eyes on the satiny back of a beauty in blue: "Who'd you be apt to hear it from? Timberlake's not too well pleased. Traill's too embarrassed to talk."

"Jimmy," said Eve, still remembering, "you like Jed, don't you? You think he's got stuff in him?"

"Sure he's got stuff," said Sutherland abstractedly. The beauty in blue had hair like the sun on a copper beech. "But I bet his grandfather had more. These old Southern families," said Sutherland—"their blood gets too thin."

Eve said in a silky Georgian drawl: "You were born in Vermont, weren't you, Jimmy? Can you tell the difference between blood and water?"

XVII

SUTHERLAND left for New York a day or so later, and the Saturday after he left, Eve drove out to San Pedro with Lillian and the blond young man whose photograph stood beside Lillian's bed—the boy friend, as Lillian called him, with her unfailing employment of tags which others had mostly discarded.

The boy friend's official designation was Lieutenant Allan Waterman, and his ship, stationed at San Pedro, was the aircraft carrier, Bunker Hill.

"And he says," Lillian had pointed out, in advocating the expedition, "that he'll take us over it and show us the works. He's pretty good at his stuff or he wouldn't be on a carrier. I think you ought to go, Eve. It's kind of educational. He's asking Jack Carman too. He and Jack are on a good many parties together. That's how I met him—on a party at Jack's beach place—and that," she concluded, with a mysterious smile curving her querulous mouth, "was some party! I'm tellin' you! Jack Carman knows how to throw one."

Eve hesitated briefly over the matter of driving out to San Pedro with Carman. Since the picture, she had been seeing quite a bit of him. About once a week they danced together at the Consul. She had attended with him an opening—a première—at Baumann's Japanese Theater, when, to the clicking of unnumbered cameras, to the thunderous booming of flash lights, they had entered those bedragoned portals in state. Eve had had at the time a slight feeling that she was expected to be properly appreciative of Carman's escort. She had seen him turn an eager smile upon the cameras. When the microphone had been indicated, he had spoken, with enthusiastic spontaneity, just a few words to the vast radio audience, waiting, presumably breathless, to hear him. Still—and admitting the possible meretriciousness of his boyish gayety, his virile charm—he was, when all was said and done, a sufficiently amusing companion.

With Sutherland on his way back to Broadway, Eve felt a trifle lonely, touched a little by nostalgia. Timberlake she saw almost daily, but Lillian was not asking Timberlake. And to herself Eve conceded that might be just as well—remembering Palm Springs, the likeness of desert and ocean. Traill she had not seen in over two weeks.

She said, suddenly deciding, "Of course, Lillian, let's go."

So she went in Carman's magnificent black-and-ivory roadster, with Lillian and Allan Waterman riding in the rumble seat.

The sun shone as California suns are advertised to do—out of a nearly cloudless sky. The roads—as California roads are advertised to be—were excellent. Eve said, "Yes," and "No," and "I never thought of that before," and "You're a strange man," and "That's rather wonderful," and "There isn't much you miss, is there?"—all the verbal plates and balls which women keep glitteringly in air while thinking their own thoughts in far places back of their eyes. Apparently she said them convincingly, because Carman seemed satisfied, slouched on the small of his back beside her, driving the roadster at reckless speed, to mutter ardently in reply: "I know I'm strange, but I've always been like that," and "It isn't every woman that understands me," and "I'm not saying this for a line," and "There's something about you that gets a man." For all Eve knew to the contrary, he might have had his own thoughts as well.

It was late afternoon when they came to San Pedro, after driving between low hills, over long stretches of grassland, through shallow, lonely gulches, and the Bunker Hill rode at anchor some distance from the shore.

"Funny-looking, isn't she?" said Lillian's lieutenant proudly. "That thing in the middle is the smokestacks; they're inclosed."

Eve thought the inclosed smokestacks looked like a wall set on a hull, one-sided and dangerous. The carrier didn't look like a battleship—it didn't look like a ship at all. It looked like a top-heavy and sinister structure, like something out of an old novel by H. G. Wells. It should be manned by Martians, she thought.

Going out in the more familiar gray launch, she said something like that to Carman. "Martian or martial?" he inquired indulgently. He was ostentatiously tender with her womanish inaccuracies. After the comparative intimacy of the ride, he was tender with everything about her—oppressively so. "I wish," said Eve to Lillian, taking off their coats in Waterman's cabin, "Jack Carman would keep his hands off me."

"Gosh, he thinks he's giving you a thrill!" Lillian remonstrated. "Come on, darling; don't be a crab! I want this to be a good party! The boy friend'll be hurt——"

So Eve tolerated Carman's hand on her arm; it soon found its way there again, going from one deck to another, stopping here and there to inspect the great war machine, and little by little, the rest which the blue sky and the good road and the swift ride had brought her began to fray out and be lost in a deep inner irritation and resentment. She thought, as she had thought so many times in so many different places, "Why am I here? What am I doing with these people who mean nothing to me, to whom I mean less than nothing? Isn't there any place where I belong, where I can know I am home, where I shan't be forever wanting to go on to some place else?"

She was thinking something like that when they came to the top deck where the planes landed and took off, but in spite of herself, the landing place stirred her. She visioned planes droning in from far reaches of sea and sky.

She heard someone saying: "Planes take off from the bow, come in over the stern"—that mighty stern, like a wall. It was Lieutenant Waterman explaining, of course; as Lillian had said, he must be good at his stuff or he wouldn't be on a carrier. "It's like this," he was saying—when he talked about his stuff, his cupidish face seemed to lengthen, seemed to grow thinner, as if bony structure suddenly showed through smooth pinky flesh—"suppose there's a plane astern. The gear on the landing deck here snaps up into position. The signalman waves his flag and the plane heads in. It eases over the stern and past the signalman."

"Suppose," said Eve suddenly, "it doesn't make a good landing?"

Waterman cocked a quick eye at her, appreciating in his audience at least one educated ear. "See that gear," he said—"well, when the plane starts in to land, there's a barrier already up, waiting. If the plane skids, say, or floats the length of the gear without being stopped, then it slides right on into the barrier, which stops it abruptly."

"You mean," said Eve, "you deliberately crash a pilot——"

"See here," said Waterman earnestly, "the barrier stops the plane, the tail of the plane goes up—maybe one wing crumples against the deck or something like that—the pilot steps out of the cockpit."

"If he isn't lying on the back of his neck a little farther on," said Eve.

Lieutenant Waterman said amiably, "Well, that would be just too bad." He defended briskly and aggrievedly in answer to Lillian's squeal of horror: "What are you going to do? Let him wreck half a dozen bombers or a whole flock of fighters parked forward?"

"He knows if he doesn't make a good landing he'll be crashed!" Eve insisted.

"And why not?" said Waterman.

"I must take up flying sometime," said Carman enthusiastically. "It's a great game."

A great game! With a crash as the price of every poor landing. Eve managed to get away from the rest. While they gaped and exclaimed over the levers that controlled the barriers, she slipped behind a bomber, forward of the landing field, she slipped behind two bombers, she walked toward the bow of the carrier, memory tightening an ache in her throat, hotly rasping her eyelids. She did not see, until she had come to the seventh bomber, for they ranged in an orderly line like winged behemoths at rest, a man who stood with his hand on a strut of the last plane, looking out to sea. Something in the set of his dark head on his shoulders halted her, staring, and as she stared he turned.

"Hello, Eve!" he said. "Where did you come from?" It was Traill. He had no hat and the wind had blown his hair across his eyes. He put it back with a long-fingered brown hand. "This is a great ship, isn't it?" he said. "Somebody showing you round?"

Eve said, "Well, of all people!"—which was the last thing she would have chosen to say, for fear of wounding that ridiculous thin skin of his; but he only laughed. A real laugh, not his customary slight muscular grimace.

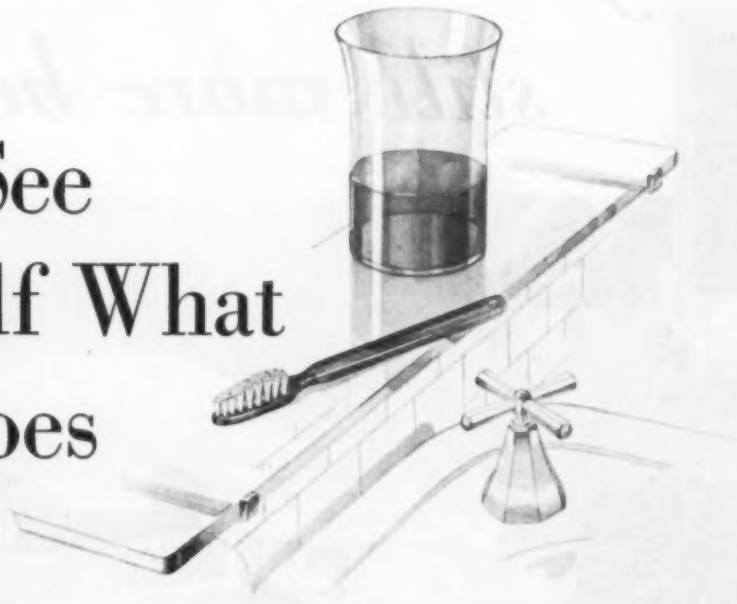
"You look like a million," he said. "I don't think I've ever seen you in green before."

"I don't often wear it," said Eve. Strange, to be standing on the open deck of an aircraft carrier, with planes all about her, with the wing of a plane overhead . . . with Jed Traill. His hand still closed on the strut of the plane. He might have been waiting to take off in it. But his eyes were on her, on the sleeveless green-silk frock she wore. She knew her arms and throat were milk-white against the green. She knew her hair—the slight wave of it that showed under her hat of rough green straw—was copper bronze. She knew her lips were red, for she had used her lipstick delicately in Waterman's room when she first came aboard. So she smiled up into his eyes sweetly, knowing her face and body a secure mask for the restless, hungry, chilly soul that inhabited her.

"Lillian and Jack Carman are back in the stern with Lieutenant Waterman," she said. "It's his party. Of course he asked me to please Lillian." She thought: "You smirking silly fool; you sound as modest as an artificial violet!"

(Continued on Page 83)

You Can See for Yourself What Lavoris Does



If you want proof of the effectiveness of Lavoris as a scientific detergent for mouth and throat, you can see it in the tiny particles of food, bits of oral debris and mucoid deposits expelled with it.

But there is other evidence of its wholesome cleansing of your mouth and healthful stimulation of the tissues. It is found in the refreshed, invigorated feeling that follows its use. That is the delightful thing about Lavoris—it performs its admirable functions so agreeably, with no unpleasant after-taste or breath.

Indeed, its unforgettably pleasing flavor encourages you to active coöperation with your dentist—makes it easy for you always to "Do As Your Dentist Tells You."

LAVORIS CHEMICAL COMPANY
Minneapolis Toronto

To Members of the Dental and Medical Professions:

The claims for Lavoris are never extravagant or designed to exploit the credulity of the public. Lavoris prints its formula with every bottle, and provides an accurate and stable zinc chloride solution of real therapeutic value.

As you know, zinc chloride will coagulate and precipitate adherent mucus or exudates and other injurious substances from the teeth and the membranes that line the oral cavity.

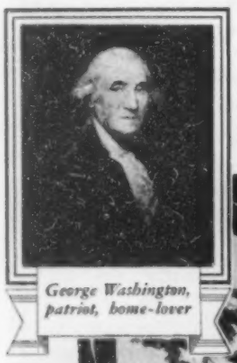
This can be observed by the user when the solution is expelled upon a vitreous or porcelain surface, or into clear water.

These characteristics of Lavoris encourage public attention to oral care. And in all Lavoris advertising, the public is admonished to seek professional dental advice.

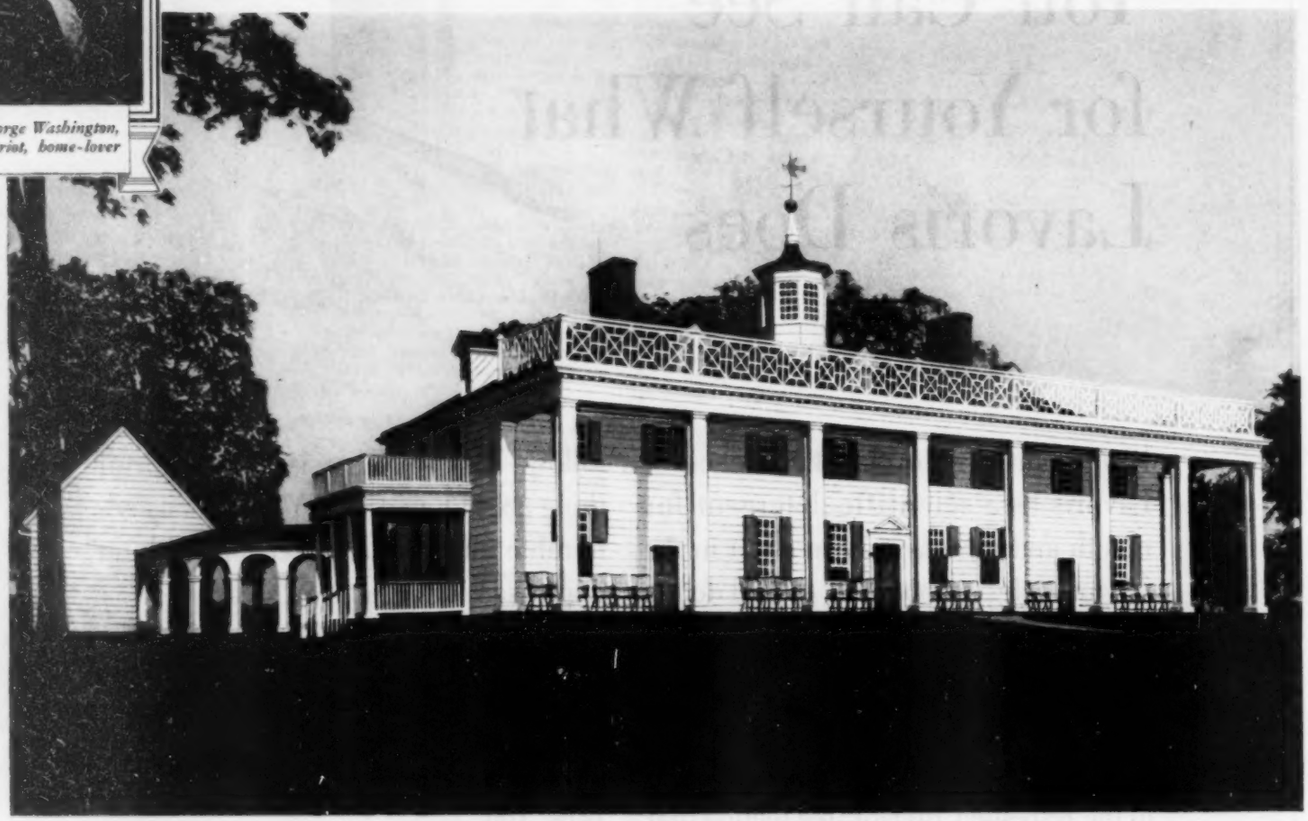
. . . . DO AS YOUR DENTIST TELLS YOU

© 1930, L. C. Co.

Beautiful "Mount Vernon" made still more beautiful



George Washington, patriot, home-lover



"MOUNT VERNON"—PICTURESQUE HOME OF GEORGE WASHINGTON

Two Great National Associations maintain these Historic Homes

A PATRIOTIC SERVICE of inestimable value has been rendered by the Mount Vernon Ladies' Association of the Union, present owners of George Washington's picturesque home. Not only have the priceless relics here enshrined been admirably preserved, but the dignified beauty of the famous building itself has been maintained and even enhanced.

A SIMILAR TASK of patriotic devotion has been performed by the Thomas Jefferson Memorial Foundation, which has saved for the nation "Monticello," beloved home of Thomas Jefferson, planned and built by him on the mountain-top overlooking Charlottesville, Virginia.

SERENE on its hilltop of terraced lawns that slope away to the storied Potomac . . . Indelibly pictured in the memories of reverent visitors from every corner of the nation . . . A shrine expressing the very heart of patriotic, home-loving America . . . Restful, expansive, supremely beautiful "Mount Vernon," home of George Washington.

And just a few miles away in the rolling hills of Virginia—another sacred monument to great deeds and a great name . . . Another glorious memento of a glorious past . . . Noble "Monticello," the fine old home designed by the hand of Thomas Jefferson, author of the Declaration of Independence.

For generations these splendid homes have been admired. Their architectural beauty is wholly in keeping with the traditions that cling about them. Now pilgrims will find them more attractive than ever—painted with a new and different kind of exterior white paint—Outside Barreled Sunlight.

Garbed in this whitest of all whites—glowing with a lustre unmatched for soft richness—"Mount Vernon" and "Monticello" fairly sing out in new beauty.

The paint so signally honored bears a proud name of its own. A name less than two hundred years old, to be sure, yet expressing a very real, substantial achievement in its own field. Appropriate indeed that these historical mansions be painted with Outside Barreled Sunlight—for it, too, represents supreme beauty combined with long service.

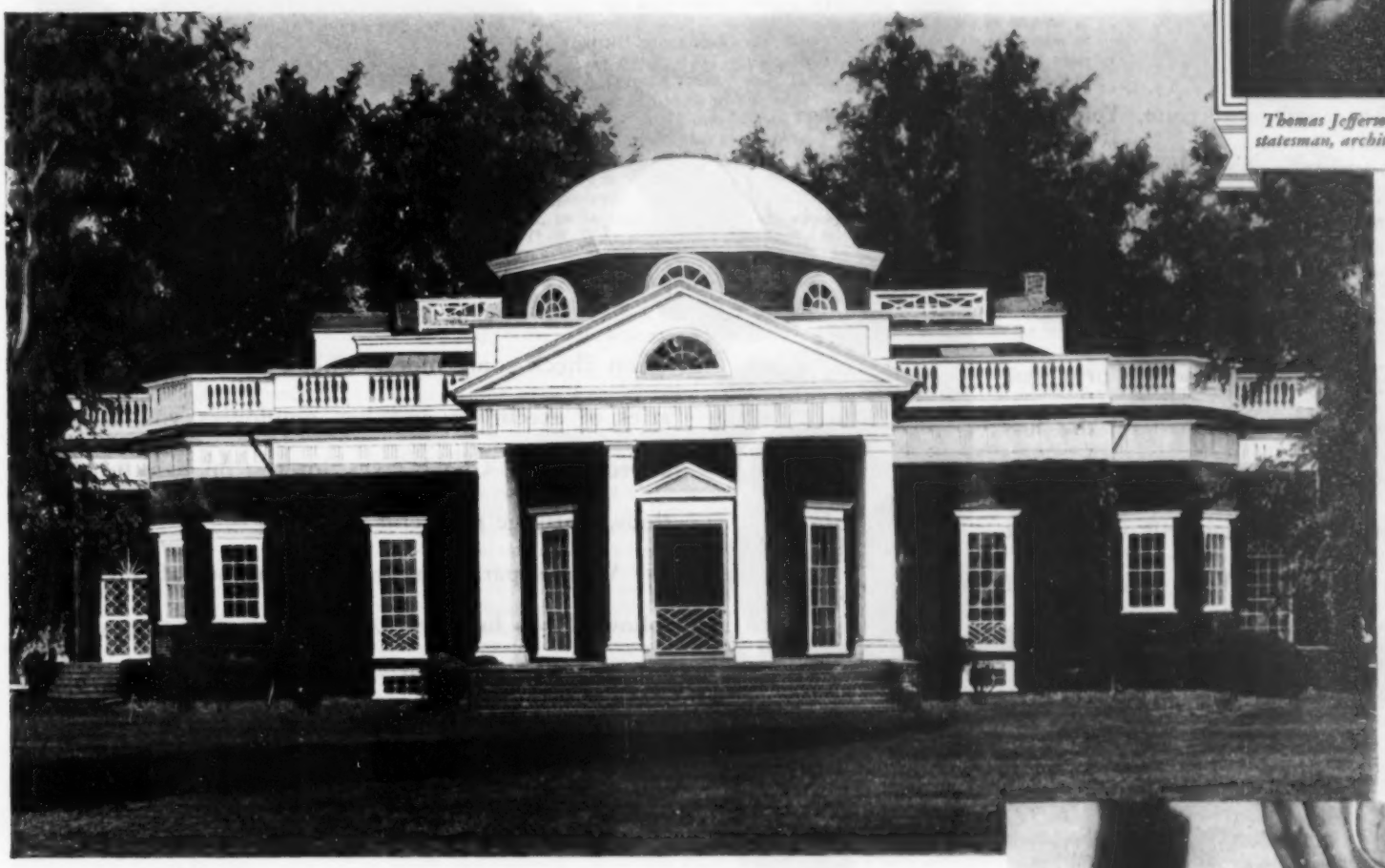
Today there are two forms of Barreled Sunlight—twin products for cleaner, more beautiful homes, inside and out.

BARRELED OUTSIDE

Reg. U. S.

Stately "Monticello" *endowed with new charm*

Thomas Jefferson, statesman, architect



"MONTICELLO"—DESIGNED AND BUILT BY THOMAS JEFFERSON

Homes large and small · · everywhere · · now sparkle with this new beauty

HUNDREDS of home-owners and their friends are commenting on Outside Barreled Sunlight . . . They admit they have never before realized how beautiful a white house could be . . . They speak of the distinctive, deep lustre—the remarkable smoothness—that make homes painted with Barreled Sunlight stand out among other white houses. Neighbors are admiring—frankly interested.

And master painters have enthused about Outside Barreled Sunlight as we have never known them to enthuse about anything.

It is the crowning achievement of over twenty years' specialization on white paint. The gratifying results of our fixed determination to produce the very finest exterior white paint that we could make.

For a free booklet on Outside Barreled Sunlight, or for information on the famous Interior Barreled Sunlight, mail the coupon.

U. S. Gutta Percha Paint Co., Providence, R. I. Branches: New York—Chicago—Philadelphia—San Francisco. More than 7,500 retail dealers.

Distributors for the Pacific Coast
W. P. FULLER & CO.

OUTSIDE BARRELED SUNLIGHT is made by an adaptation of the exclusive Rice Process, basis of the remarkable success of Interior Barreled Sunlight, which set a new standard for fine interior painting. Both products are sold in cans, 5-gallon buckets, and large drums. Easily tinted with oil colors. Quantities of 5 gallons or over tinted to order at the factory, without extra charge.

SUNLIGHT
Pat. Off.
INTERIOR

U. S. GUTTA PERCHA PAINT CO.
25-B Dudley Street, Providence, R. I.
Gentlemen: Please send me—
☐ Your booklet, *"The Whitest White House in Town"*
☐ Information on Interior Barreled Sunlight
Name_____
Street_____
City_____ State_____
Send free can of Outside Barreled Sunlight to my painter. His name and address are given in margin below.

HE'S GONE

. . but see what he left behind him!

Fire has come and gone. You settle down and take stock. You check your burned property against your fire insurance. Fine. That's all taken care of—if you've been prudent. But let's go on . . .

Check off eight months or a year of stopped business income; the loss of unfilled orders — loss of profits, loss of sales. What will you check *these* against? Your pocketbook?

Then check some more. Check fixed expenses, salaries of executives and key employees you cannot afford to lose. Check taxes, interest on bank obligations, mortgage payments . . .

What a paralyzing array of ruinous after effects follows Fire's footsteps! And all so unnecessary . . .

Through the Hartford your fire insurance can be extended beyond the mere replacement of your property. It can be made to provide *income* you would otherwise lose or the rent you would have to pay while your property is being replaced. This is one of the most vital needs of modern business . . . insurance that goes *all* the way to protect both property and the income it produces.

You'll find the Hartford agent thoroughly competent to go over your particular situation and give you this new *individualized insurance* that is necessary for real protection. And he is a man backed by a soundly managed stock insurance company, financially able to meet any drain put upon it. Call the Hartford agent now*—and make your business *safe*.

THE **HARTFORD FIRE INSURANCE CO.**

AND THE **HARTFORD ACCIDENT AND INDEMNITY COMPANY**

WRITE PRACTICALLY EVERY FORM OF INSURANCE EXCEPT LIFE

*If you do not know the name of the Hartford agent look under "Hartford" in your telephone book. If he isn't listed write the Hartford Fire Insurance Co., Hartford, Conn.

(Continued from Page 78)

"Who'd he ask Carman to please?" inquired Traill gently, but laughing. That was what disconcerted her, made her say a stupid thing like that about Waterman's asking her for Lillian's sake. Traill wasn't the morose lounger of the studio now; he wasn't even the rather delightful, if gloomy, person she had danced with that day in Chicago, with whom she had talked long hours on a rushing train. This was a man at home with himself. He had in these surroundings an air of ease that made her remember abruptly; he was her own kind of man. It startled her to realize she had got in the way of thinking of him as slouched against a piano in semi-obscurity, taking orders from Timberlake. It did not seem to her, looking at him, standing beside the giant bomber there, that he would be taking orders from anyone except his superior officer. Well, in a way, wasn't Timberlake his superior officer? Yet, remembering Timberlake—looking at Traill, with the wind on her cheek, with the low sun in her eyes—Timberlake seemed now quite out of character as Traill's superior, emphatically miscast.

"Did they show you the landing deck?" asked Traill.

"That was why I came away," said Eve.

Traill said, "Too much imagination, Eve."

"That's what I make my living with," said Eve.

He said, "You're making a pretty good one these days, aren't you?"

"How about you?" suggested Eve, with delicate malice.

"How did you know?" said Traill disgustedly.

"Jimmy Sutherland told me. I think it's wonderful, Jed!"

"You do, do you? A lot of fool women ——"

"What frightful ingratitude! They can simply make you."

"Not a chance," said Traill, and grinned outrageously.

Suddenly Eve caught a glimpse of the man of the play-back. She said daringly: "Jed, this is your real stuff, isn't it? It's a shame for you to be hanging around a studio."

He said doggedly, "I've got to live." He said, with a black look contorting his mouth, wiping out the laugh in his eyes, "Have you forgotten what I told you that night on the train? You're the only human being I've ever told except the doctor that did me the dirty trick of saving my life."

Eve said, "I sort of hoped, when I saw you standing there like that ——" She had never heard anything bitterer than the laugh with which he took his hand off the plane, stuck it deep in his pocket. "I reckon I was kidding myself for just a moment," he said quietly. "It's a great ship, isn't it? There's your party coming to look for you."

There was Carman coming toward her with his black eyes shining, his mouth a little open in his famous boyish smile; there was Lillian just behind Carman, already beginning a reproach; Waterman beside Lillian, cap a little to one side on his smooth fair head. All of them pleasant enough, but in a world of shifting patterns she meant nothing to them, they meant less than nothing to her. Something moved her suddenly. She said: "Jed, who are you with? Quick!"

Traill answered, in an undertone, "Lieutenant named Shayne—man I used to know in Paris. Why?"

"Stick around with us, Jed, please. I mean it!"

"Eve, how can I? It can't be done!"

"I want you to—please!"

"Is anything wrong?"

"No, not yet. No, nothing wrong—only please! I want you to."

"Why, I don't see ——" began Traill.

Then Carman was taking Eve's arm in his hand again—his warm, overly manicured hand. He was scolding her tenderly.

"Bad girl! I thought you'd fallen overboard and the sharks had got you!"

"I happened to see Mr. Traill," said Eve, imperceptibly struggling to release herself.

"How are you, Traill?" said Carman, his spontaneity temporarily turned off at the fountainhead. The letters would not have pleased him any more than the object of them—Eve got that from voice and look.

"How are you, Carman?" said Traill coolly.

Waterman said, "Glad to see you, Traill. I believe Shayne's looking for you. He wants to know if you're staying on board ship for dinner."

"We've got a grand idea, Eve," Lillian broke out excitedly. "We're all going in to Allan's friend's house for cocktails; then we're going to the club for dinner and to dance. . . . Am I blue!" she sang a bar, sketched a step.

"I'm going to throw a party!" announced Carman royally.

Carman's party—no room there for Traill.

"Wonderful," said Eve, smiling back at Carman. She thought: "Why did I ever come? I hate a wild party with a man I don't care for." She looked at Traill and shrugged, tipped down one corner of her mouth.

"You haven't seen the ready room," said Waterman. "Ought to see that before we go. Come along, Traill."

Traill walked close to Eve on one side, Carman on the other. Neither had a chance to speak to her alone.

They went from the top deck into the aviators' ready room, at the moment standing empty. "How cute!" cried Lillian rapturously. Comfortable leather chairs. Gargantuan ash trays. A bulletin board for orders. A long table, and lying on it, a model of the landing deck, with numbers of tiny planes—"for working out parking, and so on," said Waterman vaguely. Eve saw that room with men sitting about in it, waiting. Young men, some of them not much more than boys, in olive-drab shirts and breeches, with neat black four-in-hand ties; some of them with flying helmets tipped back on their heads—brown heads, and black and sandy—keen eyes—eyes that must read sea and sky and the far horizon. She saw them ready, in that room, waiting for orders; cigarettes in the hands that must handle a powerful bomber or a wasp of a fighting plane. Waiting. Ready. The aviators' ready room. One had to be ready—that was all—for whatever break came. Ready to go out and take off for whatever destination was indicated. She felt, like the drone of wings in her heart, the pulse in that room of high courage, waiting.

"Eve!" said a voice close beside her. She started uncontrollably. Traill was standing there, Carman had turned away to examine the bulletin board with Lillian and Waterman. "Eve," said Traill, "if Shayne can give me a card, I'll see you at the club later on. Will that do?"

She said, "Fine, Jed!"—nothing more. Then Carman came back to her.

XVIII

WIDE, dark eyes shining—feverishly shining—above a mouth a thought too scarlet, Eve leaned nearer to the dressing-room mirror, removed about half the lip rouge she had the moment before applied. She ran her comb through the coppery waves of her hair, powdered her face lingeringly. There was a slight haze over the dressing-room mirror. She stared at herself through the haze, curiously. She thought: "What big eyes you've got, Eve. . . . The better to see with, my dear. . . . No, not the better to see with. . . . That last drink was too strong. I mustn't take another."

"You're all right, Eve," said Lillian impatiently. "What are you looking at yourself like that for?" Lillian was making her mouth even redder. She had combed her hair off her unlined brow and curled it around her naked ears. "I heard a man on the floor, that last dance, telling his sweetie I was Gerda," she giggled. She hummed the tune the orchestra had been playing as they left the table. "'I'm bringing a red, red rose.' Whoopee! What a night!" said Lillian.

"What time is it?" asked Eve, combing her hair again to kill time before going back, and because she thought if it were not too late there might still be a chance of Traill's appearing. The maid standing near the coat rack, watching Lillian and Eve with the insatiable, gossipy curiosity of maids in night clubs and restaurants, said it was half-past eleven.

Eve thought: "He isn't coming. It is too late. He couldn't make it. Or maybe he decided I was a fool, and didn't try. No, he'd have come if he could. He found he couldn't make it." She thought of Lady Hamilton's perpetually recurring cry in her letters to Romney: "'Oh, God, what shall I do!' Oh, God, what shall I do?" thought Eve. "I wish Jed had come!" Then she remembered that she had no claim on Traill—nor, for that matter, on anyone at all. "If you aren't able to take care of yourself," she thought, "that's just your hard luck, Eve. If you can't take care of yourself, you shouldn't go on wild parties. Well, I didn't want to go on this one. Then why did I? I came. I wasn't dragged. I am a weak, stupid, worthless fool."

"Half-past eleven?" said Lillian. "That's early. The night is but a pup."

Eve said, "I feel as if this party had been going on for years and years."

"Isn't Allan the sweetest dancer you ever met?" asked Lillian boastfully.

"He's much better than Jack," said Eve.

"Jack's all right when he isn't lit," said Lillian. "When he's lit he always wants to tango."

"He's been tangoing all evening," said Eve. She powdered her throat absently. "I wish," she said, "he'd key down a little. I don't care for him like this." She thought: "He'll probably run the car in the ditch and kill us all." She saw two strong hands with reddish hair on the backs of them holding a wheel. She thought: "If I've got to have my neck broken, I'd rather Timberlake did it than Carman." She gave a little laugh.

"What's the matter?" asked Lillian suspiciously. "Feeling all right, aren't you, darling?"

"Crest of the wave!" said Eve. She thought: "At least you can be game enough, my dear, to see it through. Get tonight over with, and then, if you're still alive, you needn't go out with him again." She thought: "And of course that's the earliest known alibi."

She followed Lillian out of the dressing room, back to their table near the edge of the dance floor. Waterman and Carman rose to meet them with exaggerated deference. Waiters drew out chairs. Carman signaled a waiter for more ginger ale.

"Eve," he said, his eyes no longer shining, but slightly glazed, "the orchestra is going to play Lover, Come Back to Me and you 'n' I are going to dance. I've got it all arranged."

Lillian leaned to murmur in Eve's ear: "Lookit! Jerry Hooper and Rose Esnard over there? Sure it is!"

Carman drank from his own freshly filled glass, set it down, wiped his lips and turned an impassioned look on Eve. "No matter where they go," he said, "they always come back to me." His hair was black and shining, his eyes were black, his mouth had a winning sort of frankness beneath its little black mustache.

"C'mon!" he said, getting up a trifle unsteadily. "This is our dance, Eve! . . . Isn't she beautiful tonight, Al? Did you ever see such a beautiful girl!"

Eve said, "Don't be silly, Jack!"—feeling the blood burn her face. Feeling a surge of anger and shame. Turning an imploring look on Waterman. Waterman at least still had his wits about him.

Carman said, laughing foolishly, "We're going to be on every billboard in America. Screen's Greatest Lovers ——" He was standing beside her chair. People at neighboring tables were beginning to look and listen. Jack Carman couldn't go long unnoticed, any place in California. "Go on, dance with him. He's all right!" said Waterman to Eve, out of one corner of his mouth, dragging down a wise eyelid, smiling like a fatuous cherub. Eve

(Continued on Page 87)

STOP those Under-Door DRAUGHTS

In-Dor-Seals are hidden in the bottom edge of the door. A strong spring automatically drops and raises a heavy, soft strip of felt whenever the door is closed and opened.

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SEALED IN STEEL

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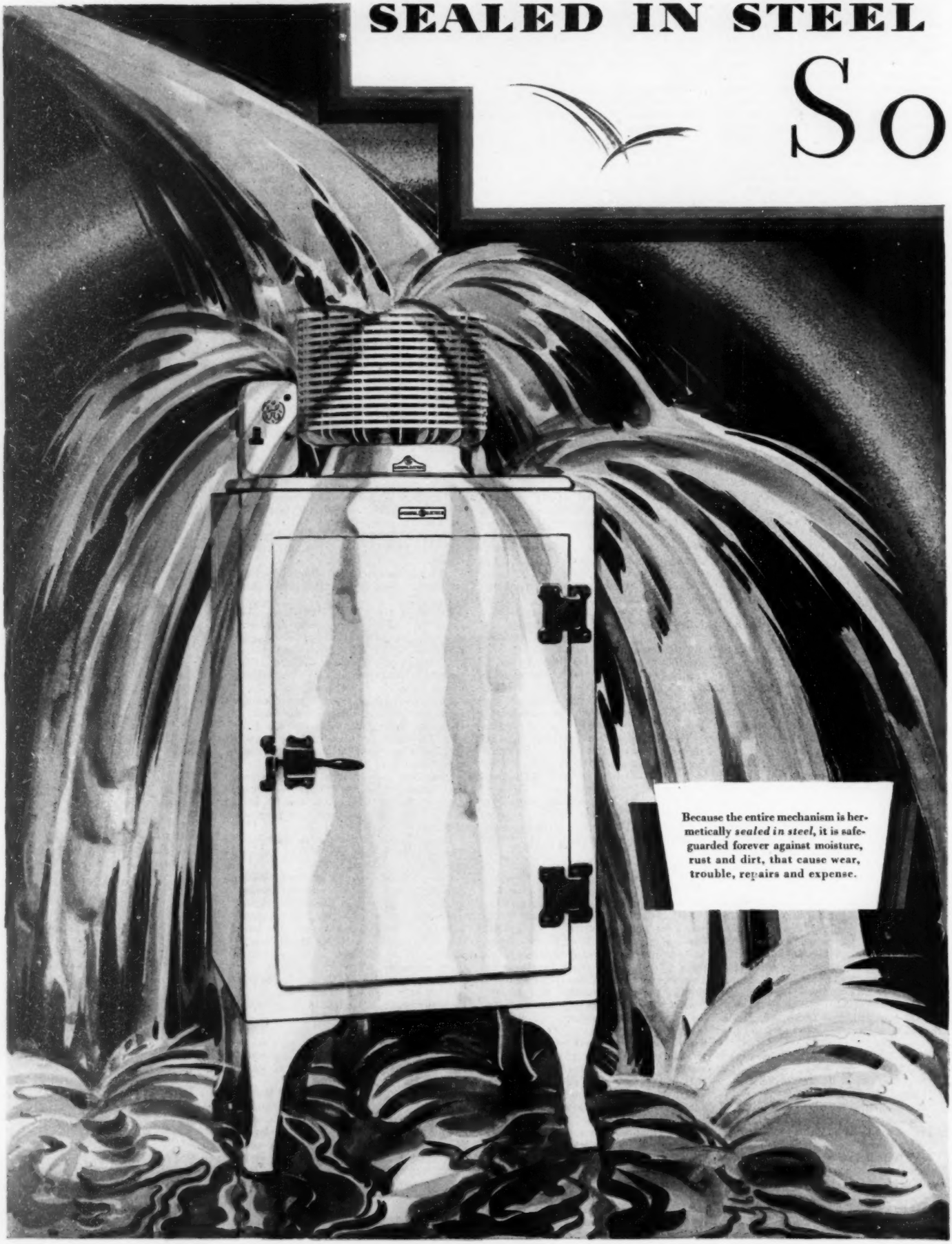
Because the entire mechanism is hermetically *sealed in steel*, it is safeguarded forever against moisture, rust and dirt, that cause wear, trouble, repairs and expense.

TROUBLE PROOF

that even drowned in water it still runs on

So trouble-proof that of the hundreds of thousands of owners, NOT ONE has paid a cent for service

Who would dare to put a refrigerator mechanism to such a test—to submerge it in water—and expect it to run?

Who would dare? Those same engineers who built a refrigerator mechanism so efficient, so utterly dependable, that they could *hermetically* seal it up with a *permanent* oil supply—and *know* that it would run faithfully through the years without a thought or worry.

They submerged it in water—and it still ran on. Think of the significance of such a test to you! Dust, dirt, moisture, rust—that lead to breakdowns and repair bills—are *powerless* to halt the flawless operation of General Electric mechanism. For, in that small round casing you see on top of every General Electric Refrigerator, the entire mechanism is barricaded in impregnable walls of steel *hermetically* sealed! Dust, dirt, moisture and rust can *never* get inside.

Here is a refrigerator that gives you *all* the recognized advantages of electric refrigeration—and a great deal more besides. A mechanism so efficient that your electric current bills are cut to but a few cents a day. An incredible quietness of operation the day you buy—and *always*. A freezing regulator that is accessible—right at your finger-tips. A snow white porcelain-lined cabinet that will wear like *steel*—because it *is* all-steel. And the entire mechanism *permanently* oiled, and *hermetically* sealed against trouble.

Years have passed since the first General Electric Refrigerators started running—and they still run on! TIME *itself* has failed to check their quiet, trouble-free efficiency. Years have passed, yet—of the hundreds of thousands of owners—*not one* has paid a cent for service. What a comfort to own a refrigerator with *such* a record! What true economy to consider cost of up-keep when you buy! What foresight to choose a General Electric!

Prices now start as low as $205 at the factory—and most people buy on our easy time payment plan. For our illustrated booklet, address Section S-4b, Electric Refrigeration Department of General Electric Company, Hanna Building, Cleveland, Ohio.

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Floyd Gibbons will tell you about this dramatic water test on the evening of April 19th at 9 o'clock, Eastern Standard Time over a N. B. C. network.

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ALL-STEEL REFRIGERATOR

Why 1,400 Big Business Concerns Use Fleets of 5 to Over 1,000 REO SPEED WAGONS

Model "DA" 1-Ton Speed Wagon — one of the 1,348 used throughout the United States by General Baking Company

. . . . Here's the Reason!

"TO meet today's intensive competition, trucks must perform *two* important functions: (1) Reduce distribution costs. (2) Increase business."

Low Distribution Cost

Thousands of truck-wise operators have learned in the costly school of experience, that low distribution cost is the result of moderate first cost of trucks; economical operation; and low depreciation because of long life. Many trucks offer one, some even two, of these low cost factors. However, a Reo Speed Wagon is the one truck that fulfills *all* of these requirements.

Speed Wagon prices are moderate—lower even than the price of many short-lived, less economical trucks. Any Reo dealer will be glad to furnish you with facts and figures on their low operating cost.

REO LONG LIFE SPEED WAGON 212

The long life of Reo Speed Wagons is a matter of official record. Scores show mileages of 200,000 miles or more. Hundreds have passed the 100,000-mile mark. Thousands of Speed Wagons are already on their way to even higher records.*

Thus Speed Wagons undoubtedly offer lower distribution cost to truck operators than any other truck in the field today.

Increasing Revenue

The faster the run, the greater the profit—particularly in these days of keen competition. Speed Wagons bring to trucking the speed and agility of a roadster. They speed up time schedules. Increase the number of stops and starts for sales, in a given space of time. Because of their speed they make it possible for you to secure and hold additional business in a larger territory. This results in increased business and greater revenue.

Consider, too, this important factor in increasing revenue: Your trucks are moving billboards advertising your business to the community. Their appearance says to thousands of people every day, "A first-class business" or "A second-class business."

Realizing the tremendous advertising importance of trucks that *look* high-class and that *are* high-class, Reo builds into Speed Wagons smart, first-class appearance that attracts new business.

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1,400 big business concerns have bought fleets of one to over one thousand Speed Wagons because Reo offers the one time-proven truck in which both low cost and the ability to increase business, are combined. Thousands of single truck users buy Speed Wagons for the same reason.

Call the nearest Reo Dealer. There is a Speed Wagon for every hauling need, capable of cutting your distribution costs and increasing your business. Wheelbase sizes up to 210"; capacities, with trailer, up to 15,000 pounds.

REO MOTOR CAR COMPANY, *Lansing, Mich.*

*Here are Speed Wagon long life features with which we invite comparison: Chrome nickel alloy iron cylinder blocks—the hardest of all cylinder materials; new low expansion aluminum alloy pistons—each outwearing 3 ordinary pistons; 6-cylinder engines; 7-bearing crankshafts; full pressure lubrication; extra heavy frames and large bearings; 4-wheel, 2-shoe, internal expanding hydraulic brakes; 4-forward speed transmission; built-in magazine chassis lubrication.

(Continued from Page 83)

thought: "Waterman's not so good as I thought." She thought, "Why did I ever come? Serves me right. I knew, this afternoon ——" She got up and walked out on the floor with Carman. He put his arm around her. He held her sickeningly close. The floor was crowded. For moments at a time they only milled around, edging along the floor in a press of other bodies. At any least chance of an opening, Carman made a mad dash; twice Eve's arm, tightening under his, saved him from a spill. She moved in a mist of revolt and helplessness. Trying vainly to hold herself away from him. Afraid not to smile, afraid not to humor him.

She thought: "Maybe when this is over I can get out to the dressing room by myself; slip away." Slip away where? Almost two hours away from Hollywood.

Carman said: "Sweet girl," close to her ear. The music was muted to a wooing whine, saxophonic caterwaulings, softly insidious. He drew Eve close. When she struggled as strongly as she dared, he only tensed his hold and smiled down at her. "Don't be afraid," he murmured masterfully. "I'll take care of you, darling."

"Please!" gasped Eve. "Please, Jack. It's so frightfully warm. I'd rather stop!"

"Can't stop now, sweetness," he returned solemnly. "Asked the orchestra leader for this piece. He's a personal friend of mine. If we stop now he'll never forgive me. Got to finish this dance, darling."

She looked with miserable eyes among the tables past which her dancing feet were taking her. She looked toward the door. Standing, leaning against the wall, she saw Traill.

He had been watching her. She knew that at once from the look on his face—grim disgust—and incredulity. Carman was steering her toward that corner of the floor. She kept her face turned to Traill's gaze. When she was nearest the point where he stood, when in another moment the current of dancers would have turned her away from him, she threw the most vehement appeal of which she was capable into her eyes. She did not dare signal him in any other way.

Her eyes were enough. Traill left the doorway at once. He made his way toward the dance floor. Eve did not dare look again.

She went on dancing. She even said, "Wonderful music, Jack!" with a nervous laugh. But when Traill touched Carman on the shoulder, she felt a shiver of relief go through her. It began at her heart and quivered out at the tips of her fingers.

"May I?" said Traill to Carman courteously, with a delightful smile of unspoken brotherhood.

Carman began to scowl, but Traill's obvious cool certainty of what Carman would do in such a situation, what any man of the world must do when cut in upon in a dance with a beautiful and desirable woman, had its effect. "Of course I'm not the professional you are," said Traill, gently smiling, "but I'd like to get part of this, if Eve doesn't mind."

Eve thought: "He's doing it beautifully. He ought to have ruffles at his wrists." She said: "That was lovely, Jack"—slipping out of Carman's relaxed hold, smiling at him charmingly, her hands cold and her face hot.

"Thanks so much, old man," said Traill, putting his arm about Eve's waist. He had her well away and going down the other side of the floor before Carman, moving rather uncertainly, turned back to the table where Lillian and Waterman sat, with heads coming closer and closer together.

Eve didn't speak. She couldn't control her voice. She was trembling violently. As they neared the door, Traill said in a lowered drawl, "Like to go out and sit in the car for a while?"

"Have you got a car, Jed?" she answered, naïvely surprised.

"Borrowed Shayne's car," said Traill, leading her out through the doorway. There were other people standing there. Eve's going was not conspicuous. "Reason I was so late," said Traill, "it had a flat tire and I had to get gas."

The car was a roadster, reassuringly small after the black-and-ivory chariot in which Eve had driven out from Los Angeles.

"You can get a lot of speed out of these, for a cheap car," said Traill, helping Eve in.

She thought: "He knows I'm about to howl. He's giving me time to get hold of myself." She set her teeth and strangled a weak desire to let herself go in tears.

She said, "I'm not going to have hysterics or anything, Jed, but . . . that was a ghastly experience."

"I'd just come in," said Traill. "I'd been watching him for about two minutes." After an icy moment, he added that he should enjoy breaking Carman's neck.

"Thanks a lot," said Eve.

Traill started the engine; he began to back the car out from the curb against which it stood.

"Where are we going?" asked Eve, with a long, shaken sigh. Not, she felt, that it mattered.

She thought, "He *is* what I heard in his voice that day. What he must have been through . . . to get so far away from it."

Traill said, "I'm going to drive you back to your place in Los Angeles. You've got no business on a party like that with a man like Carman."

"But my bag and my coat ——" said Eve. She sat quite still.

"He can take care of those," said Traill. Through the dark she caught the one-sided and engaging grimace of his smile.

"Oh-h-h, what air!" murmured Eve. She shut her eyes. She slid low in the seat of the little gray roadster, with her head back, with her hands linked loosely in her lap. She almost gasped, drawing in the night's cool flow as if her body thirsted for it.

"Smoke," she thought, "and smelly face powder and perfumes, and Scotch and sweat and dust; and all the time there was a half-moon outside and this air flowing like water." Her head still swam a little from the party. In her mind, as on the dressing-room mirror, a haze still blurred a little the outlines of the objective world. She thought: "Air does flow like water; remember, on the desert? Only this is different." She thought: "Well, of course Traill is different."

After a long, dark, delicious moment, in which Traill swung the car round an unseen curve and hurtled out, from the feel of it, upon a straight stretch, she thought: "Is anyone different? Aren't we all . . . aren't I myself the same fool over and over?"

At which she sat up a little and opened her eyes in subconscious readjustment.

"Where are we?" she asked. "I'm feeling better, thanks."

Traill said, "We're on the road to Los Angeles. You've been asleep, haven't you?"

"No, not asleep; just dreaming," said Eve. "'Life is a sleep,'" she said, "'and love is the dream'—do you believe that, Jed; or do you think it's any good trying to find out which is the dream? I don't."

"I haven't dreamed in so long, I've forgotten," said Traill.

Eve said, "You drive awfully well"—suddenly. She thought: "I sound like a sentimental spinster, past her first youth, trying to drag the conversation around to love."

Traill said, "First time I've driven in over a year."

"Did you know," said Eve, "that you were going to carry me off like this, or did the idea just come to you after you got there?" She began to recite: "'Oh, Young Lochinvar is come out of the west. . . .'"

Traill laughed. "'They'll have fleet steeds ——' What's Carman's—French or Italian? Why, no; I hadn't planned anything. I knew, from your asking me to stick around, you were in some sort of jam."

"You don't think ——" Eve cast an apprehensive glance back along the road. Traill had the top down. They ran through a wash of moonlight.

"Not a chance!" he comforted her. "First place, they won't realize at once that you've gone. They'll think you're sitting out somewhere. Didn't you leave a bag or something on the table?"

"Bag and gloves," said Eve. "And my coat in the dressing room."

"Then the Lloyd girl," said Traill, "will undoubtedly tell Carman that you'd never go off and leave your bag. Women," he pointed out, "will never believe that anyone could deliberately leave money. I hope it had money in it?"

"A five and two tens," said Eve. "There goes a new bag—and I'll need it!"

He slowed up instantly. She cried, "What are you doing?"

"Take you back," said Traill. "Hope I haven't gone too far."

"Jed ——" said Eve imploringly.

The car shot away again in a burst of speed. She slid lower in the seat once more. She slid her shoulder under his.

"Not cold, Eve?" asked Traill.

She said, "I'm terribly comfortable. Sing to me, Jed."

The half-moon hung in the sky like a broken penny, like a lover's token. From east to west, from north to south, not a cloud. Cool, limpid deeps of sky, freckled dimly with stars. Dark, crouching shapes of hills going by. Occasional lonely, dark gulches. Long stretches of grass, pale in the moonlight. Eve thought: "It's only an hour or two to Los Angeles. I wish it were all night. I could ride and ride and ride." She said: "Sometime I'd like to ride all night like this, with a moon, with the top down."

"With me?" asked Traill. He laughed before she could answer.

"Why not with you?" said Eve.

She had asked him to sing to her, but she felt a start and a tremor of delight go through her when he began suddenly:

"Some of these days, I'm goin' away.
Git on the wall an' blow!
Won' come back till Jedgment Day.
Git on the wall an' blow!

"Is that the way you want to go riding all night, Eve?"

"What is that, Jed?" said Eve. She thought: "It sounds like a spiritual—those long minors. It's wonderful; it's got something strange in it, too, like trumpets blowing. . . . What a line! 'Git on the wall.'"

"Sometimes up and sometimes down."

Traill was slouched low on the seat himself, driving not so fast now, singing close to her ear:

"Sometimes almos' los' an' gone.
Git on the wall an' blow!
O Lord, didn' you tell me.
Git on the wall an' blow!
I make one step, you make two.
Git on the wall an' blow!"

"Jed," said Eve, "that's utterly wonderful! What is it?"

Traill said: "There was an old negro woman on my father's place, in Gloucester County, Virginia, used to sing that when I was a kid. She said it was called the Death Song, because they used to sing dying people back to life with it. Her name was Aunt Harriet," he finished simply.

Eve felt the curious, thick flutter in her breast that meant her innermost self stirring, that meant the sleeper in her waking. One knew in such moments, all too well, which was the dream and which was life. Life was the moment of exaltation, the high moment, when one saw. . . . She thought: "If I can make him see too ——"

He was singing, with the wind in his hair, with his dark eyes fixed on the dim ribbon of a road ahead:

"When you git God soundin' right
Git on the wall and blow!
Tromple the music under yo' feet.
Git on the wall an' blow!"

Trumpets in his voice—trumpets calling from a high wall: "Git on the wall"—not so easy! Fight your way out of the ruck first; fight your way up—blood on the stones—even then, some can't stand heights.

(Continued on Page 90)

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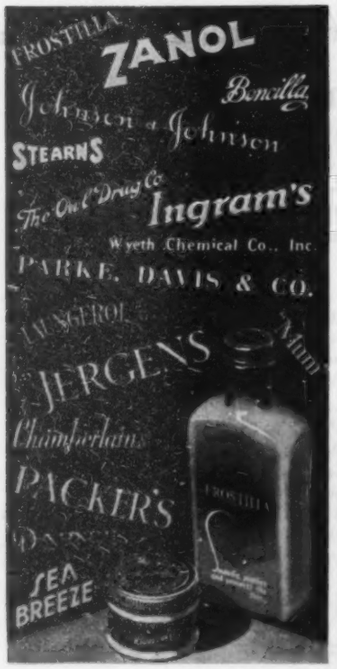

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(Continued from Page 87)

"Git on the wall and blow!" The ground below would be safer, of course. . . . To do what—die with your face in the dirt? Not a chance! The high moment's worth it—worth fighting up the wall for—the Death Song, to call dying people back. His voice was the voice of a fighter and a lover; she had heard those two in his voice. Why should he die?

"Jesus, Jesus, come my way;
Git on the wall and blow!
Don' let your chariot wheel delay;
Git on the wall and blow!"

Eve said, "Jed, stop the car. I want to tell you something. I want to talk to you."

He drew up at the side of the road with a long squeal of the brakes, with a powerful turn of the wheel. He looked down at her, questioning.

He said, "Are you cold, Eve? Why didn't you tell me?"

Eve said, "I'm all right. . . . Jed, that's your song!"

"What do you mean—it's my song?" he said. He was black and white in the moonlight, like a Pierrot. The black cap of his hair blown smooth back from his face. His black eyes, deep-set and unsmiling, watching Eve. His perpetually smiling mouth. She felt the flutter rise to her throat.

"Jed, I mean it's for you! While you were singing, I felt that."

"Oh," he said, "I see what you mean." He laughed.

"Don't laugh!" said Eve sharply. "Isn't it death not to care to live?"

"Yes," said Traill, "it's death."

"You don't care any more, do you?"

"Correct!" he said, and laughed again.

"But you could," said Eve, "and you have!"

"In my time," said Traill, "you're right I have."

She said: "When I heard your first playback, I heard you for the first time." She tried to tell him what she meant—about the thing the ear couldn't get without microphones and amplifiers. She insisted stubbornly, pleadingly: "You're still alive. It's in your voice. You think you're done for, but you're not. Jed, that song of yours. . . . There's a very gallant gentleman in you. . . ." Her voice choked and faltered. She said: "I know you think I'm a sentimental fool ——"

"You know what I think you are," said Traill, "don't you? You remember what I told you that night on the train?"

"I remember," said Eve.

"If you think," he said, "that there is anything in me you could ——" He hesitated.

She cut in, not daring to let him finish: "This afternoon, by the plane, I was surer than ever. That's why I asked you to help me. I knew ——"

"You knew you could have anything there was in me," said Traill. "Didn't you, Eve?"

"If that is true," said Eve, "I want the man I heard in the play-back." She said: "Courage—I worship it!" She thought—an incredulous cry in the deep shadows of her heart—"What am I doing? I must be crazy. What have I said to him?"

Whatever she had said, he started the car and swung out into the road again. He didn't touch her or speak, but as they picked up speed, he began softly to sing:

"O Lord, didn' you tell me.
Git on the wall an' blow!
I make one step, you make two.
Git on the wall an' blow!
Jesus, Jesus, come my way."

A voice in the wilderness:

"Git on the wall an' blow!
Don' let your chariot wheel delay."

Yet crying; not yet stilled; lifting up a call wrung from the travail of despair, yet living:

"Git on the wall and blow!"

. . . . . .

It was one by a clock in a drug-store window as they came into town. Not more than ten minutes later they drew up before the gray cottage. There was a light in the sitting room. Light glowed rosily out of the windows.

"Look!" said Eve in a startled whisper.

Traill said: "Somebody there?"

"I can't imagine ——" said Eve. They went up the stepping-stones close together.

Traill went ahead of Eve to open the door.

"Easy," he said, "till I see who it is."

It was Timberlake, sitting beside the sitting-room table, with a book in one hand, with a cigarette between the fingers of the other. The lamp shone on his bent red head. He looked up with a welcoming smile as Eve and Traill came toward him.

XIX

EVE said, when she could speak for stunned surprise: "Well, of all people!"—just as she had said it to Traill on the ship, as Traill remembered she had said it. She got that instantly, from the stiffening of his shoulders, the slight upward jerk of his head. As if someone had uppercut him when he wasn't looking. She thought: "What a fool—what a sickening fool I am! Why did I have to say that? Whatever on earth shall I say? I can't have him think ——"

Impossible to mistake what Traill was thinking. As if a curtain dropped before his eyes. His mouth set itself, inscrutably smiling.

Timberlake got to his feet lazily, stretching himself. Carpet slippers and a dressing gown couldn't have added to his air of complete at-homeness.

"Well?" he said.

Eve said, "We left Lillian and Lieutenant Waterman at the club," in a small nervous voice, as if she owed Timberlake an explanation. No amount of inner raging, no struggle with herself, however fierce, gave her poise and calm with Timberlake. Inevitably, in his presence, she slid back into immaturity, ridiculous adolescence—a young girl whom he could control, direct. She thought: "What shall I do? This is unbearable!" She began: "How on earth did you ——"

But Timberlake never let her finish. He said to Traill: "Smoke?"—offering a box of cigarettes taken from the table. "The perfect host," thought Eve, filled with bitter and helpless resentment. "Didn't know you'd gone out with Eve, Traill," said Timberlake.

Eve said, "I asked Mr. Traill to drive me home"—in a desperate need to have Traill meet her look, to make him realize that Timberlake's presence here, in her house, at this hour, waiting thus domestically for her return, was not her doing—more than that, by no desire of hers.

"Thanks. I think not," said Traill, refusing a cigarette. His voice was glacial. He did not look once at Eve. He looked at Timberlake aloofly, and with somewhat the same contemptuous courtesy with which he had cut in on Carman, dancing his species of barnyard tango.

"Won't you sit down?" said Eve to Traill, who wasn't looking at her. She thought: "The oldest line on any stage, but it's still good. If he would sit down I might be able to get rid of Timberlake. But he won't. His crazy pride. He'll go now, thinking ——" She refused to image his thoughts. "And after that ride, after his saying to me, 'You knew you could have anything there was in me. Didn't you, Eve?'" After her telling him, after his song, all her fine talk—her beautiful hands pulling him up out of hell—just to let him slip back, deeper. "Jed," she said, "won't you sit down?" She even laid the tips of her fingers on his arm, with Timberlake watching her, but Traill gave no indication of feeling them there, so she had to let them slip off. She thought: "What a laugh!"

"Sit down, Traill, do!" said Timberlake in his rich, husky voice.

"Have you been here long?" asked Eve of Timberlake. She tried to sound cold, displeased, offended and unforgiving. But having been born to certain absurd niceties of living, she couldn't bring herself to say to that stony quiet of Traill's: "This man is nothing to me. He has no right here. He has no right over me. He is putting me in an outrageously false position." She couldn't answer a question that Traill hadn't asked. While she was standing there, stupidly struggling to decide what she could do, Traill said good night and went, without looking at her; without putting out his hand, even. From the moment when he opened the door and saw Timberlake sitting there waiting, Traill had broken off contact with Eve. As if the barrier had been there—all along—waiting to crash her. She heard the door shut behind him—a dull and ugly sound. Then, not before, she turned on Timberlake, flaming: "What do you suppose he thinks? How could you? I was never so humiliated!" She thought: "Now, when it's too late, I'm a common shrew. I can tell him what I think of him for this, but I couldn't tell him while Jed was here, when it might have helped." She put both hands to her eyes, and Timberlake put his arm around her and pushed her down into a deep chair, kissed the top of her head soothingly.

"You poor kid!" he said. "All worn out, aren't you? Very wild party?" He sat on the arm of the chair. He rumpled her hair.

"Get away, please!" said Eve, with stifled violence.

Timberlake got up. He went over to the table and lit a cigarette. When Eve dropped her hands and looked at him, he was sitting on the edge of the table, swinging one foot and watching her amusedly, with reddish lights deep under his heavy brows.

She said: "How did you get in?" She thought: "This is like any vulgar scene in a revue. Just one more black-out"—only it wasn't a black-out. No such merciful oblivion. There she sat. There Timberlake sat. The light still shone sweetly on them both from a copper lamp with a plaited red shade which stood at Timberlake's elbow, on the table. On the table, too, sat the little pot-bellied god, the small white-jade deity which had been Traill's lucky piece. "What did you think he was grinning over?" He had now more cause than ever for grinning—as causes go—and as gods find them.

She said again: "How did you get in—if you don't mind saying?"—because Timberlake hadn't answered. Merely sat looking at her and smiling. "Mr. Traill probably thinks," she added mordantly, "that you have a latchkey."

At that, Timberlake took a latchkey from his pocket and dropped it on the table. It struck the polished surface with a frail metallic clash.

Eve said wildly: "That's not mine!"

"Lillian's," said Timberlake pleasantly. "Nothing to raise such a dust about. I met Lillian this afternoon—she and her Navy were on their way out to San Pedro. I told her there was something I wanted to see you about and she told me you probably wouldn't be back till tonight. Gave me her key in case I wanted to come in and wait for you."

"And why couldn't you have explained that when we came in?" said Eve. She was shaking with fatigue and nerves.

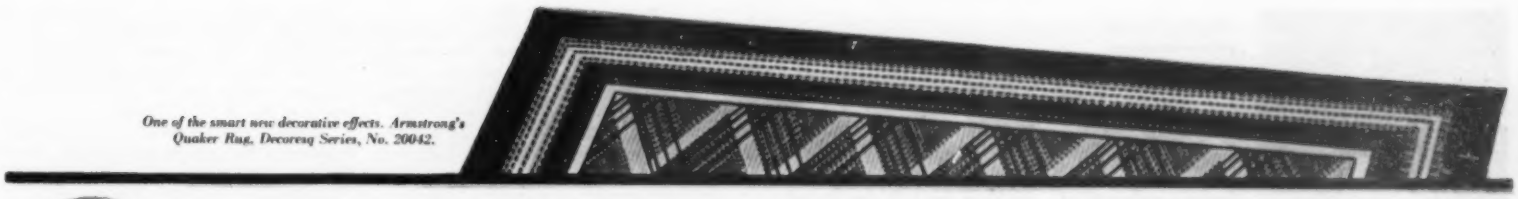
"Well, why should I?" said Timberlake coolly.

"Do you enjoy having Mr. Tr——" she cut that off. "Having another man think ——"

"My darling," said Timberlake with a genial grin, "I don't give a good so-and-so what that second-rate ham thinks about anything, from relativity to prohibition. I see no reason why you should. What are you, anyhow?" he finished, with abruptly frowning contempt. "Some sniveling little cash girl, some small-town stenog . . . or a woman who is big enough to do her own thinking, who can write at least one of her own ten commandments? You're going to be a great actress some day, Eve, if you ever get up nerve enough to be a woman."

Eve said, "He is not a second-rate ham!"—pale with fury.

(Continued on Page 92)



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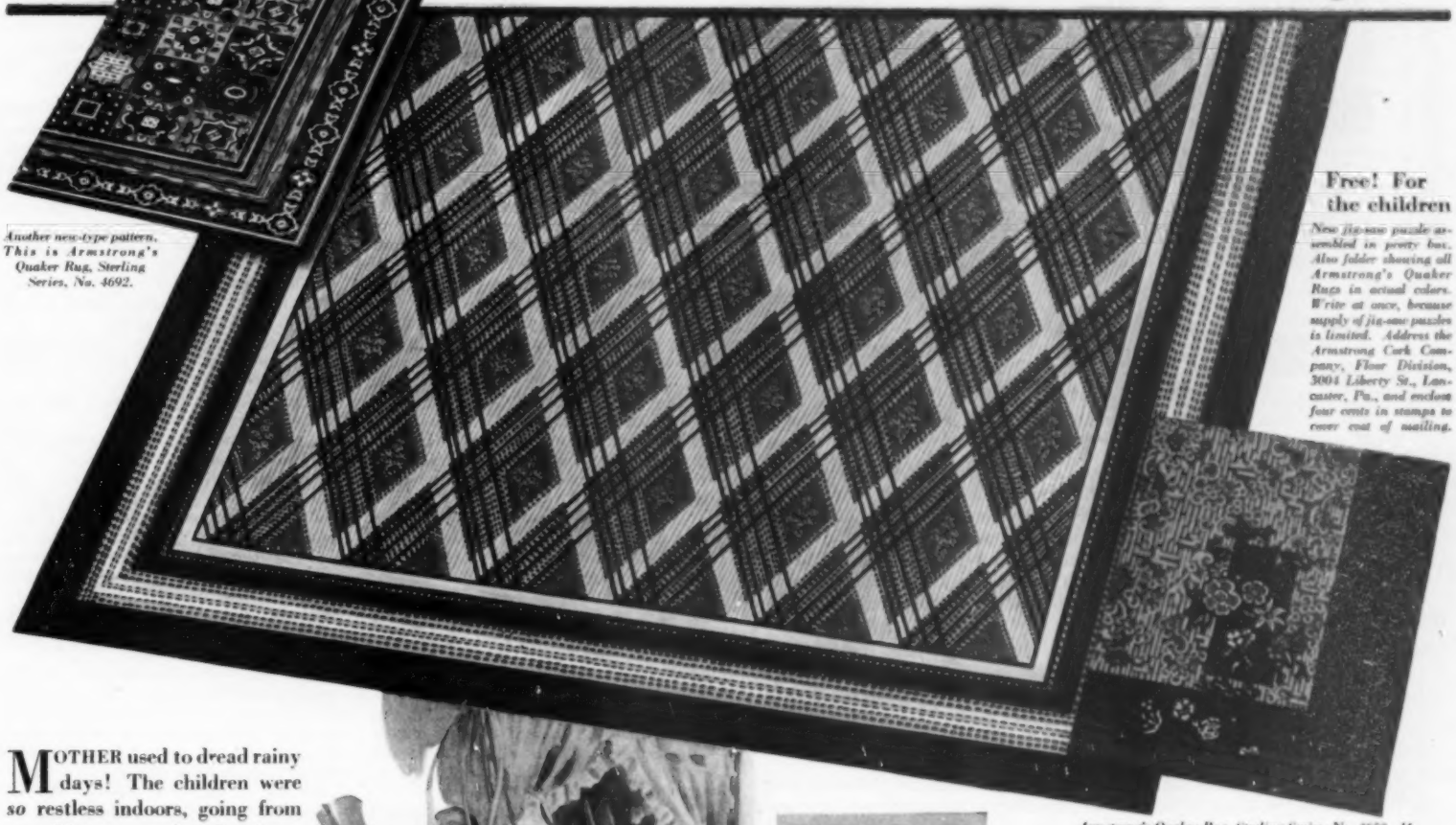

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(Continued from Page 90)

"Is that all you heard of what I just said to you?" asked Timberlake. He got off the table and came over to her chair. She slid to her feet and faced him, head up, eyes blazing in her colorless face.

"You're a sweet idiot!" said Timberlake. He put his hand on her arm to quiet her. She shook it off.

She said clearly: "He is not a second-rate ham, and I won't have you say that he is."

"All right," said Timberlake; "you tell it. What is he?"

He kept his eyes on her face—a curious listening look. Too, almost as if he tasted or touched something rare—something with which he was not yet entirely familiar, but which his senses at their keenest desired to appraise.

Eve said, swept by a blinding rage: "He is a flyer, and you know it."

"How's that?" asked Timberlake, smiling a little.

"Jimmy Sutherland told them at National Players. I know that you know."

"I believe I did hear something of the sort," said Timberlake blandly. "Well, what of it? He can't have been much of a flyer."

Eve said, "He was an ace."

The river was bearing her now, at a terrifying speed, between banks glimpsed but dimly. Timberlake's eyes, the taunting voice—those she was vividly conscious of. The devil in him whipped a devil of resentment in her, past all discretion. He said, folding his arms, grinning down at her with a kind of caressing insolence:

"If he's such a good flyer, what's he doing loafing around a studio singing for his supper? Little Tommy Tucker, or what have you? No, no, girl, somebody's been kidding you. That bird never ——"

Eve said, trembling: "Did you never hear that when a man crashes, if he can't fly again soon enough, he loses his nerve? Did you know that a thing like that could happen to a man?"

"Is that Traill's trouble?" asked Timberlake. He rocked on his heels slightly. He compressed his full fine lips. He affected a polite amazement.

"That's his trouble," said Eve. Then, and only then, it came over her like a breaking wave that she had betrayed Traill's confidence. She said, "Oh, what a rotten fool!"—in a heartbroken whisper.

"Not Traill, surely," said Timberlake.

"No, no; not him—me!" said Eve. She put her hand up to her unsteady mouth. Timberlake caught the chilly fingers and warmed them tenderly in his own, no longer mocking, no longer driving her.

He said: "Forget it, girl. What do I care about the clinical history of a singing double, more or less? That's all he is to me. What's he to you? Anything more than that?"

"No," said Eve faintly. She thought: "There ought to be a cock crowing somewhere—or must betrayals go in threes, before a cock crows."

She called up all her reserves; she said, "What was it you wanted to see me about?" trying to accept Timberlake's statement of his complete indifference to Traill's past history at its face value.

"Have a cigarette," said Timberlake. "Then I'll tell you. Pretty tired, aren't you, Eve?" His gentleness was devastating in direct ratio as his cruelty.

"I am," said Eve weakly, following him over to the table. "I'm horribly tired."

Timberlake said, "Well, I'll go home and let you go to bed, but you might like to know first, what I came here tonight to tell you. National Players has bought your old story—thing you were playing when I first saw you in New York."

"What Luck?" cried Eve. Unbelievably, excitement ran through her like little flames through grass, devouring her tiredness. "Not really! You don't mean ——"

"If you're good," said Timberlake, "some day soon you'll be in a London supper club again, while your British aviator is flying over No Man's Land."

"You know I'd give anything ——" said Eve, drawing a long breath, laughing shakily. "I was mad about that girl. I always adored the part. It was just mine!"

"I know it was," said Timberlake. "That's why I urged them to buy it."

"You did? It was you ——"

"Do you think," he said, "I don't know what you're capable of? What your possibilities are? There's a rare woman in you, Eve."

With his heavy hands on her shoulders, she thought: "He sees someone in me—like my seeing someone in Traill. . . ."

He shook her slightly. She felt he could have uprooted her where she stood, as a high wind uproots a tree, but he only rocked her gently to and fro. A terrifying gentleness. He said: "We've got our hands on strange forces today. The human is the least factor. We're years behind our mechanical powers. But get the human under control and there's nothing we can't do!"

"You mean—what do you mean?" said Eve, almost in a whisper, dazed by the physical force enveloping her.

"Twenty-five years ago," said Timberlake, "things spelled madness that today are common truths."

"You are the kind of man," said Eve, "whose madness comes true."

"And you," said Timberlake slowly, "are the woman I need to prove that to the world." He said: "Your voice, your eyes, your violin soul—you're the instrument I need. But I've got to teach you, Eve. Leave yourself in my hands and I'll give you everything on this earth a woman could want. I swear to you, you'll never regret ——"

Presently he released her. He said: "Go to bed. You're worn out. You're not yourself. I'll see you tomorrow."

She stood where she was till the door closed behind him, going. Then she wiped tears off her cheeks and went to bed, putting her green frock away on a hanger in the closet. Traill had said: "I don't think I ever saw you in green before."

She lay on her back between the cool white sheets, with hands locked across her heart. She couldn't sleep. She hadn't really expected to sleep. Her mind went round and round like a waltzing mouse. She thought: "You're a lady alone, Eve." Eddie dead. Jimmy Sutherland, who might have been someone to hang to; a friend, in fact—Jimmy gone back to Broadway. Traill gone. The pattern opened out, the road in which she was walking showed suddenly ahead. Timberlake waiting. He had said she was the instrument he needed to make his pictures. If she were to make a living, she would need him, inevitably.

She thought: "I'm in a bad spin." With a smile crookeder than any Traill's mouth had ever twisted in, she thought: "I dare say, it won't hurt my Art."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Have You
a Child
born in 1918?
(A child whose 12th birthday
falls in 1930?)
6 EX.
2¼x3¼ IN.
KODAK FILM
120
Typical pictures, actual size, 2¼x2¾ inches, taken with the Anniversary Camera and Kodak Film.
Then Accept this Special Anniversary Camera and Roll
of Kodak Film as a Gift! . . . PAY NOTHING . . . BUY NOTHING

PARENTS . . CHILDREN . .

500,000 Cameras to be distributed FREE, to the Children of America

Beginning May 1, 1930, in celebration of the 50th Anniversary of Kodak . . . with the compliments of George Eastman, Chairman of the Board of the Eastman Kodak Company

HAVE you a child whose *twelfth birthday* falls in any month of the calendar year 1930?

Beginning on the first day of May, 500,000 cameras as illustrated—each complete with a roll of Kodak Film—are to be distributed free to children whose 12th birthdays occur any time this year.

It is a nation-wide gift, in celebration of the 50th Anniversary of Kodak, presented with the compliments of George Eastman, Chairman of the Board of the Eastman Kodak Company, to the Children of America.

If you have a child reaching the age of twelve this year, simply take him or her to an authorized Kodak dealer's *on or after May 1, 1930,* and get the camera.

You pay nothing, you buy nothing. This is a gift.

Why the Gift is Made

Editors and educators say this is one of the most unusual public gifts in the history of American industry. For it is openly made to benefit both the giver and the children who receive it.

Many of these authorities hold that its acceptance is a duty every parent owes his child.

For, as a factor in developing character, observation, appreciation of beauty and a depth of human understanding, one points out, amateur picture-making is probably second to no other as an educational adjunct.

It brings a child in touch, says another, with every phase of life and nature, and implants a clean interest in the formative mind, during the dangerously impressionable years, when a wholesome pastime is most needed to safeguard the future of the growing child.

THE GIFT IS MADE WITH TWO ENDS IN VIEW:

From a sentimental standpoint: As a token of appreciation to the grandparents and parents who for 50 years have played so important a part in the development of amateur picture-taking in America, and of the Eastman Kodak Company. To place in the hands of their children and grandchildren an admittedly important educational and character-building force.

From a business standpoint: As a means of interesting hundreds of thousands more children in picture-taking. And thus to raise amateur photography, among the coming generation, to even greater heights than its present remarkable peak. For as amateur photography increases in popularity, the use of Kodak products will naturally increase with it.

Watch for May 1, 1930

The Anniversary Cameras will be at authorized Kodak dealers' everywhere on May 1—ready for distribution. None before that date.

Take your child to one of these stores. Get the camera. No red tape, no delay, no cost.

The gift-giving period begins on May 1, 1930, and will extend into the month of May as long as the supply of 500,000 cameras holds out. *To avoid disappointment, act early.* Be sure of getting one for your child. Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y.

* * *

NOTE: In appreciation of their coöperation and loyalty through the years, this special Gift Camera will be distributed through stores of the nation-wide network of active, authorized Kodak dealers. Authorized Kodak dealers are located everywhere. Step up to the Kodak counter on May 1, 1930, with your child and ask for the Gift Camera.

A Gift of 500,000 Cameras

The Camera—complete with one roll of Kodak Film—is to be given absolutely WITHOUT COST to any child whose twelfth birthday falls in any month of 1930.

500,000 Cameras, as illustrated, are to be given to children who reach the age of twelve this year.

The gift is from the Eastman Kodak Company, with the compliments of George Eastman, Chairman of the Board, in commemoration of Kodak's 50th Anniversary.

Gift Cameras will be distributed May 1, 1930, by authorized Kodak dealers, and continued until the supply of 500,000 is exhausted. None after May 31, 1930.

To get a Camera, simply take your child to an authorized Kodak dealer. Pay nothing. Child must be accompanied by either parent or guardian.

For a Noteworthy Expression from Mrs. Calvin Coolidge, as to the Significance of the Eastman Gift, See Page 75 of this Publication

Makes Drinks Taste BETTER

TRY this modern way to win the praise of your party guests. Serve the drinks with Stone's Straws. They make even the best drink taste better. Your drinks will look better, too, when served with these dainty, golden-tinted straws.

Get a 10-cent Home Package of Stone's Straws at your druggist's or delicatessen store today. Serve them with drinks on all occasions. You'll find them great for inducing the kiddies to drink their milk.

To be sure of the genuine, always ask for Stone's Straws by name. They're used throughout the world. If your dealer cannot supply you, send us his name and 10c and we will send you a package postpaid. Stone Straw Corp., Washington, D.C.

STONE'S Sanitary STRAWS

HARD MONEY

(Continued from Page 27)

"I do not make you out, ma," he said. "What does it do with little Claas?"

"Time will tell," said Anneke.

And time did tell. In the beginning the adventure showed satisfactory profits. Abel wandered the country, westward and southward, buying cattle and sheep and horses, for horse trading was a natural companion to the rest. He was adroit. Some say it was he who invented the strategy of selling the harness with the horse.

"I buy me a horse," he explained, "and along comes a booby and looks him over. More men don't know about horses than do. So, perty soon I say to him, 'Bub, you take this critter at the price and I'll throw in the harness he stands in.' So he thinks he's gittin' a bargain. But you'd be surprised what a harness kin cover up, Jan. Oh, the's ways and ways. Supposin' he's a cribber. Waal, a piece of string tied around his tongue 'll do wonders. Or take an old horse. You can file his teeth; and, if you know how, you can hide them hollers over the eyes that comes with age. Jest punch a hole through the skin and blow 'em full of air. And a body can almost make his veal pay his lodgin'. I've sold veal so young you got to almost drink it through a straw instead of chewin' it."

These things sounded more humorous than dishonest as Abel related them, but they aroused, nevertheless, a vague uneasiness in the recesses of Jan's mind. It aroused no uneasiness, however, that, after every trip, when Abel had collected and driven his herd to New York to sell to the butchers, he never returned without a present for Phœbe. A dress pattern or a fan. Always something to delight the heart of that vain, shallow young woman.

It is true that he often regarded Phœbe with surprise and wondered a little that she had so completely regained that prettiness which had attracted him in the beginning. There had been a tendency toward slatternliness and carelessness. But that was gone. She primped. She became more exacting in her demands for dresses and for bonnets and for articles with which to embellish herself. Also, she ceased talking about the carriage, which was a relief.

Matters went on so during the remainder of 1809. Abel rendered punctilious accountings, which Jan had no means of checking; he allowed both capital and profits to lie, so that the trade might be expanded. In short, he gave scant attention to the matter, leaving it in the hands of his friend, for more serious affairs demanded his attention. Jefferson's policies were bearing bitter fruit to pucker the lips of the mild and wavering Madison. Relations with France and England were in such a snarl that nothing but war could extricate them; New England Federalists and the commercial classes in general were in a state of bitter antagonism toward the Administration, and a factional fight was forming itself within the Republican Party which has seldom been equaled for venom, for unscrupulous political methods and for power of destruction. Men with the seeing eye shook their heads, for the Government, in both its executive and legislative branches, was sinking to the lowest point of futility possible if the Union were to continue. Enough to cause wrinkles on the face of a young banker and to hold his attention distracted from the lesser and more personal matters which transacted themselves under his nose.

In April of 1810, Jan was absent for some three weeks upon a journey to Boston in connection with his shipping adventure. He returned on the first of May, to find Anneke in his house and Phœbe absent from it.

"Where's my wife?" he asked as his mother met him at the door. "She is sick?"

"Gone," said Anneke succinctly.

Jan stood upon his threshold and looked into his mother's eyes. He seemed stolid and phlegmatic and slow of comprehension.

"Dead?" he asked.

"Run away," said Anneke, "with Abel Betts."

The expression of his round face did not change, though the apple cheeks were grayer than was their wont.

"The babies?" he asked.

"She didn't want any babies. They're asleep upstairs."

Jan swallowed once. The babies were there; his sons, for whom he was building; his sons, who were to perpetuate the family his dreams were founding!

"Phœbe went away with Abel Betts," he said. It was no question, but a statement. He was announcing this fact to himself. He had granted himself the luxury of a friendship, with such results. He had felt a wife to be essential and had taken a wife, with such results. Wife and friend were gone.

It was not grief which was born in that moment, but hatred. He had never known hatred before, and the depth and strength of it astonished him; it astonished him to perceive that he hated Abel Betts not because he had stolen Phœbe but because he had violated that friendship. He did not regret Phœbe—and that was strange. He felt no grief at her going or anger against her for deserting him. She was negligible—curiously negligible. As far as she was concerned, his emotion was almost one of relief. But Abel Betts! He had trusted Betts. He had given of his affection and his confidence to the man—more affection than trust, it is true. And Abel now proved himself to be no friend.

"What will you do?" Anneke interrupted his thoughts.

"Nothing, now," he said.

"Do you go after them? To fetch her back?"

"No."

Anneke shook her head, for there was hot blood in her aging veins. This she could not comprehend.

"You know your business," she said.

"I know it good," said Jan.

From that instant the matter was never mentioned between them again; Phœbe's name never again passed his lips; but in the morning he awoke to the consciousness of a new interest in life, an avocation, a driving hobby, if you will—and that was the destruction of Abel Betts, his complete and utter destruction and abolition. This hobby was never mentioned by him, and as the years passed the origin of the feud existing between him and Betts was forgotten, though its existence brought fortunes to certain men and poverty to certain others. It is safe to say that from this day Jan Van Horn undertook no transaction in which Abel Betts was not in his mind, and made no move which did not carry him nearer to his revenge. This was his first and last friendship.

News came to him presently that Abel had bought the Elk's Horn Tavern by the side of the Boston Road and not distant from the Bowery. For it he paid in cash, and Jan knew the amount. It informed him that Abel had been untrustworthy in matters of finance as well as in friendship. The tavern was purchased with Jan Van Horn's money, but Jan instituted no lawsuit, demanded no accounting. He had been defrauded. He had been openly robbed. But he made no complaint, nor did he let the matter be known by any human being.

Then, in August, came news that Phœbe was dead—in the epidemic of that year. Phœbe was dead and Jan was alone with his sons, a widower whose age was twenty-seven years.

It was not from Jan that Anneke learned of Phœbe's death, but from rumor and the tongues of outsiders. She did not know if Jan was aware of it; nor, sturdy woman that she was, did she dare put the question to him.

x

IT WAS in the years just preceding the outbreak of the inevitable War of 1812 that Jan Van Horn perceived he had hitched his wagon to a declining star. To him, reared as he had been under the Van Rensselaer dynasty and the manorial system, this splendid, gracious, unbusinesslike, aristocratic state of affairs seemed a permanent thing. It must last forever, with patroon following patroon into infinity. But travel and a keen perception taught him otherwise. As his concerns carried him about the distraught but growing country, he saw that the oligarchy of the Hudson River was doomed; he was able to comprehend that it was erected upon an idea which could not breathe the air of a republic of independent and liberty-loving men. His imagination instructed him that it would inevitably be succeeded by something less glamorous, less polite, less colorful, but immensely more efficient and, regarded socially, more democratic. Ownership of money would replace ownership of land; achievement in politics or in commerce would replace birth; a new system of values was being born.

Therefore he cast about him. The patroonship and its neighbors had served him; he would let it continue to serve him as long as value resided in it, but when it crumbled and vanished he would be equipped with a new and sure foundation; a foundation constructed by the times, and strong to bear the edifice demanded by the new age and its events.

Banking, to him, would be no longer a matter of genial accommodation for the great and of an astute use of the savings of the small. The banking of the future—already indicated to him by the operations of the Rothschilds in Europe—would be an affair of underwriting the advance of the world. Men might plan and invent and devise; wildernesses might be conquered and distances annihilated, but before such schemes could be brought to the bearing of fruit, the banker must provide the money to make them real.

There was a strain of high imagination in this young Dutchman with the stolid exterior—a strain almost of poetry. This was never comprehended by his rivals or even by his associates, and, as one studies his life and the documents upon which a narration of it must be based, it is apparent that it was precisely this attribute which elevated him above the rest, which made him seem almost a worker of miracles, incomprehensible, inscrutable, capable of sudden coups which left the beholding world breathless and gasping. So Jan Van Horn told himself in his secret heart that the business of a banker was to transmute dreams into steel and iron, into floating ships and flourishing cities; into clanking mills and overflowing warehouses. Money—always money! He thought always in terms of money, as a coffee merchant thinks in terms of coffee or a planter thinks in terms of tobacco.

Also it was evident to him that a banker must know. Next to gold and silver, information appeared to him to be the most precious commodity in the world. So he set about the construction of that system which was to become world famous; a system which, in years to come, was to enable him to give news to governments, to be aware of world events days before the slow communication of the day put knowledge in the hands of the very participants. He saw that the man who knew could act. If he knew before the other man, he could act to the other's disadvantage and to his own enrichment.

In the beginning this news-gathering army was haphazard and to an extent fortuitous. Word went about that Jan Van Horn paid for reliable information, and men came secretly to his countingroom to swap facts for currency. Also he was astute enough to know that others—John Jacob Astor, for instance—had their own means of gathering facts, and he tapped their wires, as it were. News from England, reaching Canada, was relayed to Astor by

(Continued on Page 98)

SUN-TANNED

THEIR BODIES LITHELY
BEND IN BALANCE
AS THE
WAVES RUSH BY

LEAN and healthy under a Pacific sun they ride the curling waves . . . tense, vigorous, clear-eyed, they laugh in sport as the long breakers rumble on the beach at Waikiki . . . and as they lounge along the sand or sit in the cool cafés of the hotels, they find new vigor and refreshment in drinking "Canada Dry."

Here is a beverage which suits the healthy activity of outdoor men and women. Keen as the piercing beauty of a tropic sunrise . . . mellow as a lingering afternoon under the whispering palms . . . delightful as dancing moonlight on the restless, blue Pacific . . . such is the quality, the taste, the marvelous flavor of this fine old ginger ale.

This is the sportsman's beverage. For in it sportsmen recognize the quality which makes it the aristocrat of beverages—basic excellence. The very foundation of "Canada Dry" is "Liquid Ginger"—which we make from selected Jamaica ginger root by a special process. This process is exclusively controlled by us and, unlike any other method, retains for "Canada Dry" all of the original aroma, flavor and natural essence of the ginger root. Rigid laboratory control assures uniformity, purity and highest quality. A special process of carbonation enables "Canada Dry" to retain its delicately piquant life and sparkle long after the bottle has been opened.

The result is not only a marvelous flavor but also a wonderful refreshing quality which is appealing to more and more people every day. The result of clean sport well played is healthfulness; and the vigor of "Canada Dry" suggests to sportsmen the vigor of a game well played.

Convince yourself! At the Houses of Parliament in Ottawa it is served. In great hotels in New York you'll find it. Travel to Paris, London, South America; notice what beverage appears in the saloons of famous transatlantic liners. These are the places where "Canada Dry" has won the approving nod of connoisseurs.

Serve "Canada Dry." It will grace your table as it does those of many, many people. Order it today in the Hostess Package of 12 bottles.

"CANADA DRY"

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

The Champagne of Ginger Ales

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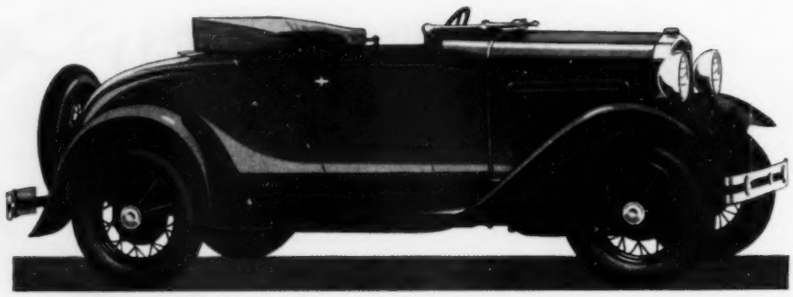


THE NEW FORD ROADSTER

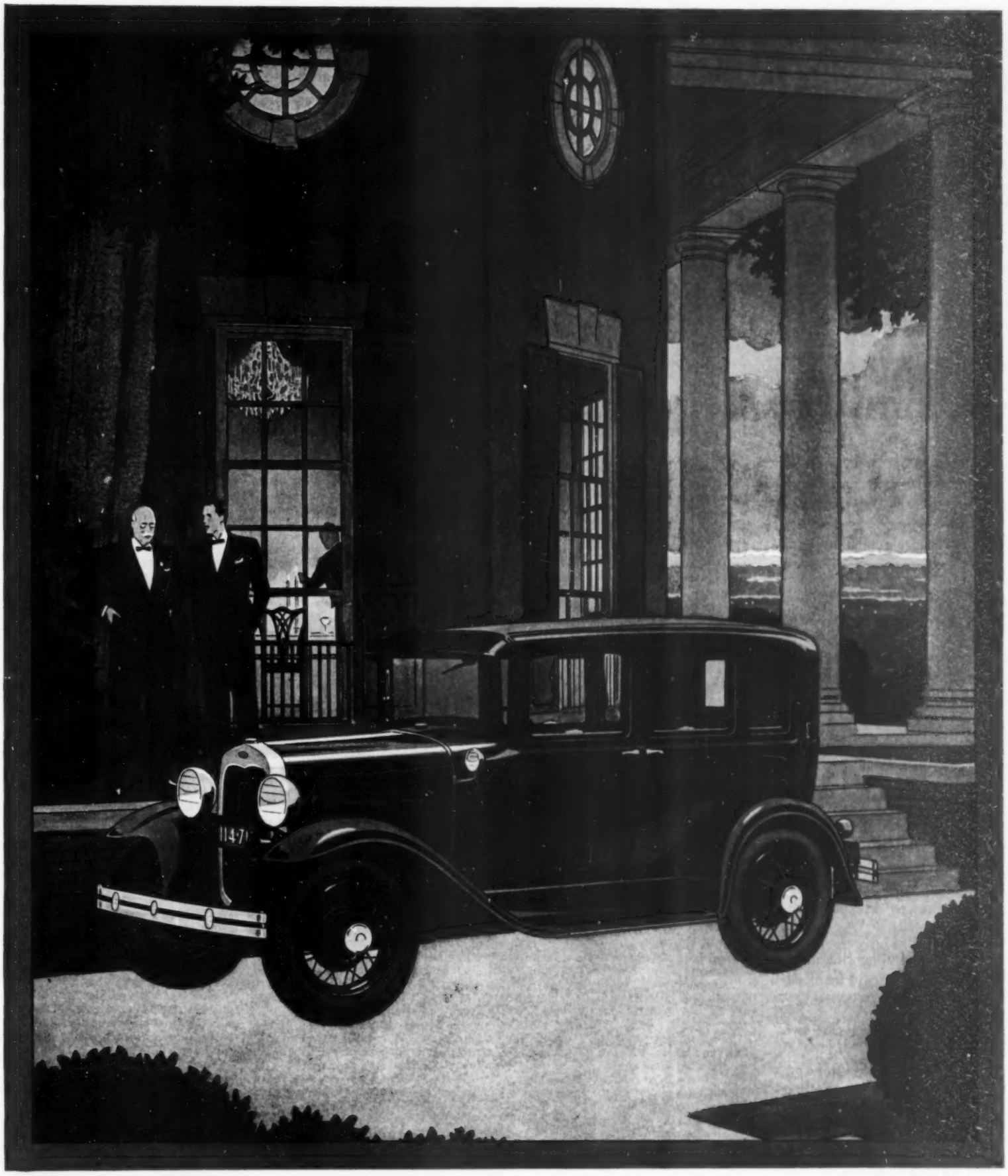
A great car to drive because of its smart style and alert, capable performance. The beauty of the straight, sweeping lines is given added charm by the rich and attractive colors. The Triplex shatter-proof glass windshield folds flat. The seat is wide and roomy.

An admired grace of line and contour

Seeing the new Ford as it speeds along the broad highway or parked proudly before an honored door, you are impressed by its flowing grace of line and contour. There is about it, in appearance and in performance, a substantial excellence which sets it apart and gives it character and position unusual in a low-priced car. « « «

As days go by, you will find that it becomes more and more your favorite car to drive—so responsive, so easy to handle, so safe, comfortable and reliable that it puts a new joy in motoring. « « « « « « « « «

Quality far beyond the price has been built into it. In design, material and construction it has been made to give you many thousands of miles of faithful, uninterrupted service. « « « « « « « « «



THE NEW FORD TOWN SEDAN *Distinguished by its beauty of line and mechanical excellence. Among its features are . . . fully enclosed internal expanding four-wheel brakes, four Houdaille double-acting hydraulic shock absorbers, Triplex shatter-proof glass windshield, 55 to 65 miles an hour, quick acceleration, reliability, economy and long life. A distinct forward step is the use of Rustless Steel for the head lamps, radiator shell, hub caps, cowl finish strip, tail lamp and other exposed metal parts. It will not rust, tarnish or scale in any weather and will retain its brilliance for the life of the car.*

QUALITIES THAT ORDINARY PAPER TOWELS LACK . . . . . ARE FEATURES THAT SELL

BAY WEST

MOSINEE DUBLTOWLS

and *keep them sold*

1. 73 times faster absorbency

2. 4½ times greater strength

Proved by tests comparing Dubltowls with ordinary paper towels, carried out in conformity with U. S. Bureau of Standards Circular No. 294.

One Dubltowl dries two wet hands quickly *and pleasantly!* These pure sulphate kraft paper towels last longer because fewer are used.

That is why Bay West Mosinee Dubltowls are replacing ordinary paper towels and cloth towels in the washrooms of—

Factories, Public Buildings, Office Buildings, Hospitals, Theaters, Stores, Schools.

Investigate this superior towel service now. Let Dubltowls prove to you their many superiorities.

BAY WEST PAPER CO.
Green Bay, Wisconsin
— A DIVISION OF MOSINEE PAPER MILLS CO.

for COMPLETE FACTS MAIL THE COUPON

BAY WEST PAPER CO., Green Bay, Wis.
Kindly send Government facts about towel tests, and several free Dubltowls.

Name .....
Business .....
City ..... State .....

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(Continued from Page 94)

his fur traders, by *coureurs de bois* who passed through Albany on their downward journey to New York. Jan met these men, filled their stomachs with food and their brains with the fumes of ale, and knew on Monday what Mr. Astor could not know before Thursday.

It was in this manner that he kept his inscrutable eye upon Abel Betts in his drovers' tavern near the Bowery. If he paid five dollars for a fact concerning the fur catch at Mackinac, he paid ten for any useful word of Abel. So he knew that Betts was prospering, was even emerging as a species of banker himself, a dweller on the threshold of legitimate banking. Betts, sanctimonious of tongue, was winning the confidence of his guests and of his neighbors—ignorant, rough men who dared not venture into the aristocratic purlieus of the city's banking establishments. So by degrees it came about that they intrusted their cash to Abel, who stowed it away for them in his great iron safe which locked with a door key. They left it for safekeeping only, and Abel paid no interest. And these funds, supposed by their depositors always to lie safe in the huge iron box, were out in the world working without wages for Abel. Abel was the loadstone which was drawing Jan Van Horn to New York.

It was in September of 1810 that he embarked on the Car of Neptune, one of Fulton's steamboats which already plied the Hudson under the Livingston-Fulton monopoly—a monopoly granted by the legislature in whimsical vein when steam navigation was regarded as an absurdity. It gave to Livingston and his associates the exclusive right to navigate all steam-propelled boats upon all waters within the jurisdiction of the state. On the downward voyage Jan became deeply interested both in steamboats themselves and in the terms of the monopoly.

Jan went at once to Dan McCormick's in Wall Street. Not to the little attic room he had occupied on his first arrival as a lad, but to a comfortable room on the second floor—a chamber which came to be known as Fort Van Horn in future years—a room familiar to every financial figure of the age. No hotels for Jan. They were too expensive and too many people were about scrutinizing one's goings and comings.

As he mounted the steps a voice called to him from the walk:

"Hey, Mr. Van Horn. Hey, jest a word with ye."

Jan paused, recognizing a drover who had visited his countingroom more than once with titbits of information.

"I got a spot of news fur ye," said the man, and Jan waited. It was not his custom to question unnecessarily, but to wait.

"It's about that there Abel Betts. I overheard him 'n' some fellers a-talkin' it over. He's cal'latin' to build him a ferryboat to run back and forruds to Long Island, fetchin' folks to a place handy to his tavern."

Jan nodded.

"He was dickerin' over the price of buildin' it," said the man. "Wuth anythin' to ye?"

In silence Jan handed over a ten-dollar bill, and then, without another word, mounted the steps and entered the house. The drover eyed his broad back with squinted lids and waggled his head.

"Cur'ous feller," he said. "Never see the beat of him."

Jan shook hands with his landlord. "I must be here often," he said. "Need a room. Make a cheap price and I take this one by the year."

"We won't disagree on price, Jan," said McCormick, and they did not, which, to the inquisitive regarding such matters, was the natal day of that famous room; the permanent taking of that chamber which, during the next twenty years, was to witness more important financial counsels than any other four walls in America.

"Put a strong lock on her, Dan," said Jan. "My baggage will come. I do some errands now. I will not be in for supper."

He closed the door after him and sat on the edge of the bed. Abel Betts was building a ferry. It would be a costly project for the man, and Jan considered it from all angles—transportation, the Livingston-Fulton steam monopoly, the growth of the city and future potentialities. There were three or four ramshackle ferries plying the East River between Spuyten Duyvil and the Battery, and Jan considered them. A ferry was an entering wedge; the monopoly could not last among a people already raising their voices against such favoritism, and the future was the future.

Jan carried certain messages to deliver for the patroon and was intrusted with various commissions for upriver families. Being a punctilious soul, he would get these off his mind before undertaking his own affairs. But as he went from place to place he could perfect the plan whose germ already was stirring in his head.

He went first to the house of that Phillipse who was cousin to Van Rensselaer, where he was cordially received; Jan had noted that of late his reception had been more cordial, more upon a plane of equality than it had been in the years before. It had pleased him, but he had not chosen to inquire into the reason for it. Nevertheless, the reason was plain. The élite of the world cannot encourage a young man with an impossible wife. Phœbe, no matter what came to her husband, never would be received in the drawing-rooms of the mighty. But Phœbe was gone, the baker's pretty, brainless, common daughter had vanished. Jan, as a young widower of increasing wealth and importance, became a more welcome guest.

He delivered himself of letters and messages, and Phillipse pressed him to remain for the evening meal. This Jan was about to refuse when Mary Phillipse entered in such habit as young women of that day wore for riding. Two years had passed since Jan Van Horn saw her last as a girl of thirteen. Now, at fifteen, she was a young lady giving promise of exquisite loveliness—a loveliness which never could be insipid because of a certain pertness of expression, an elfin line of chin and of cheek bone and of brow.

"I think you have met Mr. Van Horn," said her father.

"Sir Galahad! Of course I have, papa. He rescues damsels in distress, with a beaver hat on his head instead of a helmet. It was a new beaver hat, was it not, Mr. Van Horn?"

Something about this friendly flippance, but more because she had possessed the penetration to see the novelty of his unaccustomed beaver hat, delighted Jan. He did not know how to reply in kind, but his monosyllabic reply was not awkward, nor was it ungracious.

"It was new," he said, and his gray eyes twinkled.

"His cheeks were so red," said Mary. "Oh, I remember you very well indeed."

"Her manners are very bad, Mr. Van Horn," said her father. "You must bear with her."

"Manners," said Jan, "is more the intention than what you do."

Mary turned toward him with sudden attention. "That was nice," she said with a very mature but charming smile. "He's staying, of course, isn't he, papa?"

"He was declining my invitation when you came in. Perhaps you can persuade him."

"Do stay," she said. "I want to hear all about my majestic cousin. And this evening papa and I will take you for a drive behind his new team. Papa is frightfully vain of his horses."

So Jan remained. When Mary left them to make herself ready for the evening meal Jan said, with that directness which he knew how to use:

"What do you know about the East River ferries?"

"Nothing."

"Who can tell me?"

"The ferrymen themselves," said Mr. Phillipse.

"I must see them tonight," Jan said.

"Very well. We will drive. The evening is pleasant and the roads are good after this spell of dry weather. And," he added with a wry face, "the hogs will have gone to sleep in the gutters."

Mary Phillipse was charming and natural as she occupied the place of hostess at her father's table. Jan felt more at ease with her than he ever had felt in the society of a woman of her world. She charmed him and delighted him. Quick, vivacious, intelligent, she might have been the envy of many a more mature woman, and Jan compared her with Phœbe, her bearing with Phœbe's, her thoughts and her expressions and her outlook upon life with Phœbe's. This, he thought, was woman as she should be.

He regarded her with the eye of such youth as was his, and of youth he had comprehended very little; but, in addition, he studied her with the eye of a man of business—as an asset. To a young man of humble origin, struggling upward in a world not yet finished with aristocracies, Mary Phillipse would be of incalculable value. Where, he asked himself cannily, might not a man walk with so patrician a wife by his side? Then, being a practical person, he shrugged his heavy shoulders. She was a child, and were she a woman grown, he might stretch his arms toward her until they cracked from their sockets and never be able to touch the hem of her dainty skirt.

"May one ask," Mr. Phillipse interrupted his thoughts, "what is your interest in the miserable ferries that ply the river?"

"I think there's money in it," said Jan.

"It is difficult to see, but if that is your opinion, I bow to it," Mr. Phillipse said with a smile. "Van Rensselaer vows you have the keenest nose for a dollar of any man in York State."

A liveried servant stood in the door to announce that the horses were ready; Mary Phillipse ran for a little wrap and a tiny hat, which Jan gazed upon with rapt admiration, and took his arm to be escorted down the steps to the carriage. Mr. Phillipse took the reins with the pride of a horseman in his blooded stock, and with a clatter of hoofs, an arching of necks and a bit of spirited prancing, they started down the dusty thoroughfare toward the city.

"I suppose any ferry will do," said Phillipse, and Jan nodded his head. Strangely enough, he could not hold his mind to the business in hand; ferries seemed of negligible importance when compared with the desirability of saying something to this exquisite child beside him which might elevate him in her opinion. But Jan was not a young man of words. He spent them with economy, as he spent his dollars, and, with extraordinary good sense, spent none at all when he had none in stock.

"Do you never talk?" Mary asked teasingly. "Must I chatter all the time? Papa is so busy with his horses he will say nothing to me, and you are thinking about great affairs, I suppose. Must I talk to myself?"

"If," said Jan, "I could find something fit to say to you I would say it."

"Now that was very nice. It is two nice things you have said tonight, and that is almost the exact number of times you have spoken to me. Oh, see all the flambeaux and the crowd. What is it, papa?"

"Some carouse at that low drovers' tavern," said Phillipse, with distaste. "From the sound of the guns, I should say a turkey shoot."

"May we watch, papa? Please drive nearer. I should like to see."

"A crowd of drunken roughs trying to shoot off the head of a turkey!" exclaimed her father.

"Please," said Mary meekly, and Mr. Phillipse veered in past the tavern and drew his horses to a stop on the edge of the raucous crowd. At their left was a bill proclaiming the shoot and the prices:

Resting shot at 40 yards	10 cents
Off-hand shot at 40 yards	5 cents
Resting shot at 30 yards	15 cents
Off-hand shot at 30 yards	10 cents

Any shot drawing blood takes the bird.

(Continued on Page 102)

Just the right blend to give it character
And just the right character to keep you satisfied

Smoke it!

Old Briar TOBACCO

WALTER WHITEHEAD 1930

—Here's the Taste you've been looking for . . . **Old Briar** . . . a happy blending of choicest Burleys with other fine flavored tobaccos to produce the rare character and taste . . . hailed the country over as the "Modern Pipe Smoke for Modern Smokers."

UNITED STATES TOBACCO COMPANY, RICHMOND, VA., U. S. A.

15 cents

BUICK—

Day after day, while the motorists of America are buying twice as many Buicks as any other car priced above $1200, fast ships and trains carry other thousands of Buicks to Europe, to Australia, to the Orient, to all parts of the world. . . . And back from these places come letters, like those reproduced on the adjoining page, saying the same fine things about Buick that you hear in America.

It takes this kind of car—IT TAKES A BUICK—to win the praise of the world as Buick has won it in increasing degree throughout a quarter-century. It takes the impeccable beauty of Bodies by Fisher. It takes known performance leadership. It takes flawless reliability. It takes the all-round value that you *know* you get in the Buick car.

You want a new car this spring. You think mighty highly of Buick. World-wide preference, expressed in Buick's dominant sales leadership over any other fine car, assures you that you are right!

BUICK MOTOR COMPANY, FLINT, MICHIGAN

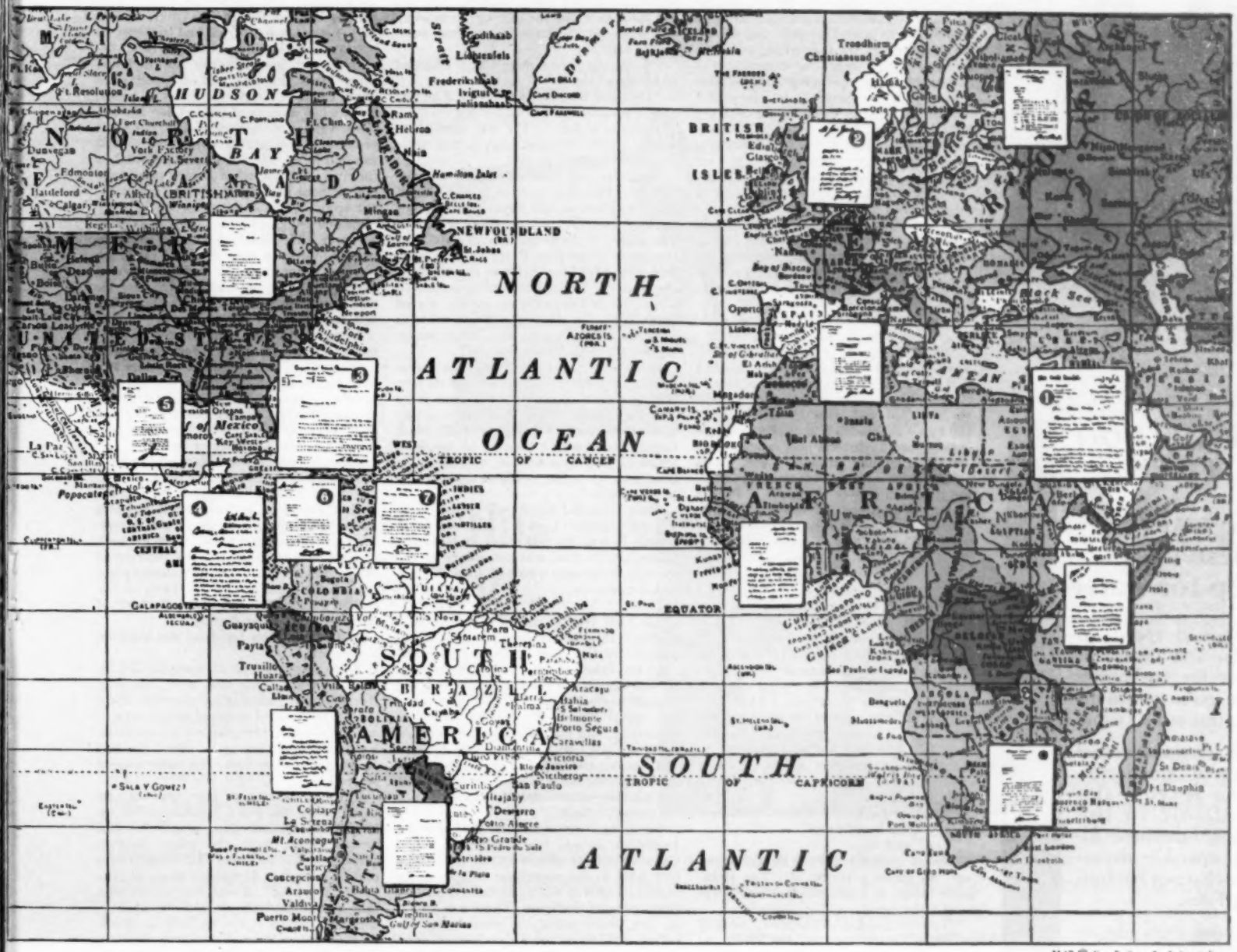
Canadian Factories
McLaughlin-Buick, Oshawa, Ont.

Division of General Motors Corporation

Builders of
Buick and Marquette Motor Cars

World-Wide Preference

—and in America, people buy more than twice as many Buicks as any other car priced above $1200.



MAP © Geo. F. Cram Co. Indianapolis

(1) I have been running my Buick continuously for 11 years and have made 285,000 miles without repair. It is the most wonderful car anybody can get. It is the first 7-passenger car that came to Syria—and the oldest car—but it's running every day.

M. W. Fadlellah
Tripoli, Syria

(2) I have driven many cars but I have never had so much satisfaction as I get from the 1930 Buick. It is simple, it is marvelous.

Mme. Jane Zander
Brussels, Belgium

(3) I own a 1927-1928 Buick model and assure you that in regard to features, operation, material, comfort and attractiveness, it is one of the best cars to be found the world over.

A. George
Central Soledad, Guantanamo (Oriente) Cuba

(4) You will be pleased to learn that before I owned a car I pledged myself to own none other but a Buick; and I will, whenever I can afford it, own no other.

W. N. Clarke
Kingston, Ja., B. W. I.

(5) I have owned various motor cars during the last 15 years and have derived satisfaction from some. I may frankly state, however, that my "happiness" has been complete since January, 1926, when I bought my Buick 26-47 from your dealers in Mexico. This car has not given the slightest trouble, has always been ready for service and although it has covered 78,500 kilometers, is still in excellent condition.

Joaquin M. De Uriarte, Engineer
Puebla, Puebla, Mexico

(6) I have been using Buick cars for several years and it gives me pride to state that I have always been highly satisfied and have always preferred this make.

Joseph Cardoze
Curacao, D. W. I.

(7) I am very much satisfied with the performance and service which I have derived from this car, which, as you rightly state, is recognized as unexcelled the world over.

V. Echeverria D.
La Guayra, Venezuela, S. A.

(8) My first Buick was purchased in 1920. It served me seven years and was in good condition when I turned it in on another Buick in September, 1927. I may live to buy another though I am pretty old (78th year), but if I do I promise you it shall be a Buick.

T. C. Wills
Honolulu, Hawaii

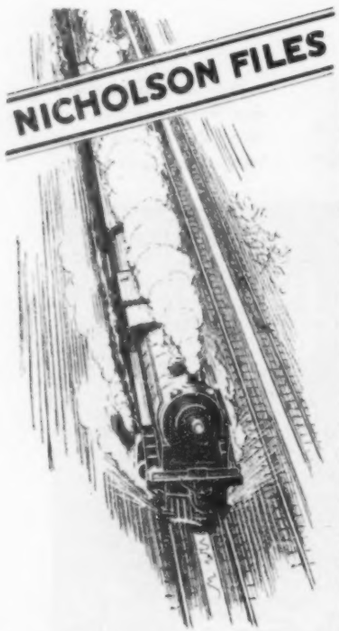
(9) According to very recent statistics of the Shanghai Municipal Council, it is stated that out of every six cars one is a Buick. Moreover Buick owners are mostly the leading men in China. They have hereby signed their honorable names recommending the new car to the Chinese public.

—From a testimonial signed by twenty of the leading statesmen, bankers and business men of China.

(10) You can imagine in what regard I hold Buick's performance and quality. I have given the name of my favorite car to my favorite Arab race horse.

A. C. Ardeshir
Poona, India

WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT . . . BUICK WILL BUILD THEM



SUSTAINED SPEED WITH

NICHOLSON FILES

the train doesn't even stop for water

Sustained speed on rails—sixty miles an hour for ten hours—to make its run on the time table's time.

The engineer must have sustained running speed—the mechanic in the shops, sustained filing speed—therefore chooses Nicholson Files.

Railroad men, like almost everyone else, pick their files for performance when used by hand. Nicholson Files are made for hand use. Test them for yourself at home or in the shop.

At your hardware or mill supply dealer's.

NICHOLSON FILE COMPANY

Providence, R. I., U. S. A.

NICHOLSON U.S.A. (TRADE MARK)

A FILE FOR EVERY PURPOSE

(Continued from Page 98)

Scarcely had the carriage stopped when a tall young man, dressed to the fashion in beaver hat and long coat and polished boots, made his way to the step.

"How kin I serve you, sirs and madame?" he asked unctuously, and Jan Van Horn found himself looking down into the over-ornate eyes and flamboyantly handsome features of Abel Betts. In the same instant Betts recognized Jan, and his lips became flaccid as he gave back a step and threw up an arm as if to defend himself. Jan did not stir, but through the rage which welled up in him—a cold rage—he experienced a pleasurable thrill. Betts was afraid of him. Instantly Betts recovered his assurance—thanks, perhaps, to the presence of Mary Phillipse, which, he perceived, would protect him from violence. But he did not let his eyes find Jan's eyes again. Jan did not speak; he gave no sign of recognition, nor was it difficult for him to hold himself in check. Always he was one who kept a steady rein upon his passions and his hatreds; never one to act in heat, but coldly, calmly, in due time and after reflection.

"There is nothing," Jan heard Phillipse saying. "My daughter merely wished to watch the shoot for a moment."

"And welcome, sir. And welcome. It is, in my small way, the Lord's work."

"Eh?" demanded Phillipse, staring at the shouting, drunken, coatless, swaggering crowd of men, the dregs of the country.

"An innocent amusement, sir. Keeps 'em occupied and their hand from evil. And I git a chancet now and ag'in to drop a Christian word into some poor sinner's ear."

Mary Phillipse tittered. Abel Betts looked at her quickly, appraisingly, overfreely, and her eyes dropped. "There's warrant in the Good Book fur it," he said. "The's more joy in heaven over one repentin' sinner, and so on and so forth."

"At least," said Phillipse, "saving souls by shooting off turkeys' heads is a novel method. A good evening to you, landlord."

Betts stood staring after them as they drove away. Jan Van Horn, eh? And in such company. Well, it was bound to come—that meeting. He had feared it, for he was not a courageous man. Now it had come and passed with no broken bones or bruised skin. His lip curled in a sneer. No spirit to the man. He let his wife be stolen from him and never even waggled his jaw! Betts found himself despising the man he had feared—an error of judgment which was to demand its price before experience corrected it.

"What a handsome man!" exclaimed Mary. "And how funny!"

"Yes," said Jan.

"For an instant I had the strangest feeling! As before a storm, Mr. Van Horn. Queer inside, as if something dreadful was going to happen."

"Nothing dreadful will happen," he said.

"Silly! Certainly not. But I felt it, just the same." She laughed. "He's a funny, handsome man," she said.

They drove on along the unlighted road, skirting sleeping sows and piles of garbage which merchants and householders had shoveled into the middle of the way. A watchman, ununiformed and carrying a lantern on a pole, dodged aside, and they could hear him bawling out the hour. They skirted Gramercy Pond and presently came to the river, where a ferryman sat in his dirty boat, ready to make his last trip.

"There's your man," said Phillipse, and Jan alighted. For twenty minutes he questioned the ferryman. How many ferries were there between the Battery and Spuyten Duyvil? What sort of boats? How many passengers were transported in a day, and could teams and herds be ferried across? Who owned the other ferries?

In the end he gave the man a dollar, which he spat on for luck and dropped into his pocket.

"Was the information sufficient?" asked Phillipse.

"Yes, when it is checked," said Jan. "I got to go back to Albany tomorrow. You will want now to go to bed."

"Want to get rid of us, eh?" Phillipse asked jovially.

"He doesn't like young ladies," said Mary.

To these teasings Jan did not reply. "I'm stayin' at Dan McCormick's on Wall Street," he said. "I kin git down some place near and walk the rest of the way."

But Phillipse drove him to his door, where Jan said good night gravely and not without a certain stolid courtesy. He did not pause to watch the carriage draw away but mounted the steps in his slow, sure-footed way.

"A coming young man," said Phillipse to his daughter.

"He could be nice," she said, "if he was only a gentleman."

Phillipse sighed. "I'm not sure there will be a place for gentlemen in this country much longer," he said.

Next day Jan boarded the Raritan for Albany. For some days he busied himself with members of the legislature and obtained the grant to a company which he was about to form and underwrite of a monopoly of the East River ferrying trade from the toe of Manhattan to the mouth of the Harlem. Through agents he purchased the three or four existing ferries, placed orders for the construction of new boats to be propelled by horse power—teams sweating upon treadmills—and waited.

In October, Abel Betts put into operation his new ferry. At the end of its first trip an injunction was clapped upon it by the East River Ferry Company, acting under its exclusive privilege, and Mr. Betts found himself with a boat on his hands in which he had considerable investment—a boat with no water available upon which to operate it.

Jan's name did not appear on the roster of shareholders in the new company, though he was the backer and underwriter. Consequently Abel was not aware of the identity of the man who had done him this signal disservice.

XI

JAN VAN HORN can be discerned only dimly through the miasmic haze which enshrouded the years of war. From 1812 until the Peace of Ghent in 1814, he is to be seen clearly but few times, although the records demonstrate that they were busy and useful years. His fortune increased materially, and his influence; he was now in New York City as often as in Albany, and had his own office in Wall Street—an office destined soon to be headquarters of his banking affairs rather than merely a convenient branch.

One thing is demonstrable: He had faith. Incredible as was the inefficiency of the Government, its officers and its armies, he had faith in the sturdiness of the young republic and was willing to hazard his fortune upon its destinies. Those war years, to him, were merely a preparation for peace. He believed great good would come of the struggle, and though he neglected no opportunity to turn an honest penny, he did not seek so much to increase as to husband and to scrutinize horizons and to make himself ready for the onward march, the expansion, the crowding into new territory by thousands of pioneers which he had the vision to foresee.

His direct patriotic services consisted for the most part in financing or helping to finance the provisioning of the armies of Wade Hampton and the unspeakable Wilkinson in Northern New York, and there is no word or line to indicate that he followed the example of Abel Betts in New York, who secured contracts for provisioning certain of the defensive fortifications, and by methods and shoddiness and chicanery emerged from the conflict a man of wealth and, consequently, of importance in the little city.

"If you're going to feed them soldiers," said Anneke to her son, "feed them wholesome. If you make money out of the stomachs of sufferin' boys I'll disown you."

"I'll be fair," said Jan, and the silence of records sufficiently noisy about other men indicates that he was fair.

One coup, not without its elements of humor, emerges clearly from the confusion of the period. It would appear that throughout the war Astor maintained a system of couriers in relays from Montreal or Quebec to New York. News was money. News received a day ahead of anyone else was a great deal of money.

From time to time the week-kneed Government had authorized inadequate loans, the financing of which was handled in large part by Stephen Girard and David Parish. As the country went from bad to worse, as battles were lost, the Capitol itself destroyed and incompetency sat supreme, these loans dropped and dropped until bonds could be bought for eighty or below. Even when rumors of peace filled the air, the arrogance of Castlereagh held out scant promise of acceptable adjustment. But Jan had faith. He waited and he watched the river. No courier of Astor's passed the city without his knowledge, and few without enjoying his entertainment. Finally came one bringing the news that the treaty of peace had been signed on December twenty-fourth—a man who had made his way by canoe from the lower reaches of Champlain, a close-mouthed *coureur de bois*, but not proof against Jan's hospitality and Jan's Jamaica rum.

Astor was enabled to inform the Government of peace two days before the official messenger arrived; Jan knew of peace two days before Astor. In those two days he bought. Right and left he bought to the extent of every dollar he could gather and every ounce of credit he could swing—government bonds at eighty or below.

Then, presently, was broadcast the news of peace, and on its heels the tidings of the victory of New Orleans—a victory which made a President, and which restored to a doubting people its self-respect and its confidence in its own greatness. Andy Jackson and his men had drubbed the veterans of Wellington's army! One may almost place that as the date of the real birth of the United States; certainly it was the birth of its belief in its great destiny.

And Jan sold his bonds at one hundred and twenty!

These few facts are all, but they are essential. When other men sank, Jan Van Horn climbed; when other men went down in ruin, he emerged enriched both in wealth and in position, in friends and in associates. He was thirty-two years old. He had amassed his first million. His career opened before him.

It was in March of this year that he sailed across the gusty Hudson on his return from Philadelphia, where he had broken bread with the great Stephen Girard, for his activities had brought him contact with that farsighted financial genius of the period. It was with satisfaction that he unlocked the door of his room in Dan McCormick's, for he had, in effect, become Girard's representative in New York. He refreshed himself, changed his linen and set out for the Phillipse mansion, for word had come to his ears that Mary Phillipse was at home again. He had not seen Mary for a matter of eight months, which had served only to sharpen the lovely image of her which he held in his memory. She was twenty. Jan was thirty-two.

For the first time, a month ago, he had brought to the surface and recognized the fact that he wanted this girl for his wife. He had put it into words. Now, as he trod the ill-kept streets of the little city—which had at last passed Philadelphia in population and actually was the metropolis of the continent—it was as a suitor bent upon courtship. It may be he never would have dared so far had it not been for Anneke.

As his mother grew older and as Jan became more mature, there had sprung up between them a curious confidence. Jan found he could talk to her; he found that it was essential for him to talk to someone he could trust—to put his thoughts into words, to explain himself. To the rest of the world he was silent to the point of taciturnity, but with Anneke there were no

(Continued on Page 106)

"One of those 'Model Kitchens'?"

"No indeed . . .

I designed this kitchen *myself*"

THE woman who designed this kitchen has a host of friends who have called to admire her amazingly compact and convenient "workshop." It is with a little ring of pride—and who can blame her?—that she tells them, "This is not one of those 'model kitchens.' I planned this kitchen myself. No one *could* have designed it for me—because no one knows as well as I just what kitchen units I really need and just how I'd like to see them arranged."

And after all, don't you feel just the same way about your kitchen? That's exactly why Curtis Kitchen Units (and there's a wide variety of them in all sizes and for all purposes) are reproduced in Miniature Kitchen Sets. With the help of one of these Miniature Sets, you—like the woman who designed the kitchen pictured here—will find it as simple as playing with blocks to build up and tear down as many kitchen designs as you please—right on your library table. At last you'll see the very kitchen you've always wanted—yet before a single step is taken in actual building or remodeling.

What fun it is to plan your kitchen this easy new way! Shall we have a unit for pots and pans near the stove—or the sink? Where shall we put that clever broom closet, with its ironing board concealed in the door? How about some extra cupboard space? And don't forget that special Curtis unit with its sugar bin, flour bin and cutlery drawer that all tilt downward when opened.

Just to give you a hint of what you can do, we have prepared an attractive booklet, "Your Dream Kitchen," showing a number of Curtis assembled kitchens and suggesting as well harmonious color treatments. It will take but a moment to mail the coupon below for your free copy.

Thousands of Women Agree

—that "The Only Model Kitchen For Me Is the One I Design For Myself." An announcement of our Miniature Kitchen Idea in this magazine, January 25th, brought us 5510 requests in 18 days for planning help as outlined in the coupon below.

There's a lumber or woodwork dealer near you who carries the Curtis line, and who has our Miniature Kitchen Set. Ask him to call and show you this novel way to plan kitchens, or drop in to see him . . . Or make use of our Free Planning Service. Your coupon request for our booklet will also bring you information explaining how our Free Planning Service can help you to bring individuality, utility, and convenience to your kitchen.

The Curtis Companies Service Bureau
303 Curtis Building, Clinton, Iowa

Visit Curtis Woodwork, Inc., Display Rooms and Sales Office, Room 201, 9 East 41st Street, New York City. Chicago Display Rooms, Curtis Door & Sash Co., 1414 South Western Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.

A Note of Character For Your Living Room

This English Mantel, created by Curtis, will give a note of character to your living room. Although English in origin, it is so closely related to the Colonial that it may be readily adapted to almost any type of home. In everyday items of woodwork too—windows, doors, frames, trim, porchwork—Curtis shows the same careful workmanship you see in the Curtis series of period reproductions of mantels, entrances, stairwork.

1865 CURTIS WOODWORK

This trade-mark appears only on Curtis Woodwork and no item of woodwork that does not bear this mark is genuine Curtis Woodwork. For your own protection, be sure this mark is on each piece.

CURTIS COMPANIES SERVICE BUREAU
303 Curtis Building, Clinton, Iowa

Please send me, free, a copy of "Your Dream Kitchen," along with information explaining how your Free Planning Service can help me. I intend to ☐ build; ☐ remodel.

Name.....

Street.....

City.....State.....

When paint has made good on du Pont "Paint Farms"

It will make good anywhere

One of the DU PONT PAINT FARMS

A "FARM" is that part of our paint laboratory where Science and old man Weather meet in deadly combat. The "Farms" are located in different parts of the country where weather conditions are most destructive to paint. Panels of wood, metal, stucco and other surfaces are given coats of paint and exposed on these "Farms," sometimes for years. Sun and rain beat down upon them. Smoke and fumes from nearby factories gnaw away at the paint film. Every week, the film is inspected and a record made. Any loss of color is noted. Sometimes one of these experimental paints does not stand up under the test. That paint is never offered for sale. But when, month after month and year after year, a paint laughs at ravages of sun, rain, smoke and frost; when color holds its beauty and gloss its sheen—then we know that another great du Pont paint has been perfected. A paint which you can buy with assurance that it will give you absolute satisfaction.

It is this scientific certainty which distinguishes du Pont paint from the other kind. With us, it isn't a question of making better paint; our only aim is to make *right paint*. Until it is right, it isn't du Pont.

Our chemists begin at the beginning. They study the actual conditions a paint must go up against and the surface it is to protect. Guided by basic paint principles evolved through years of research, they then make innumerable experimental paints, searching for the right combination of the right ingredients. These experimental paints are exposed on our "Farms."

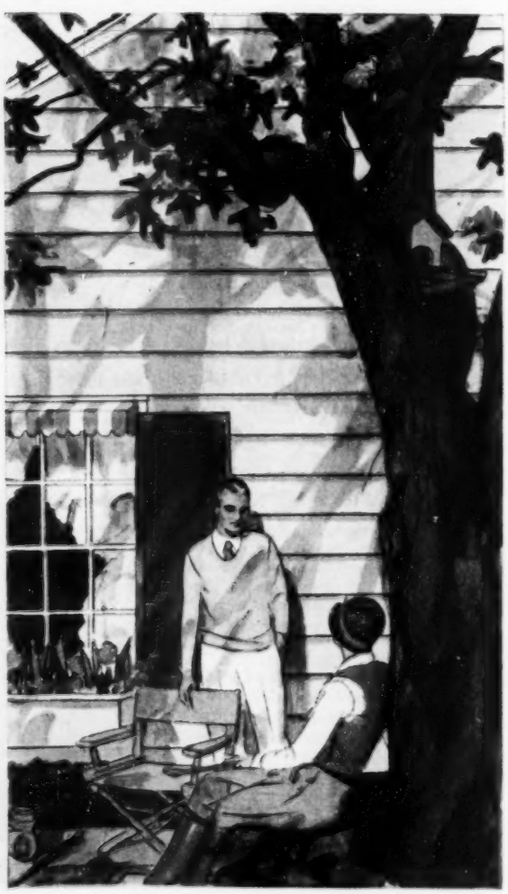
It often takes years to create a new paint that satisfies our chemists. And until it satisfies them, no one else knows anything about it. That is the way famous Duco was developed. It is why du Pont Prepared House Paints hold their color and give splendid service.

When the new paint is put into production, every batch is analyzed and tested in dozens of ways to guard against any possibility of error or variation of quality in the different ingredients. Absolute uniformity is insisted upon.

• • •

All of this scientific groundwork is simply the du Pont way of manufacturing. It is the basis of du Pont leadership in industry. It is the reason for the excellence of everything that du Pont makes.

DU PONT PAINTS



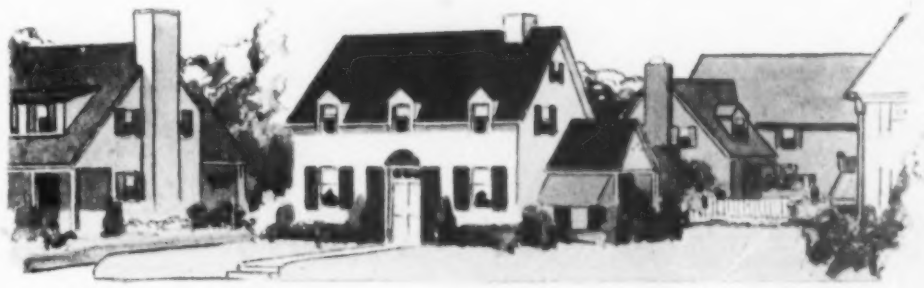
"I would like my house painted in *cheerful colors*, provided the colors would last."

"I LOVE color and the inside of our house is alive with it, but the outside has always been depressingly sombre, as we have always selected colors which we thought would last longest. Our home is in a neighborhood of old-fashioned houses, dull in color, and I know that by contrast it would be perfectly charming done in warm, sunny tints. Can you suggest a color scheme and give me assurance that the colors would be lasting for several years?"

It's a pleasure to get a letter like that; it fits so closely with what we are doing to improve paint and to satisfy the modern hunger for color.

Now in the first place, about the fading problem. We wish it were possible to take you through our paint laboratory and show you dozens of able chemists analyzing color pigments, measuring their resistance to light and weather, testing and testing until they know that every color we use will give enduring satisfaction. And it isn't only the color pigment—every ingredient used in paint has a vital relation to the way that paint will stand up and justify the confidence you have in the name du Pont.

You can use du Pont modern colors on the outside of your house with assurance of enduring results.



Home Decoration Service

But what pleased us most in the letter from which we quoted above was the request for color scheme suggestions. We have created a Home Decoration Service to give that kind of help. It is headed by a master of color beauty who has helped many thousands of women to beautify their homes, inside and out. This unusual and invaluable service is offered freely and without obligation, to everyone. We should be delighted to have you write to us for advice and for a free copy of our book "Modern Color Schemes for Your Home."

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(Continued from Page 102)

reservations. And Anneke, in her turn, spoke her mind with independence and freedom.

"Ma," he said, "I been thinking of marrying."

"I been expecting it, Jan."

"But I don't know, ma. Maybe I can't get the woman I want."

"What stands betwixt you, son?"

"Her being who she is. It's Mary Phillipse I want, and her a blood kin of the patroon and related to most of the gentry in the state."

"I thought it was her," said Anneke, with a nod of her head. "You might get her, son, but having got her, can you live up to her?"

Jan eyed his mother in that calculating way of his and perceived the shrewdness of her question, but he made no reply, waiting for her to speak to her text.

"You've been brought up like you've been brought up. You're a good boy, Jan, though money is more important to you than I like to see it. But you're not what they call a gentleman, with airs and graces to please a high-born girl. She might take you in the beginning, Jan, because girls take to novelty and things they don't understand. But would it last? Would she be able to put up with your manners and your talk when she compared them with her father or with gentlemen like the patroon? It's little things count in the long run more than big things."

"I'd be good to her," said Jan. "I'm rich now—rich enough to let her be a lady as much as she wanted to."

"Being good ain't enough," said his mother. "Being good wears off when you live with a body day after day and year after year. You get used to it and take it for granted. But little things, son, begin to grow into big things. You might carry her around on a silk pillow and you might buy her all the jewels in the land, but there'd come a time when that wouldn't count against having a bow, or not eating polite, or talking common talk instead of the language gentlefolks use."

"Ma," said Jan, "I'm a better man than any of them. I can beat them in a deal. I can think twice while they're getting ready to think at all. And I cal'late I can learn to mince around with the best of them."

"You won't never learn that, Jan. You'll always be what you be now. And the older you grow the more you'll get set in it. I know you, son. You're set. And you got your vanity too. I can see it growing on you as you get richer and more important, and there'll come a time when you'll take pride in being Jan Van Horn, and the world can like it or lump it. There'll come a time, Jan, when you'll be close to the top of the heap, and then you're going to think that because Jan Van Horn does a thing, why, that thing is right. I've watched you, son. Just like a woman is vain of her eyes and her hair, you're going to be vain of your roughnesses and because you can force people to take you as you be."

"You're sharp, ma," was all he rejoined to this analysis and prophecy.

"Then there's the children," she said. "Little Jan's nine and little Claas is almost six. What about them? Is a girl like this Miss Phillipse going to take and bring up the babies of Phœbe West, the baker's daughter? Or anybody else's babies? She might if they were babies of her own class, but she always would be looking for the mark of Phœbe West on them. The common mark."

"I'm going to bring them up and educate them to be the equal of anybody," said Jan. "It's them who are going to carry on the Family." Already he was mentioning family with a capital letter. "I'm training them to go on from where I leave off. The next generation will forget where this one started."

"The more shame to it," said Anneke sharply. "But, Jan, ain't you banking too much on those boys? Ain't you setting too much store by what they may do? They're young, Jan, and you can't guess how they'll turn out. How 'll it be, son, if they turn out not to be Dutch Van Horns but English Wests? They can inherit from their mother jest as well as from their father."

"I'll train them to be what I want them to be."

"Did anyone ever train a weepin'-willow tree to be an oak?"

"I kin try," he said grimly.

"Well, go your ways," said Anneke. "You've a stiff neck that can't be bent. God send it don't get broke. Maybe you can get this girl. Being gentlefolks don't mean what it used to. There ain't the barriers any more. And money is money." She paused. "This I'll say, Jan: I've seen her; she ain't a weakling and she's fine and she's brave. If I thought you could live up to her and fit into her life, I'd ask nothing better than for you to have a wife such as her."

Jan sighed. "I guess I got to try it ma," he said.

So now he was setting out with definite intention, and he was not at ease. The business of lending money, of underwriting this or that enterprise, of operating a bank in the amazing conditions which prevailed in that day, had ill fitted him for the niceties of courtship. He did not know how to begin or how to establish himself in Mary Phillipse's mind as a suitor for her hand. One may say of him that throughout his life he displayed few of the attributes of an opportunist. He made his opportunities. But here was one he did not know how to make, so he left it on the knees of the gods. He knew his own heart and his own desire, and he would act as occasion gave opportunity.

He mounted the steps at last and was informed that Mr. Phillipse was not at home.

"But Miss Mary—is she here?" he asked of the servant, and his name was taken in to her. She received him in the hall with frank, outstretched, welcoming hand. Something told him she was glad to see him, and he scrutinized her face cannily. It seemed to have lost something of its brightness; over it lay the hint of a shadow; her eyes were troubled.

"I am glad to see you, Mr. Van Horn," she said gravely. "Father will return presently, and you must wait for him. Father"—her voice trailed off into silence and her eyes filled—"you will find father a little—changed."

"Is he sick?" asked Jan bluntly.

"He has aged," she said evasively. Then she smiled. "I have aged too," she said. "But not you. You seem no older than when I first saw you seven years ago."

Jan felt elation. He did not seem old to her, and she remembered their first meeting, even to the date of it. "I am thirty-two," he said.

"Methuselah!" she retorted. "Shall we sit in father's library? Do you know, I have seen you but twice since the war began. One hardly knows what to do, now that it is over and Admiral Cockburn's ships have gone away, and since this new wild man from the Western wilderness is the great national hero. Tell me, does General Jackson kill someone before breakfast every morning?"

Jan shook his head. "I think General Jackson is a great man," he said. "You will see it. He has done a great thing, many great things. Now the country will grow faster beyond the river. But your father, Miss Phillipse; tell me about him."

She turned away her pert, lovely face and he became conscious of the mass of her fragrant hair and the gracious line of her neck as it melted into her slender shoulders.

"Father is not so—so alert as he was," she said, and then, turning upon him impulsively, as one compelled to seek relief in words: "Oh, he has failed—failed dreadfully. Not so much in bodily health as—as in his will."

"His will? I think I do not understand."

"Father was so quick. He was not easily swayed. He made decisions instantly. Now he shambles mentally. There is no

(Continued on Page 109)

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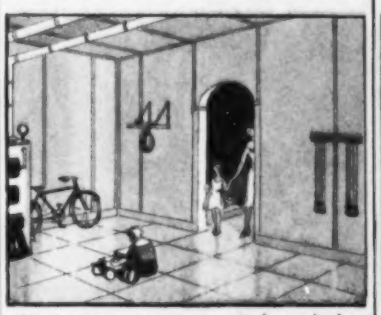

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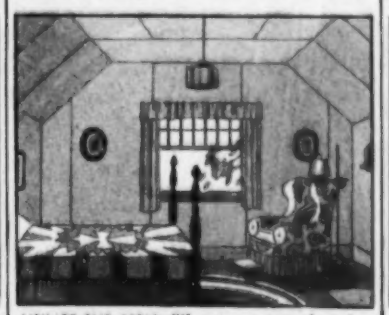

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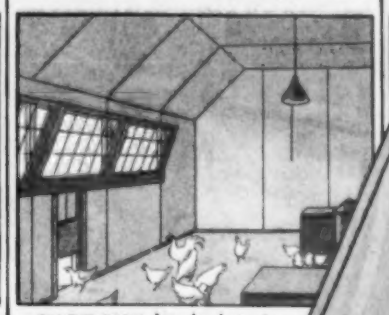

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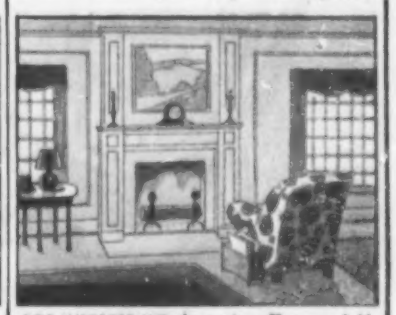

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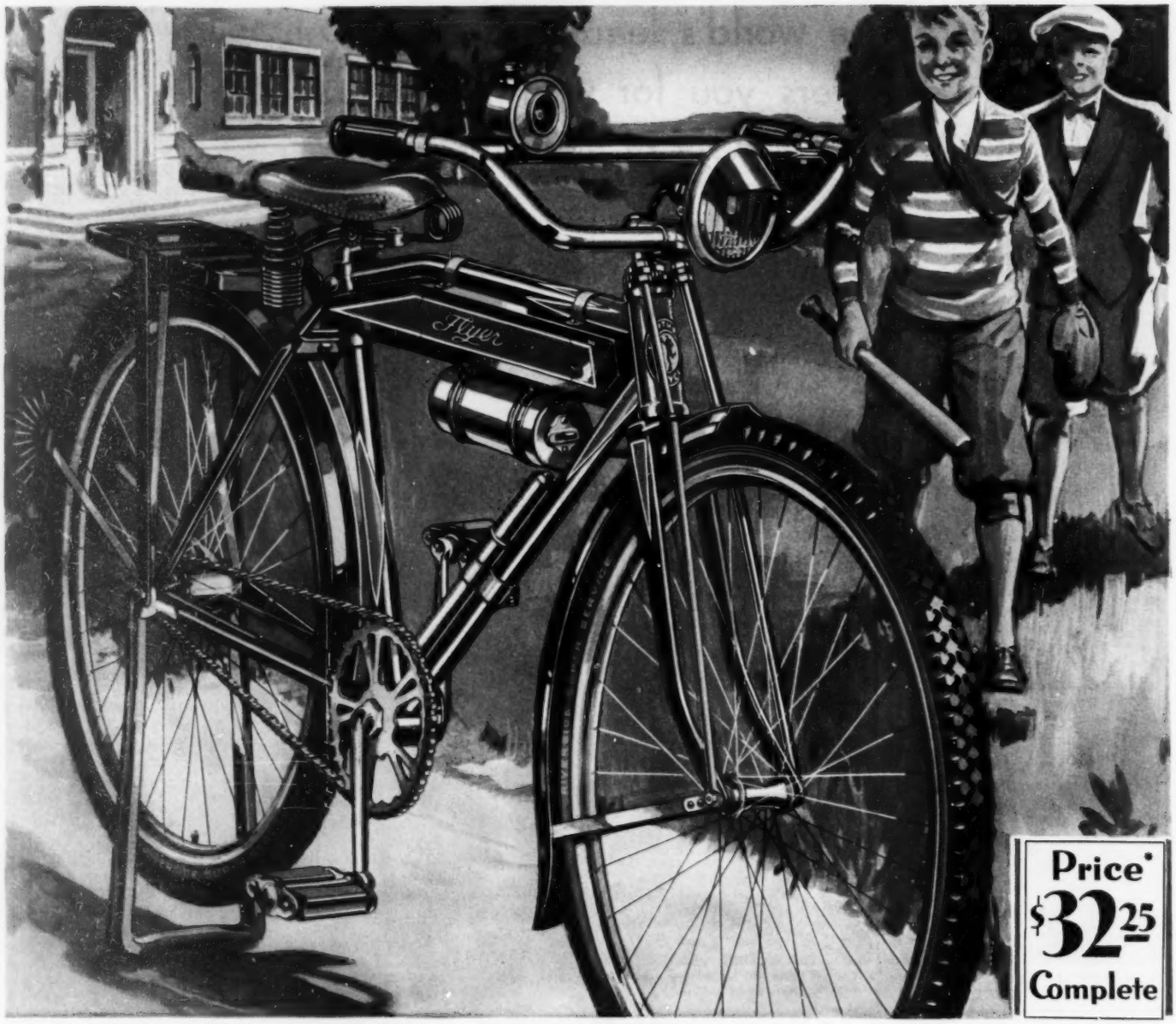

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This bicycle is a typical example of the proved quality and real price-saving offered by Montgomery Ward through its nine great Mail Order Houses and 550 Retail Stores.

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(Continued from Page 106)

other way to express it. He is vague; he has no will. And he has fallen under the influence of a man I fear and despise. They are together always, and this man is almost an inmate of our house. I cannot understand it, for father was once so fastidious. But now he can scarcely make his mind to arise and dress without this man's agreement."

"Do I know the person?" asked Jan.

"I think not. . . . But yes. You will remember a drive with father and myself to see a ferryman? And how we stopped a moment at a tavern where they were shooting turkeys?"

"I remember," said Jan.

"The man was the landlord of that tavern. He came to our carriage that night."

"I remember," said Jan again.

"His name is Abel Betts—and could a name be more common than that!"

"I remember his name also," said Jan.

Even in moments of excess his round cheeks did not lose their apple hue, and no matter how grim his thoughts, his exterior remained stolid rather than menacing. Jan was a deceptive person. Mary Phillipse, studying him with some disappointment, could read nothing of the hatred which burned hotly within him, which flared higher at this fresh crossing of his path, but, most of all, because Abel Betts' line had crossed the line of Mary Phillipse.

It was queer that she did not remember—but then, she had been a child and distant when Abel had eloped with Phœbe. Perhaps the inconspicuous scandal had never reached her ears.

"He has grown rich," said Mary, "and there are whispers that his wealth came in strange ways."

"The whispers are true," said Jan.

"My father," she cried, "was—is a gentleman. He was a man of sensitive honor and exquisite tastes. I do not know why Abel Betts has fastened upon him, but I fear he will bring some calamity upon us. I fear his influence. He sits late of nights and drinks wine with my father and talks softly into his ear. And father is mysterious. He drops hints of fortunes to be made and of great enterprises. And he has grown careless of his dress and of his manners."

"It is not good," said Jan.

"He is a canting hypocrite," Mary said passionately. "Religion and always religion! And even as he talks about how his soul was plucked from the burning, he eyes me so that I—so that I wriggle. His eyes never leave me when I am in the room—sleek, oily eyes like some horrid fish looking out at you from the waters, waiting for you to fall in so it may devour you."

"So?" said Jan. "So? Abel Betts looks at you, eh? That also is bad." Then, suddenly, with one of those apparent irrelevancies which were not irrelevancies at all, but the leaping of gaps not apparent to friend or antagonist, "Do you know I was married?"

"Why, yes," said Mary, a little astonished.

"Do you know I have two sons, and one is nine and one goes on to be six?"

"I have heard you speak of them."

"My wife is dead."

"I know."

"Would any young lady—a fine, gentle young lady—think of marrying a man whose wife was dead and who had two boys?"

In spite of herself, she smiled. "I think that would depend upon the young lady," she said, "and whether she was fond of you."

"But it is possible?" he asked.

"I see no reason it should not be so," she said. "Why do you ask? Is there such a young lady?"

"Yes," said Jan. "I am glad it is not impossible. That is good." Then, again with startling suddenness, he came back to the original point. He had leaped his gap. "I do not like Abel Betts," he said, but he did not tell her why. "I am a friend to you and your father, who have done me many kindnesses?" It was a question.

"Of course, Mr. Van Horn. We count you a friend."

"Then you should leave this Abel Betts to me," he said. "I do not like that Abel Betts should harm your father. But also I do not like that Abel Betts should marry you."

"Marry me! Abel Betts!" She sat aghast. "The idea! It is monstrous."

"It is what he plans," said Jan, with that insight into the motives and ambitions of others which impressed his contemporaries as uncanny. "He makes a courtship, this Abel, but it is your father he courts first. He does not walk a line when he can turn a corner. He does not think from here to there, but with twistings and turnings. I do not like it that Abel Betts should marry with you."

"Never fear," said Mary.

"Already, that you have been told of it, you fear it," said Jan. "You fear he will find a way to make you marry with him. Inside you are now afraid."

It was true. She knew it had been true for weeks, that she had read aright the stare in Abel Betts' eyes and resented it, but feared it.

"I am not a fine man with manners and grand talk," said Jan, "but I am not a bad man. I am not handsome. But I think I am a better man than I have seen. I am able. My mother, who is a great woman, has taught me things, like to be honest, and I am always as honest as I can be. This country grows great, but not because of fine gentlemen. It grows great because of men like me who can do things. Before long I shall be greater than any gentleman and I shall be looked up to." He held up, in an awkward gesture, his big fist, clenched, as a symbol of power. "Like that," he said.

She did not understand, but she could see that he was not uttering empty boasts; she was able to perceive his sincerity, his belief in himself, and she was impressed by it. In that moment ability and power radiated from him; he was dynamic, potential. Instinctively she believed him—that he would achieve what he said he would achieve.

"Do you understand?" he asked.

"I think so," she said, and could not be amused but was just a little awed.

"I say all these things to you," he said, "because maybe you will not be so worried about Abel Betts. Because I say it, he shall not marry with you. And the reason of it is that I want to marry with you myself."

Mary Phillipse gasped, almost laughed in his face at the ridiculousness of his manner of making himself clear. It was so clumsy, so maladroit. It seemed clumsy and maladroit to her, but in reality it was neither. It was effective, arresting, compelling to the imagination.

"Am I to take this to be a proposal of marriage?" she asked in a smothered voice.

"For that I am not ready yet," he said. "I just tell you, so you will know what I am about. So, also, you will know how I will work to make it so that Abel Betts does not marry with you. That I will not have. I do not want you to be afraid. But I do not propose. First must come the courtship."

"When will it commence?" asked Mary pertly.

"It commences now," said Jan.

"Very well, sir," said Miss Phillipse; "I am waiting."

XII

THE gazettes of early 1815 gave information that Mr. L'Estrange Phillipse had followed the example of Mr. Stephen Girard of Philadelphia and had opened a private bank. The name of Mr. Abel Betts did not appear in the public prints, nor was it flaunted in the modest advertisements of the bank itself; but Mr. Betts was there. He was exceedingly there. Mr. Phillipse sat conspicuous in an office, while Mr. Betts remained invisible; but Mr. Betts was the bank.

Strings running from his nimble fingers moved the limbs of his puppet in a convincingly lifelike manner; equally invisible strings running from the devious brain of Mr. Betts controlled the weakened intellect of Mr. Phillipse, so that he performed innumerable acts of whose meaning or consequence he had not the least notion.

Mr. Betts dared to be open with Mary Phillipse's father because Mr. Phillipse seemed no longer able to grasp the meaning of events or, with that nicety of honor which had been his, to perceive the difference between good and evil, between the upright and the questionable. It was not wine alone which kept the gentleman in this amiable haze, for he was failing both physically and mentally. Time and again Mary bit her lip to keep back the tears as she saw her father mount the steps of their home with dragging feet, his elbow sustained by the immaculate Mr. Betts. She saw how his shoulders narrowed and his cheeks became flaccid; the sparkle of his conversation had departed to give place to vague repetitions and half-remembered quotations from the wisdom of the man who dominated him. And some of these quotations troubled Mary because she did not comprehend them fully and because her quick sense of honor aroused her suspicions of their purport.

But, could she have heard the discussions which preceded the opening of the new bank, she must have stood aghast.

"It's like this," said Betts, "and it's all fair and aboveboard because the law permits it, and what the law permits is right in the sight of God and man, eh, Mr. Phillipse? Hain't it now?"

"The law must be right," said Mr. Phillipse with heavy gravity. "The law is the embodiment of the wisdom of the ages in its efforts to do justice between man and man."

"Just so," said Abel; "and the law lets us start a bank and put in so much capital. And then, when we get the capital in, the law lets us print bank notes, now don't it?"

"Bank notes. Why, yes, Mr. Betts, bank notes."

"To be sure. We can print all we want to, and bank notes is money. You can buy and sell with 'em, and if you can scheme out a scheme so as you don't never have to redeem 'em with hard money, why, Mr. Phillipse, you're jest that much ahead."

"Just that much ahead," agreed Phillipse.

"Nobody knows anything about money—not even specie," Betts said; "and we can't trade our silver money fur English silver money without gittin' out a pencil and cal'latin' and figgerin'. Yes, sir, and I can name ye banks with a capital of, say, fifty thousand dollars that issues paper money to the tune of two hundred thousand!"

"So I am informed," said Mr. Phillipse.

"And no law to stop 'em or control 'em. And I got a scheme, Mr. Phillipse, that'll work wonders. It goes like this: We pay in our capital and then we go to printin'. But we don't issue any bank notes around New York. Because mebby the other banks wouldn't accept 'em. No, sir, we hain't green like that. What we do with them notes is to peddle 'em out in Kentucky and Ohio and far off on the border, and get what we can for 'em. Whatever we get is ours, and with your name onto 'em, Mr. Phillipse, they'll go like small beer at a camp meetin'. We'll jest send agents on horseback with their saddlebags full, and the money'll roll in."

"But," asked Mr. Phillipse, with some vague awakening of caution, "will we not have to redeem them?"

"Leave it to me," said Betts. "It'll take months and mebby years for 'em to work back here, and nobody can say how many 'll get lost and destroyed. Jest leave it to me."

It was a plan. It was feasible. In America a score of independent legislatures authorized the formation of banks and the printing of strange and ill-secured issues. So came into being a currency of depreciated notes whose value differed in the different states, in different sections of the same state, and even in different banks of the same locality. A merchant must consult daily a shifting schedule of values before he could make a sale of merchandise.

(Continued on Page 112)

A Beautifully Hand-carved Sixteenth Century High-backed Chair in the Cluny Museum

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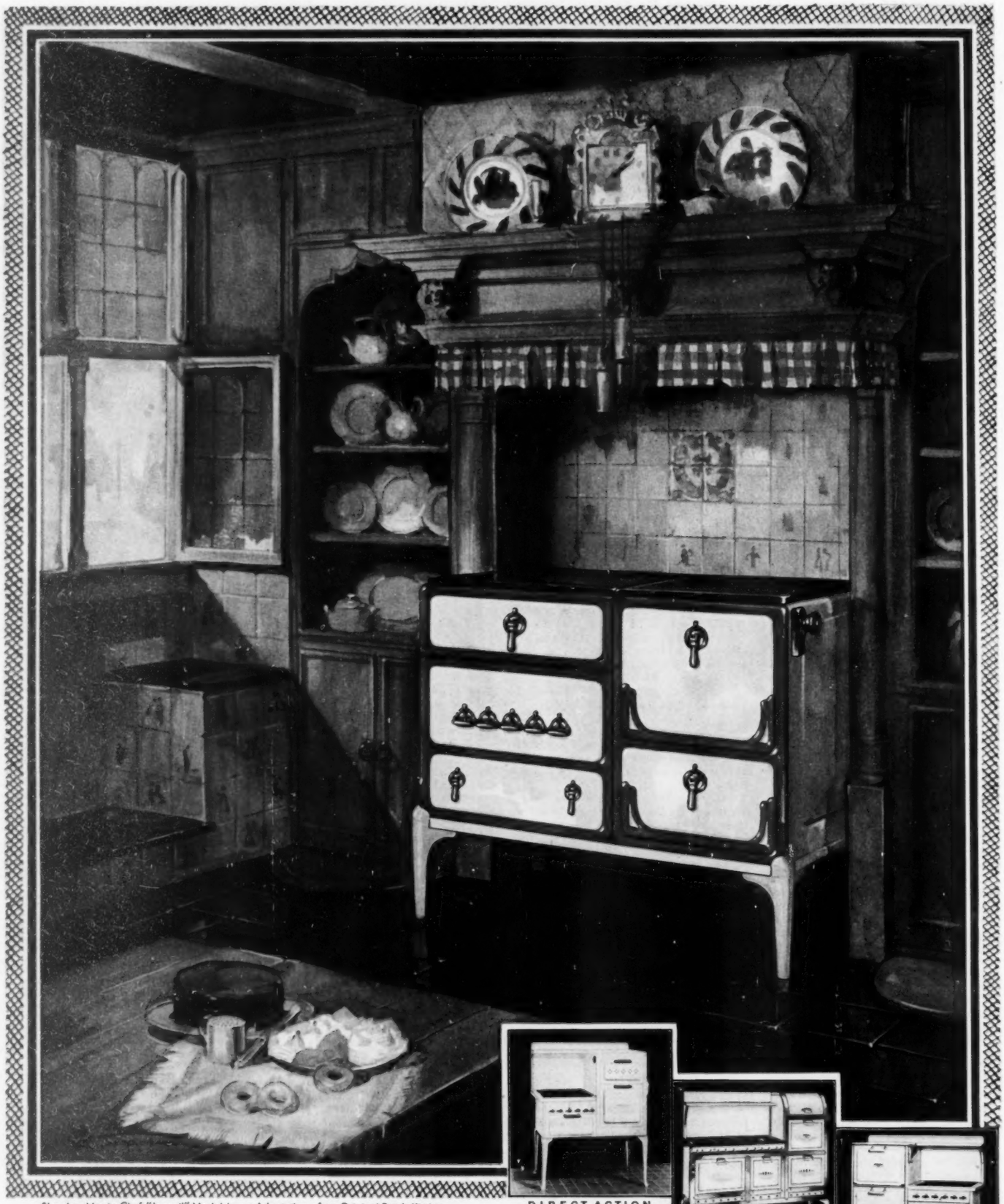

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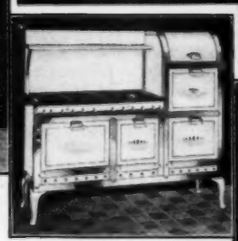
Direct Action Stove Company Div.
Lorain, Ohio



RELIABLE
Reliable Stove Company Div.
Cleveland, Ohio

NEW PROCESS
New Process Stove Company Div.
Cleveland, Ohio

CASH PRICE $195.00 ($210 west of the Rockies.) Arrangements can be made to pay out of income.

MAGIC CHEF

Makes Old Kitchens Young . . . Young Kitchens More Beautiful

THE GREATEST improvement that can be made in any kitchen, old or young, is the installation of a "Magic Chef," the New Vogue in Gas Ranges.

UNLESS the gas range has a RED WHEEL it is not a LORAIN

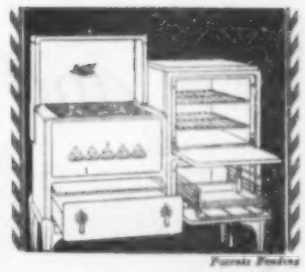
"Magic Chef" possesses all the beauty of fine period furniture. Designed by a famous artist, it bears no resemblance whatever to the ordinary cooking appliance. Its colors, carefully chosen to harmonize with most any decorative theme, will give your kitchen distinctive charm and make it a brighter, happier, more comfortable room in which to work.

Yet, with all its remarkable beauty "Magic Chef" is, first and foremost, an unusually efficient, economical, labor-saving cooking appliance. Take the oven, for instance. Equipped with the famous Red Wheel Heat Regulator, it is a perfect baker. Insulated, it keeps the kitchen cooler. And the oven is only ONE of MANY superior advantages of this great gas range.

"Magic Chef" has won generous praise from noted artists, architects and gas engineers. It has the endorsement of famous testing laboratories and the approval of home economics authorities in general. Even more important is the fact that "Magic Chef" is now in daily use in thousands of homes and apartments, and without exception each is giving the utmost satisfaction.

"Magic Chef" is being displayed and demonstrated by dealers and gas companies throughout the United States. If you are planning a new home, the re-decoration or re-furnishing of an old kitchen, or simply the purchase of a new gas range—by all means, see and inspect this modern, handsome and supremely serviceable gas range at your dealer's.

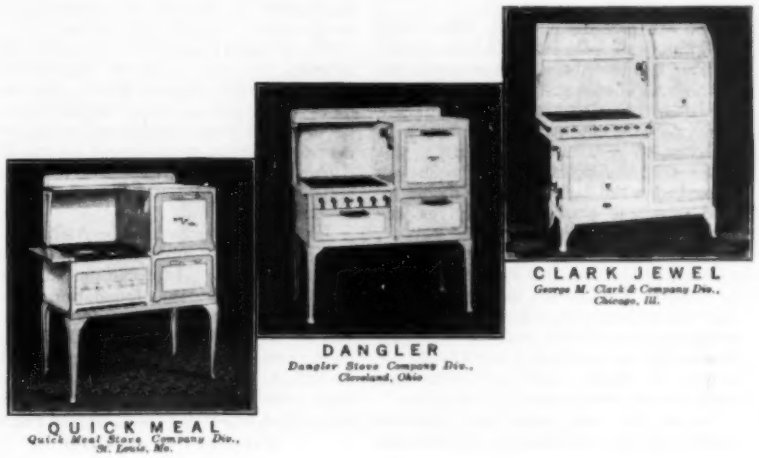
A booklet, "The New Vogue in Gas Ranges," contains illustrations of handsome, modern kitchens in full color. Ask your dealer for a free copy or write to the address given below.



Patents Pending

1. "JONQUIL" Model shown on opposite page in Old Ivory with Peacock Green trim. Also, "PATRICIAN" Model in Italian Grand Antique Marble finish with Old Ivory trim. Handles of Onyx Green Bakelite.
2. The "Magic Chef" Oven is equipped with the famous Lorain (Red Wheel) Oven Heat Regulator. Measures and automatically controls the oven heat.
3. Cooking-top cover spring-balanced, easy to operate. Unsightly utensils quickly covered.
4. The "Magic Chef" Oven is insulated. Keeps kitchen cooler when baking.
5. Pipes, gas valves and all bolts entirely concealed. All valves convertible by the turn of a screw into "safety" valves that cannot be operated by young children.
6. Unique Broiling-feature includes an extension carriage that brings broiling pan into full view for the easy turning of meat. Reversible broiling pan requires no rack.
7. Top-burners of new, vertical-injection type have removable, non-corrosive heads. Each burner can be used as a simmering or a giant burner. "Boil-overs" will not clog port holes.
8. Roomy service-drawer mounted on rollers operates easily.

AMERICAN STOVE COMPANY •• DEPT. B., 14 CHOUTEAU AVENUE, ST. LOUIS, MO.
Largest Makers of Gas Ranges in the World



QUICK MEAL
Quick Meal Stove Company Div., St. Louis, Mo.

DANGLER
Dangler Stove Company Div., Cleveland, Ohio

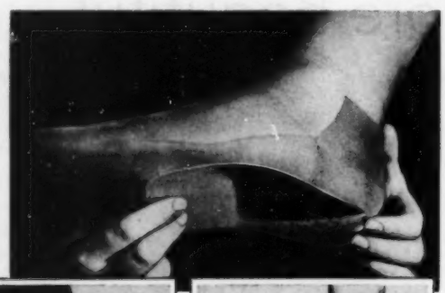
CLARK JEWEL
George M. Clark & Company Div., Chicago, Ill.

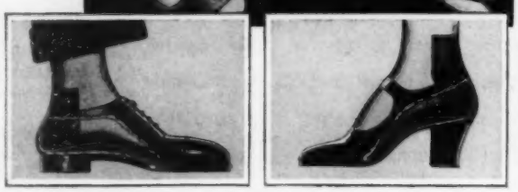
Magic Chef
PRODUCT OF
AMERICAN STOVE COMPANY

If gas service is not available in your community, let us tell you how to obtain tank-gas-service for use in a Red Wheel Gas Range.

Ends Foot Aches *and* Pains

A new scientific Appliance that insures immediate, permanent relief.





So light and thin, it is worn in any shoe like an IN-SOLE!

IF you do not really enjoy life and work as efficiently as you should, because of foot aches and pains, you are undoubtedly suffering from an arch condition.

Seven in ten persons have weak or broken down arches and foot strain. It affects men, women and children.

The symptoms are tired, aching feet, rheumatic-like foot and leg pains, weak or swollen ankles, cramped toes, painful callouses and sore heels.

These foot troubles are caused by a weakening of the muscles and ligaments which support the bones in the feet. When they sag and press on the nerves, each step hurts.

Illustrating the gradual improvement in the condition of a broken down arch through the use of Dr. Scholl's New Improved Arch Supports

Dr. Wm. M. Scholl, internationally famous foot authority, has perfected a new type of Appliance for these foot conditions that relieves and corrects them quickly and with certainty.

These new Arch Supports differ radically from any other. They are extremely thin and flexible, and fit into any shoe like an *insole*.

Dr. Scholl's New Improved Arch Supports are actually *molded* to conform to the shape of your arches, and being *adjustable*, they are raised as the condition of your feet improves. Complete and final correction follows in a short time. After that it is no longer necessary to wear the supports.

In arch support shoes this vital feature of adjustment is *absent*.

Nearly all leading Shoe and Dept. stores feature Dr. Scholl's Foot Comfort Service and employ an Expert who will make a complete analysis of your feet *without charge*. These stores scientifically fit Dr. Scholl's New Improved Arch Supports and other Foot Appliances.

For all other foot troubles there is a specific Dr. Scholl Appliance or Remedy—40 in all—each one guaranteed to relieve and permanently correct the ailment for which it is designed. All are made under Medical and Orthopedic supervision. Sold at Shoe, Drug and Dept. stores.

Write for free booklet

Write for free copy of Dr. Scholl's booklet, describing the symptoms of all foot ailments and their correction, care of the feet, etc. Address, The Scholl Mfg. Co., Chicago.

Dr Scholl's

Foot Comfort Appliances and Remedies

(Continued from Page 109)

Paper of Baltimore and Washington banks was 20 per cent below par, and in the interior of the country the conditions were even worse. It was the custom for banks to suspend specie payments, then, through agents, to buy in their depreciated notes at ten or twenty or fifty cents on the dollar, to defraud the trusting public out of thousands upon thousands of dollars. It was with this high ideal of service to the community and to the country that Betts led L'Estrange Phillipse into the insane mazes of banking.

Something of this Mary Phillipse heard in scraps and snatches of conversation—not enough to comprehend its intricacies but enough to sense that her father was being led into waters he was incapable of breasting; into waters from which he might issue broken not only in bone and body but in honor. It was enough for her that he was dominated by Abel Betts, a man common in mind and manners, a man whose very presence her father would not have tolerated a short year ago.

Nor were her fears for her father all that came to trouble her, for in addition there were Abel Betts' eyes.

They were always upon her, sometimes calculating, sometimes gleaming with a light that made her wish to cover herself with many thicknesses—to become invisible—to be rendered impervious to his stare. When he spoke to her his voice became unctuous, wheedling, full of unspoken innuendo.

Yet Betts was wise in his way, not without a certain stealthy sapience. He did not presume. He knew that to her he was Abel Betts, tavern keeper, and that the slightest assumption of equality on his part would arouse her to the open antagonism which she hesitated to express. So his manner toward her carried a certain subservience, which disgusted her even as it frightened her.

In the old days one word of appeal to her father had been sufficient; she would have been protected; the affront of Abel's eyes would have been punished in such way as a gentleman was accustomed to punish a venturesome inferior. L'Estrange Phillipse would have caned the man off the premises. But now there was none to protect her. Rather it was she who must intervene with some sort of buckler between her failing father and the subtle plans of this man whose word had become his law.

It is true she thought of Jan Van Horn. For a day she had taken comfort in the knowledge that she had confided in him and that he had in his stolid way made her know that he would befriend her father. She felt a solidity in the young Dutchman, a depth, a firmness which was reassuring. Yet he had done nothing. He had declared himself her suitor, to her amusement, but there had been no courtship. Even in her anguish of mind she could smile at the idea of being courted by Jan, at the idea of marriage with him. But when he was with her she had been impressed by his potentialities, and, for a moment, as she had spoken of Betts, she almost had feared him. She had seen in his eyes a cold grimness, a chill relentlessness and restrained savage purpose which almost awed her.

But Jan had disappeared. Since that day of his droll declaration she had not seen him, nor had there been word or letter. She resented his silence and his absence. Also, it must be chronicled, she thought of him many times a day, and not always with exasperation or with resentment.

She was thinking of him now as she lay in her bed in the darkness of her room; indeed, she was grasping at him as one caught in a current might grasp at a straw.

She had been compelled to sit at table with her father and Abel Betts that night, to blush at her father's blindness and to experience bitter pain of humiliation as she compared him with the man he had been. Almost she had cowered under Abel Betts' covert, oily stares. And then Betts had gone, leaving her alone with her father.

He sat with head bowed and shoulders drawn together as with a chill, and now and again he shivered. Suddenly he lifted his face, not flaccid for the moment, but pitiful with age and illness, and looked at her long and searchingly.

"My daughter," he said, "sometimes I think I am not the man I was."

"It is the long winter, father. When spring comes again, and the warm summer sun, you will be quite yourself again."

"No," he said, "I fear that will not be. Things are not always clear to me as they used to be, but I believe I am drawing to the end—to the end, daughter—and then you will be left alone."

"Soon," she said, "we will go up the river—to visit Cousin Rensselaer, perhaps. The air of the country and of the mountains will restore you."

"You will be left alone," he repeated with the stubbornness of a child, "and you should not be left alone. Your mother was married at your age, my dear. We must find a husband for you."

"I want no husband," she said sharply.

"Tut! Tut!" He waggled his head in an impotent sort of way. "I've been thinking it over. It seems to me someone spoke of this very matter. I'm quite sure I discussed it with someone, and we agreed that you should marry. We agreed that it would be very wise. I am not sure, but I think it was Mr. Betts, and Mr. Betts has a head on his shoulders."

"Father!" she exclaimed, but he was not able to perceive the abhorrence in her voice.

"A remarkable young man and a worthy young man. Not a gentleman, it is true, but a coming man in the city. I rely on him. He is invaluable to me. Very able and deeply religious. And he looks as a gentleman should; do you not think so? He is very anxious to do that."

"He looks what he is," said Mary.

"He will be very rich. He will be rich as Astor."

"If he were rich as the Barings, I would despise him," she said.

But he seemed not to hear her. "I think he is fond of you," he went on hazily. "A very fine compliment indeed. My partner, you know. We share important ventures together. An excellent thing—an excellent thing for all concerned."

"What would be an excellent thing?" she asked breathlessly.

"Why, the marriage," he said. "When you are married to Mr. Betts everything will be settled and stable. I am assured of that. Now let me see—how did I become assured of it? In a very definite way, my dear. Let me see now. . . . Sometimes it is not easy for me to remember."

"Perhaps," she said scornfully, "Mr. Betts told you."

"Exactly," he said gleefully. "You have guessed it. Mr. Betts told me, and he is invariably right."

The rage and scorn which burned within her softened and dissipated as she looked at her father—that pitiful man—and tears filled her eyes.

"We will speak of it another time," she said gently, "when you are stronger and when you have rested. Now to bed, my dear. No more wearisome talk tonight." She walked to his side and kissed him on the forehead. "Good night, father."

"Good night, daughter," he said, and followed her with lackluster eyes as she crossed the room, slender, stately, the very flower of the aristocracy of the new republic; a belated flower blossoming in a garden destined to ruin, to disappear among the choking weeds of parvenu wealth, of French equality and of new and strange and undigested ideals.

Jan, though he may have been silent and invisible, was not unaware of the movement of events. Information—advance information—was the foundation upon which he builded his edifice; as the Fuggers had so builded in their day, as the Rothschilds were erecting contemporaneously in Frankfort. These families had grown or were growing great through two expedients: First, by serving the holders of wealth

(Continued on Page 114)

SHEET STEEL PRODUCTS FOR THE HOME, FARM, FACTORY AND FOR BUILDING CONSTRUCTION

WINDOWS NEVER HELD MORE FOR SHOPPERS

Metalware Guaranteed

Hand Dipped

in pure molten zinc and made of

COP-R-LOY

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

THE COPPER ALLOYED STEEL

Any store featuring Wheeling Hand-Dipped Metalware invites you to save on the values which these household necessities now offer. Nothing has been spared in making them distinctively superior in appearance, in usefulness and long life.

While their price is reckoned in pennies, into them has gone exacting craftsmanship with a copper alloyed sheet steel, COP-R-LOY, not an ordinary commercial steel, and each article has been slowly dipped by hand in a pot of pure molten zinc. All this is added quality without the least extra cost to you. There is no similar line that offers so much in trustworthy return for your small expenditures.

Wise merchants and wise homekeepers have been quick to realize this. For this reason better hardware and department stores display Wheeling Hand-Dipped Metalware, with the Wheeling Hand-Dipped Label, that you may shop and save. There are many different articles—all of necessity to the home—tubs, pails, ash and garbage cans—ask for Wheeling by name.

Wheeling

CORRUGATING COMPANY

WHEELING CORRUGATING COMPANY

Wheeling, West Virginia

***Branches:*—New York Chicago Philadelphia St. Louis Detroit Kansas City Minneapolis Richmond Columbus, Ohio Buffalo Chattanooga Des Moines**

GUARANTEED

Hand Dipped

IN PURE MOLTEN ZINC

Thirty-nine years' experience has emphasized the superiority of the Wheeling process of dipping each article separately by hand in pure molten zinc. While modern production methods offer a quicker and cheaper way to perform this operation, the slower but more thorough hand-dipping process is retained because it gives a heavier, longer-wearing zinc-coating inside and out.

EXCLUSIVELY WHEELING RAW MATERIALS AND CRAFTSMANSHIP IN EVERY PRODUCT

What's *Your* Face Value?

Does It Open or Close Doors to You?

Poor Appearance Bars Many a Good Man

Whether we like it or not, appearances count in this world. It's only natural to associate success with the man who *looks* the part.

When a man looks neat we take a lot for granted. On the contrary, when a man looks shabby or unkempt, the thought "failure" comes to mind and it takes a lot to down it.

The man who knows his world adopts every legitimate means to look his best at all times.

To help man increase his face value, a special line of men's toilet needs has been created. It is the Brisk Brigade and here it is:

BRISK, the Mint Julep Shave. **ZEST**, the bracing after-shaving lotion. **SMOOTH**, the powder that kills shine without showing powder. **TRIM**, the hair dressing . . . in cleanly stick form. **STIP**, the modern stoptic.

Once you open the BRISK box and treat your face to a mint julep shave you will never again bother with tube, stick or powder.

In these five essentials man's toilet needs are completely fulfilled. Each is as male as military brushes, cigars and suspenders. Each is designed to increase man's face value.

Have You Ever Had A Mint Julep Shave?

BRISK lathers freely in hot or cold water and plenty of lather is the first requirement of a good shave. BRISK forms two to three times the amount of lather because it absorbs two to three times the amount of water. That means not only a profuse lather but *one that stays moist on your face until you finish your shave!* The rich, moistureful lather eases the cutting stroke of the razor—just like a bit of soap on a saw eases its way through a log. The razor doesn't pull or bump along your face, but glides smoothly over the skin, mowing down the hair clean, closely, almost without effort.

The smooth work of the razor and the cooling, lotion-like effect of BRISK leave your skin clean, smooth and refreshed—soft and supple as a fine kid glove.

The flat, oval tin box—made for men only—contains an amazing lot of BRISK shaves. 50 cents at all drug stores.

STIP, the Modern Stoptic

The most skillful shaver will occasionally "nick" himself. STIP is your handy little "surgeon". Absolutely new—contains no caustic. Closes razor cuts, stops bleeding almost instantly. Handy, sanitary container keeps it clean, makes it easy to use. Stops a lot of cuts for 25 cents. FLORIAN Inc., 1316 Book Bldg., Detroit, Mich.

Brisk

"THE MINT JULEP SHAVE"

and his 4 brothers

ZesT — Smooth — Trim — STIP

(Continued from Page 112)

and power with whom they came in contact; second, by covering Europe with a network of informers and couriers who discovered and brought news to them before it reached other ears. In that day of slow transportation and vast distances this was as feasible as it was essential. So Jan, working in America, where he had never heard of the Fuggers and only vaguely of the Rothschilds, was following their formula.

To watch Abel Betts, who was under his eye, was not a difficult task. Nor, with that astonishing imagination of his, was it impossible for him to put himself in Betts' shoes and so perceive what the man would contrive. Consequently, on the day of the opening of the bank which bore L'Estrange Phillipse's name, Jan Van Horn commenced to purchase depreciated bank notes. The more cheaply he could buy them, the lower the point of depression they had reached, the more satisfactory to him. It was not good notes he wanted but notes which were not costly. It was a simple matter to equip himself with an ample store.

Also he made himself aware of the financial structure of the bank. The partners, Phillipse visible and Betts invisible, had contributed in equal shares one hundred thousand dollars. That this capital would not long remain intact he was able to guess, for he knew how one Massachusetts bank had been founded recently on fifty thousand dollars borrowed by the stockholders for one day and returned as the bank opened its doors. Jan did not doubt that Phillipse's money would remain, but that Abel's would be removed with expedition—by the process of a loan or otherwise. Therefore, Jan moved with a swiftness which his stolid manner and solid body did not promise.

Men came to him in his room at Dan McCormick's with information.

"Have you yet found out who saddlebags for Abel Betts?" he asked of each who came.

"Jonathan Crofts is one of 'em. I was drinkin' with him to the Bull's Head Tavern las' night. He's a-ridin' fur Kentucky tomorrer. Then there's Steve Hosack—he's a-goin' into Tennessee—and Gideon Levy's ridin' to tother side of Tryon County. Them three, mostly."

"It is good," said Jan. "So I thought. What do we know about these men?"

"Plenty," said the informant, and Jan nodded his head in acquiescence.

"Mr. Betts," Jan said grimly, "could not pick men I like more to be picked. They make a start tomorrow?"

"At crack of dawn."

"Good," said Jan, "and that now is all."

Immediately Jan set out in search of one Aaron Byers, a sheriff's man. In this proceeding it will be seen how Jan's hand already reached for levers which controlled authority. He found his man in the common room of a tavern and drew him to one side.

"Aaron Byers," he said, "I have already lent you on your note three hundred dollars."

"But I can't pay now, Mr. Van Horn. I hain't got the money."

"So? I do not ask pay, but maybe, for all that, we tear up the note, eh? You are an officer, Byers, that can make to arrest men."

"To be sure."

"There are three men. Each man has done him some little crimes, eh? But I do not want them in the jail. I want only to show them I can put them in the jail. Could you do it?"

"I don't want to git into trouble."

"No trouble. And the note is torn. What you do is this: These men you stop at the ferry while I speak to them. Then you let them go and they do not come back some more. That is all."

"I guess I kin manage it," said Aaron Byers.

"Good. They are Jonathan Crofts and Stephen Hosack and Gideon Levy. You watch them from now. I also watch. We meet in the morning."

From this meeting Jan trudged out the muddy streets until he reached that more open and clement country on the outskirts of town where was located L'Estrange Phillipse's mansion, and there he had himself announced to the daughter of the house. Mary received him, but he could not be aware of the hope his call inspired or how welcome was his coming. He entered the room with a ponderousness which age would ameliorate and which was due as much to the embarrassment of youth as to the nature of the man.

"You have neglected us," said Mary severely.

"No," said Jan. "I do not neglect. I work. I make you a promise of a thing to be done, so I say to myself that I will not come with talk, but will wait and come when I am ready to make that promise good."

"Oh!" exclaimed Mary, with a little catch of the breath.

"I do not want this Abel Betts to marry with you," he said.

"Father is urging it," she answered frankly.

Somehow she felt that plain and direct statement would serve her best with this young man. He nodded his head.

"It would be this way soon," he said. "This Betts he makes your father involved so that it is bad with him. Then he would come to you and say that you must marry with him or your father shall suffer, eh? I think that is his way. But I stop it."

"You can stop it!" Her hands went to her heart and she leaned forward eagerly, hopefully.

"What I say I do," said Jan. "Then, when this is finished, I court you myself."

She was compelled to smile; then she frowned.

"Am I to understand that you set a price?" she asked sharply.

His apple cheeks grew ruddier; the color enveloped his neck and his ears, and his gray eyes became dark with hurt and with surprise.

"I ask no prices," he said, with a dignity which sat well upon him. "What I do is because you are the woman for me. I do not tell you I will do this if you marry with me. No, I do not want to marry with you so." He found difficulty with his words, but struggled on: "No, I do this because I want to do a thing for you. The courtship does not commence. If you come to me I want it because I am the man for you, not for some other reason." Again he hesitated for words in which to clothe his thought. "It is better for me," he said, "if you always think me a good man that keeps his promises, and never marry with me, than that you think bad of me and marry me for a reason, eh?"

"Thank you, Jan," she said simply. "I understand. I will not make such a mistake again."

"That is good," he said. "So now I come to tell you that I act tomorrow, but it will look to all that I am not a friend to L'Estrange Phillipse. It will look that I want to ruin him. But that is not so. He will not be hurt. Only Abel Betts will be hurt. But tongues will wag themselves and you will hear and you will see. It is the way I find, and I find no other way." He sat silent a moment, moving his head uneasily. "It is like this, eh? You are sick. The doctor comes with his knife and he cuts so that the blood runs in the basin. It is a hurt, and if you do not understand, you think this doctor is an enemy and not a friend. But that letting of the blood cures the fever."

She laid her hand on his arm. "I understand, Jan," she said, and he was aware that she had used his Christian name for the second time. It warmed him.

"So," he said—he commenced so many of his sentences with this word—"so, whatever it looks, you will know I am his friend and your friend."

"I will be very sure of it," she said.

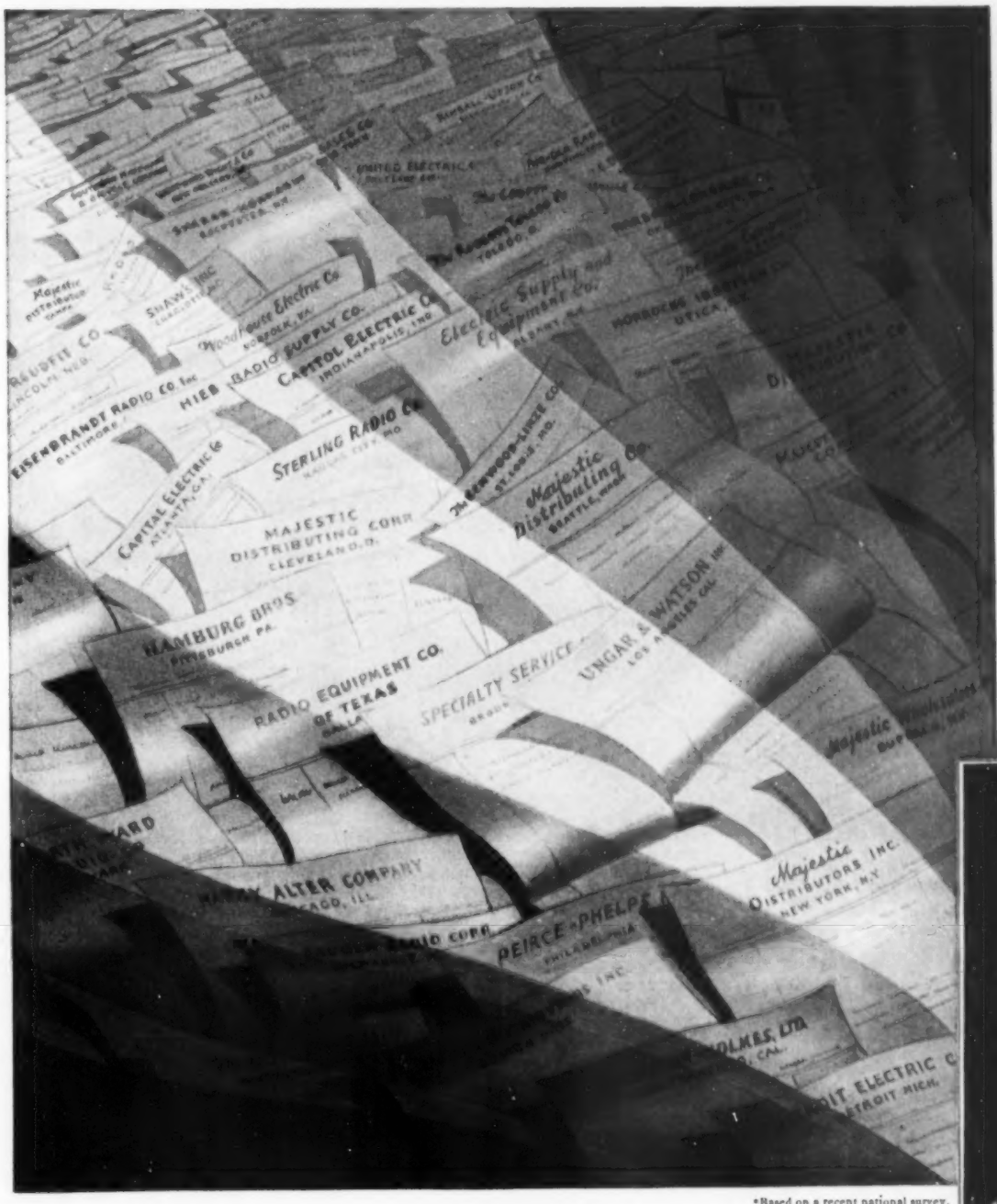
"Now I go," he said.

"A cup of tea?" she invited.

(Continued on Page 116)

Majestic's *Colorful Tone* wins the most sincere testimonial of all –

TWO MILLION SIGNED ORDERS



IMAGINE IT! With *fifty-five* brands to choose from, almost *one-third of all 1929 electric radios sold were Majestics!* In less than two years, two million buyers have called Colorful Tone the finest in radio. Two million *signed orders prove the sincerity* of their praise. The most genuine testimonials of all—given *overwhelmingly* to Majestic! Never has any product won such amazing preference. And never has there been such proof of satisfaction as this—90% of these buyers *will again choose Majestics* when they buy new radios!*

The famous COLORFUL TONE that won this great preference is now even richer. The wonderful new Colotura Speaker is more accurate, more life-like on every note. Cabinets have new, distinctive beauty. A demonstration will show you convincingly why Majestic sells nearly half as many electric radios as all other manufacturers together. Visit your Majestic Dealer today. GRIGSBY-GRUNOW COMPANY, CHICAGO, U. S. A. *World's Largest Manufacturers of Complete Radio Receivers.*

EACH Sunday evening, enjoy an hour listening to the entertaining Majestic Theatre of the Air, nine to ten Eastern Standard Time, over the Columbia Broadcasting System.

NEW! Majestic Model 93 (illustrated) in this exquisite Walnut cabinet, includes: new COLOTURA SPEAKER; *new sturdier, simplified chassis; guaranteed Majestic Matched Tubes.*

*Based on a recent national survey.

Majestic Radio

MIGHTY MONARCH OF THE AIR

In Canada: ROGERS-MAJESTIC RADIO

Prices slightly higher

Licensed under patents and applications of R.C.A. and R.F.L., also by Lektiphone, Lowell & Dunmore and Hogan License Associates.

"If I were king, my pipe should be premier!"

—W. E. HENLEY

1 Cut for Pipes Only

2 Made by Wellman's Method . . . An 1870 Tobacco Secret

3 Big Flakes that Burn Slow and Cool

4 Sweet to the End No Soggy Heel

Sage, friendly advisor, in great matters or small...how perfectly a good pipe fills that role! And Granger is the royal touch that has raised thousands of pipes from the ranks!

Really, it's surprising how much cooler, cleaner and sweeter a pipe becomes with Granger inside. Cooler and cleaner because of the slow-burning Rough Cut. Sweeter, because Wellman's secret method mellows this choice ripe Burley to a king's taste!

But there's no "royalty" for Granger's fragrant flavor; the handy soft foil package is ten cents. Also packed in half-pound vacuum tins and one-pound humidors.

GRANGER

ROUGH CUT

A cooler smoke in a drier pipe

LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.

(Continued from Page 114)

"No. Next week, maybe. Then I start to make the courtship. But not until the promise I give is done."

Here was a curious scruple, but dimly she understood it, and its presence elevated him in her eyes; it demonstrated to her an appreciation of a tenuous point of honor—and she had been educated to place honor before everything.

In her heart she was saying to herself with some astonishment, "He thinks as a gentleman."

Early on the morning that followed, Jan, accompanied by his suborned officer and enough of reënforcements to make the arrests certain, waited for the arrival of Abel Betts' saddlebaggers. The men came to the Weehawken ferry but, before they could board it, found themselves in the hands of the law.

"I speak with them now," said Jan. "You guard."

When he stood with the three men out of earshot of the others he spoke.

"You go saddlebag banking for Abel Betts," he said. "It is a long hard journey where you go. I save you trouble and work. Between you, on your horses, you have bank notes to sell. I buy."

"Hey, what's this?" demanded Jonathan Crofts. "What you gittin' at?"

"I get at this: That you sell me and not in Kentucky and Tennessee to defraud little merchants and workers. I pay with notes for notes, dollar for dollar. Then you go away to some city and do not come back. But if you do not sell or if you come back, then you go to jail, eh? And when you come out, you go again to jail. I make it my business, and I know many things about you. Shall I tell what I know?"

He did not await their permission but began a recital of acts and minor depredations which added to an alarming total. "You see?" he asked. "These things I can prove. Now, what is the word?"

"You got us in a cleft stick," said Jonathan Crofts. "I guess we better climb down."

"That is good," said Jan. "Now we make the sale of notes for notes, and then you go away."

So that financial transaction was completed; Jan bought the fresh packets of bank notes with the depreciated currency he had collected, and then he smiled grimly.

"But we must protect Mr. Betts," he said softly. "So you do not go away with all this money. No. You deliver what I give you to the law, which makes a receipt. Then the law returns it to Mr. Betts, so all is well."

It was before noon, then, on the third day of the life of the new private bank of L'Estrange Phillipse, that Jan in his proper person entered the countingroom. He did not seek out Mr. Phillipse, but asked an interview with Betts himself. His first encounter with the man face to face, if one omits the brief meeting at the tavern on the night of the turkey shoot.

Betts received him reluctantly and with misgiving.

"Abel Betts, it is I, Jan Van Horn," were Jan's opening words.

"How be ye?" Abel asked in some trepidation.

"I come to see you about business," said Jan.

Abel rubbed his hands. "Business is business. Shows a Christian spirit, I say. Bygones be bygones is the good way."

"I do not speak of bygones," said Jan grimly.

"The flesh is weak," said Abel unctuously, but in a voice which his cowardice permitted to tremble. "I see the right and I'm allus prayin' and strivin' toward the right, but I'm a weak and mis'able sinner. I've throwed myself before the mercy seat. I done you a wrong and I've suffered fur it, and I ask your forgiveness and Gawd's forgiveness."

"We do not speak of that," said Jan. "We talk of money."

Such a man was not to be comprehended by Betts. Jan alarmed him.

"Then we'll talk about money," he said hesitantly.

Jan nodded. "I got here," he said, "in your bank notes a hundred thousand dollars. I present them, eh? Now you redeem them."

"What?" Abel gaped. "You got a hundred thousand of our notes!"

"In this bundle," said Jan impassively. "For them I demand hard money."

"But looky here! You know's well as me we can't redeem. You're in the bankin' business yourself. It hain't noways possible." His shifty eyes narrowed. "How'd you get them bank notes?"

"I got them," said Jan. "Now you redeem."

"You'll break us. You'll ruin Mr. Phillipse that you're a friend to and broke bread at his table."

"You redeem," said Jan, "or you suspend. There is no other word. That is the last. Redeem."

Abel wriggled on the hook; he was suddenly frantic both with fear of Jan and terror of losing some of the money he coveted.

"Hain't you got any Christian charity?" he mumbled.

"Redeem," said Jan.

"This'll make a terrible smell. It'll involve folks. You can't go 'n' do this here caper."

"I've done it," said Jan. "There's two things left. One of them is that you redeem and pay me a hundred thousand dollars in hard money that these bank notes call for."

"What's the other?" Betts asked him eagerly.

"Give me the bank," said Jan.

"Eh? What?"

"You hear," said Jan. "You hear very good. This bank has capital of a hundred thousand dollars. I take it. Then I am the bank."

"You'd rob your friend Mr. Phillipse?"

"Take your pick," said Jan. "You sign your share to me and I tend to Mr. Phillipse."

"And me lose fifty thousand dollars!"

"What part of it is good," said Jan.

Betts wriggled and called on the name of his Creator; he mouthed and raged, he threatened, he prayed, but in the end there was nothing for him to do. The bank must suspend in bad odor, and Abel could not afford that bad odor about his clothes; and other consequences disagreeable, even appalling, might follow. In the end he surrendered, but with a hatred in his heart toward Jan which almost equaled the hatred in Jan's heart toward him. It was the second skirmish in a war which was to become lifelong and whose battlefield was to be the United States.

Also it was the birth of the banking house of Phillipse and Van Horn, which endured long after there was a Phillipse to carry on the name and the tradition. Nor was it without profit to Jan. He had bought from a bank its notes to the face value of a hundred thousand with other notes of equal face value which had cost him some thirty thousand dollars. And these notes became the property, not of Betts or of Phillipse but of the bank—an asset of the bank. So, in effect, Jan acquired a half interest in that institution for his trouble in swapping bank notes for bank notes. A half interest—Betts' half interest—for he permitted L'Estrange Phillipse to remain undisturbed. Not only undisturbed but serenely unaware of just what had taken place. The main thing which had happened was that he had exchanged guides. Abel Betts was ejected from the place and Jan Van Horn stepped into it.

Nowhere but in the United States of 1815 could such a transaction have taken place. One may question the strict ethics of the thing, but none may question the efficiency of the method or the decency of purpose which underlay it. Jan had redeemed his promise to Mary Phillipse and could say to himself, "Now I make the courtship."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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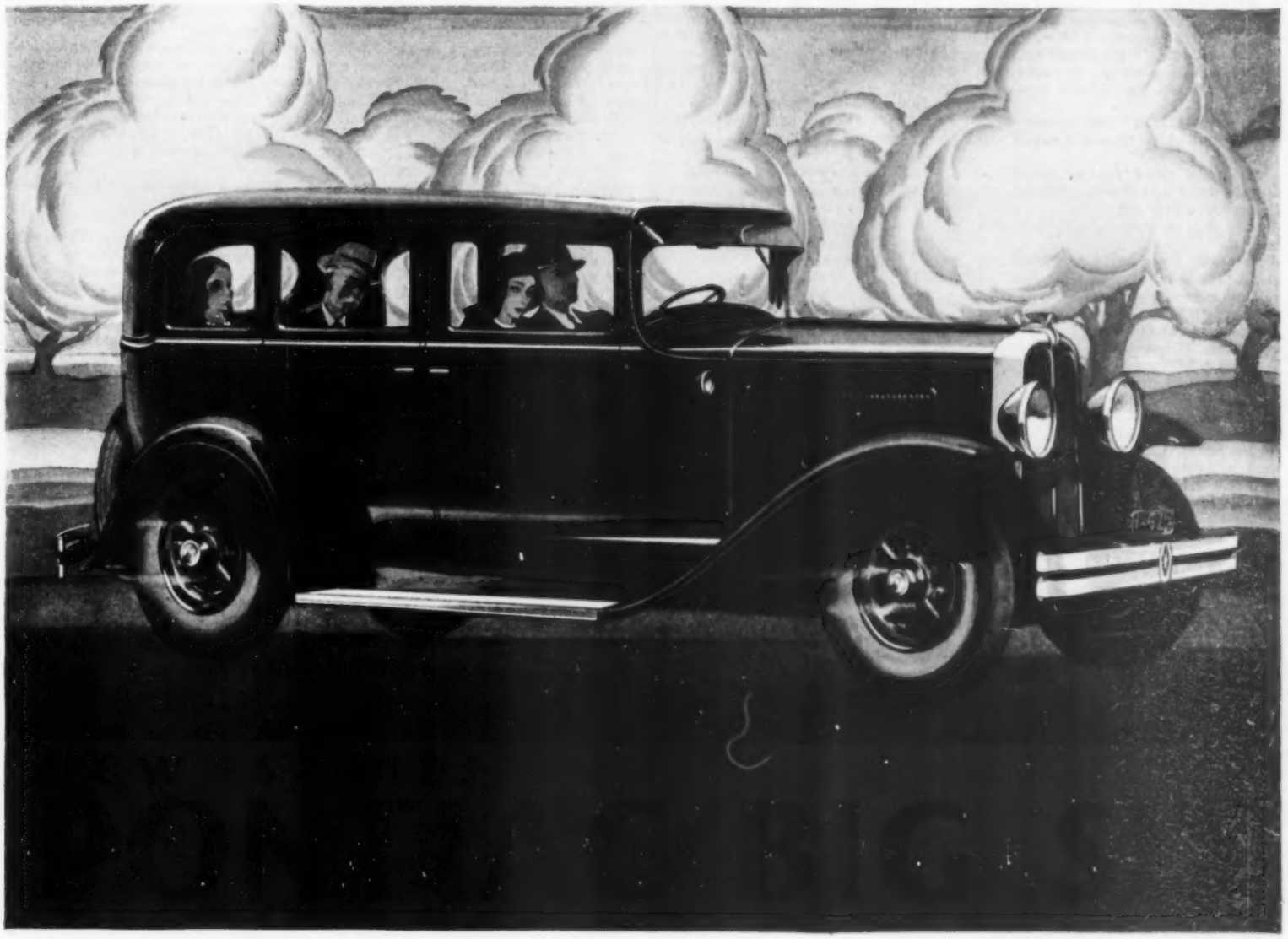

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Write for an interesting booklet which illustrates and describes the design of the New Series Pontiac Big Six.

MR. DWYER'S MISTAKE

(Continued from Page 19)

La Belette stumbled and jostled Mr. Dwyer. Mr. Dwyer pushed him aside. La Belette signaled "Not on him" and slunk off. Therault kept the trail to the Rue Cambon.

"Pleeze, sair, I am poor man; not ver' reech. Zis day you 'ave bought somesing at le Café Internationale"—he pulled a soiled envelope from his pocket and drew on it a rough design of the girdle—"for ver' little."

"What about it?" Mr. Dwyer asked.

"It is stole from me by t'ief—not to him to sell. I would buy it back from you, pleeze, sair."

"Is that so? Well"—Mr. Dwyer didn't like the smell of it—"I gave it away."

"But impossible!"

"Why? I didn't buy it. A peddler dropped it and the waiter gave it to me, and I gave it to a little girl."

"But it is of great value! You could not ——"

Mr. Dwyer shrugged. "I don't know you, and I don't like your looks"—he took out his card and scrawled the name of his hotel on it—"but if there is any truth in what you say, take this to the police and let them talk to me. They will find me there for the next two days."

"But the police—*son, non!*"

"Exactly what I thought."

"But, sair, pleeze now; I am poor man. I—this will be ver' bad for you."

"I'll risk it." He passed Therault and went on up the street.

At four the next morning, Anaximandre Septime Jus, *agent de police* of the patrol of the Rue Peter Suradin of the Ninth Arrondissement, found, upon the sidewalk in front of Mr. Dwyer's hotel, a gentleman in pajamas, quite dead, and upon looking upward, saw an open window on the third floor.

Suicide without doubt; but the police surgeon disagreed, for there was an angry red welt about the gentleman's neck; and the alarm was spread for Petitlouis, for it was his trick last. Simple. A tap on a window at night. The occupant of the room awakes and goes to the sill to see what is there. A shadow clinging to the ledge bends quickly and the toggles click. Pfut! After which the room may be quite thoroughly rifled.

Mr. Dwyer occupied the room next door. A careless mistake.

V

"LOOK you," said M. Pérouilles. "You have a fortune. Twenty-two, six-ounce pieces running to a bare 3 per cent iridium, and two—the old Russian coins—up to 22 per cent. The others were refined, no doubt, for some obscure chemical experiment and are probably priceless. They are the purest platinum Anton has ever seen. For the old coins"—he reached for a loose-leaf ledger and ran his long deft fingers through the pages until he found what he wanted—"roughly, twenty-six thousand two hundred and fifty francs apiece they would come to at my last quotation for the hectogram. The 3 per cent troughs—no one can say. I personally, as a jeweler, have never seen platinum refined to that degree, but let us guess the price on a percentage basis." He figured for a moment on the margin, drew his line and added:

"Two million three hundred and sixty thousand three hundred francs."

"Here. Just a moment," said Mr. Dwyer. "You are way beyond me." He picked up the pencil himself.

"In other words," he said, after a moment of figuring, "somewhere in the neighborhood of ninety thousand dollars."

"That is it, my friend."

"I," said Mr. Dwyer, "will be a son of a gun."

"Of course, to find a market is another thing. In France, for the whole thing, no. For some of the pieces I shall perhaps locate someone within a fortnight or so."

"But I'm sailing for America this evening."

"But of course, yes! In America, where there is great business enterprise and chemical activity, that is your market, and your American price per ounce will no doubt be higher."

"But what about the duty?"

"Well"—M. Pérouilles shrugged—"that is something, of course. I do not export, but I believe your country levies in the neighborhood of 70 or 80 per cent on jewelry."

"That's a blow. I wouldn't mind it, I suppose, if I'd bought this thing, but 70 or 80 per cent for something that has been thrust upon you ——"

"There is the alternative." M. Pérouilles smiled. "These are not registered pieces—not jewels—nor have you, as you say, purchased them; so there is no one on this side to report the sale to your officials. It is a chance that presents itself."

"So it is. So it is. And a chance of paying double plus a fine."

"*Bonne chance*, M'sieur Dwyer; if at any time I can be of service ——"

"Thanks. But see here; I owe you something for this."

"A mere sixteen hundred, seventy-five francs for the analysis. A pittance as we say," said M. Pérouilles.

"Quite so." Mr. Dwyer shelled out and departed with the pieces of the dismantled girdle nested in tissue and resting under his fingers in his left-hand pocket. At the corner of the Rue Volney he passed into the noon crowds and stumbled against a man. A few steps farther he apparently stumbled into another. Then two fingers touched his in his pocket, and he swung blindly with his right, missing the button of an astonished gentleman by millimeters. He apologized and hailed a cab.

In his room at the hotel once again, it seemed to Mr. Dwyer that the valet and the *femme de chambre* had done their best to make his packing more difficult. All the drawers were open and piled one upon the other in the center of the floor, and his clothing was sprawled, hit or miss, across the foot of the bed. His bags, still upon their trestles, were empty and their contents piled upon the floor. He rang for the valet, gave him what for and set him to work repacking under supervision.

Another hour saw him on the left bank in the cobwebbed *bureau* of one G. Torquin, bottler of wines to the small trade in an extremely small way. He stayed with G. Torquin some time. At two he dined alone on *escargots* at the Coq d'Or. At three he went to the American Express for the last of his mail, and at five, packed, strapped, porter-pestered and hot, he found himself aboard the boat train in the Gare du Nord, waiting, as Mr. Dwyer expressed it mentally, for the damned thing to pull out.

It did eventually, and eventually it made Cherbourg. It was raining, as it always is in Cherbourg. Or rather, it was not raining, but the Channel fog was dropping in great chunks that glazed the *trottoirs* and effectually hid everything but the man in front and the sickly yellow electric bulbs overhead.

Mr. Dwyer's blue-smocked porter shouldered his way through the murk with Mr. Dwyer tagging along behind, the wet chill tightening his knee caps and pinching the tip of his nose with clammy fingers. Presently he was in the great galvanized void of the shed, presenting his tickets for scrutiny, and a few minutes more saw him aboard the crowded tender that lugged and thumped through the harbor chop and the siren-split darkness toward the lights of the liner.

VI

THE second dinner gong had gone and the liner was outward bound again, with the range lights of the harbor spread across the mist astern like the glow of a faint moon on frozen slush. The upper-deck passages were empty as Harry Prout opened his slop locker and took out the tools of his trade—his dust brush and pan, his mop and broom, and his square of chamois.

"'Ullo." He stopped on his way down the passage. No. 220 had a card stuck in the tiny brass frame on the door panel. "Bleedin' luck! Thought I was to 'ave 'n empty to pop into for a break-off an' a smoke, an' someone's bin an' booked her from Cherbourg. Strike me." He leaned forward and read the name, and his face brightened.

"Not so bad. Not so bad. Mr. Dwyer agyne. It'd be abaht 'is time to go 'ome to the Stytes." Harry Prout tapped on the panels and turned the knob. The door was locked and his fingers were smeared and greasy on the tips. He wiped them and wiped the knob with his chamois. He took out his key. It struck against something soft in the hole, but he pushed it home, opened the door and snapped on the lights. Funny go, that. There was wax on the end of his key. He wiped it and cleaned off the lock plate on both sides.

"'Oo'd be puttin' wax in a lock, now?"

Mr. Dwyer's bags were racked where the porter had left them, and they were all locked except the one that had held his dinner things. Harry Prout straightened up the cabin and left. In the passage again, he stopped and pinched the tip of his nose between his thumb and forefinger.

"I wonder," he said, "that ayn't 'pened to none o' m' passengers since '23." He shook his head and went on to the next cabin. When his rounds were finished for the night, he had two little pieces of paper, wadded tightly and stuck in a pocket under his jacket.

He went up to Al Brophy's cubby behind the bar for his break-off and final smoke before bedtime. Through the slot he saw Mr. Dwyer sitting alone at a table with a glass before him.

"Oh, well," he thought, "'tayn't none o' my business until somethin' 'appens. Carn't go abaht reportin' things on suspicions."

VII

"PROUT," said Mr. Dwyer.

"Yes, sir." Harry Prout came to the door of the bathroom, his towels in his hand.

"Have you got a moment or so to spare?"

"Why, yes, sir. Is there anything?"

"Several things." Mr. Dwyer snapped his declaration form with the tip of his finger. "You've always appealed to me to be an honest man."

"I 'opes I am, sir."

"Quite so. On the strength of that, I want to ask you something. How much of a chance has a man got of smuggling something small and fairly valuable into New York—something in the jewelry line?"

"Very little, sir. Anything very valuable is registered usually, an' when it's bought, it's reported."

"Suppose this wasn't. How do the officials go about spotting it?"

"Well, sir, there's two wyes. First off, if they're suspicious they gen'rally gets a steward to spot on a passenger. Then agyne, after a passenger gets through syfe, he usually boasts about it, thinkin' it's all hover, but it ayn't, because they can come down on you any time afterwards and catch you. There's very little chance of gettin' awye permanent wiv anything valuable."

"I see."

"Yes, sir." Harry Prout went back into the bathroom and closed the door. He ran a spot of water into the tub and swabbed it out. He lifted the gratings and mopped up the tiled deck. He racked his clean towels, swabbed the wash basin, arranged Mr. Dwyer's toothbrush, comb and shaving things and, giving the mirror a lick, bundled the dirty towels together and went out into the cabin once more. Mr. Dwyer was at the desk, bent over his declaration form.

Harry Prout coughed.

"Beg pardon, sir. I mean to sye, it ayn't like I was just another steward, Mr. Dwyer. You've 'ad me now for upward of a dozen crossin's, you 'ave, an' thank you for 'aving me, sir, an' if there is anything I could do ——"

"In what way?"

"Well, sir, a steward carn't 'elp seein' an' thinkin' things, an' beggin' your pardon, I knows you've got somethin'."

Mr. Dwyer got up and sat upon the edge of his bed, his knee clasped in his hands.

"Go on. How do you know?"

"Well, sir; it was the key first."

"Whose key?"

"I wish I knew, sir, but it don't work out."

"What doesn't?"

"The perfume, sir. I thought it was your shyvin' lotion, but it ayn't."

"What are you talking about?"

"It's quite simple, Mr. Dwyer. The first night out of Cherboorg there was wax in your lock. I've seen it before. Them as mykes keys for no good purpose tykes a thin wire outline blank and gets an impress like of the lock tumblers, then they files a key from the pattern they gets. I wouldn't 've thought nothin' abaht the wax, only it 'appened once before, so I knew wot to look for, an' I found it."

"What?"

"The metal key filin's, sir. In another cabin. I've got 'em wiv the wax in m' pocket."

"Which cabin?"

"I carn't tell you, sir, beggin' your pardon, because that ayn't hevidence enough. If you 'ad reported somethin' missin', then I could tell. We 'as to be very careful of the ship's nyme, sir. It's a steward's jooty to do so, an' to m' mind hit's as himportant as hit is for the hofficers to keep 'er from 'itting on a rock."

"I see. What about the perfume?"

"That's just it, sir. The metal filin's weren't in a woman's cabin, but there's been perfume in this cabin four times. I've tried to spot on 'oo went in, but I 'av'n't done hit so far. They're too clever for me. Well, all in all, wiv wot you arsked me just now, an' puttin' two an' two together to myke four like, I carn't help but think that you've got somethin', an' that's that, an' that's why I arsked if I could do anything."

"Granting all this, how do you know I'm not a crook myself?"

Harry Prout smiled. "You ayn't myde no key, sir; an' barrin' that, if you carn't tell abaht a gentleman in one crossin', let alone twelve, you ayn't got no business bein' a steward."

Mr. Dwyer took a cigar from his pocket and clipped the end.

"Prout," he said, "I like you. I'm in a peculiar position. I had something thrust upon me in Paris that is worth a small fortune. It appeals to me to keep it, principally because there have been half a dozen attempts to get it away from me; in fact, everything has been tried but the right way, which I indicated at the start. If what you say about the key is true, someone is still trying. And I don't blame them. There's ninety thousand dollars at stake, in platinum. I've got it, and I've got it right. Nobody is going to get it from me—not even the customs men now—because I'm getting mad."

"Platinum, sir; that's the hexpensive stuff they myke joolry of?"

"That's it. Twenty-four pieces of it, each one about so big around"—Mr. Dwyer traced a segment on his desk blotter—"bent slightly—about enough to fit around a man's thumb—and about so thick." He measured off the thickness with his thumb nail on the pencil point.

"But platinum, sir —— Please believe wot I sye. If it's that stuff they myke

(Continued on Page 123)

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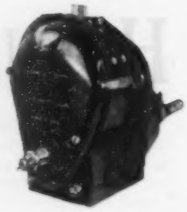

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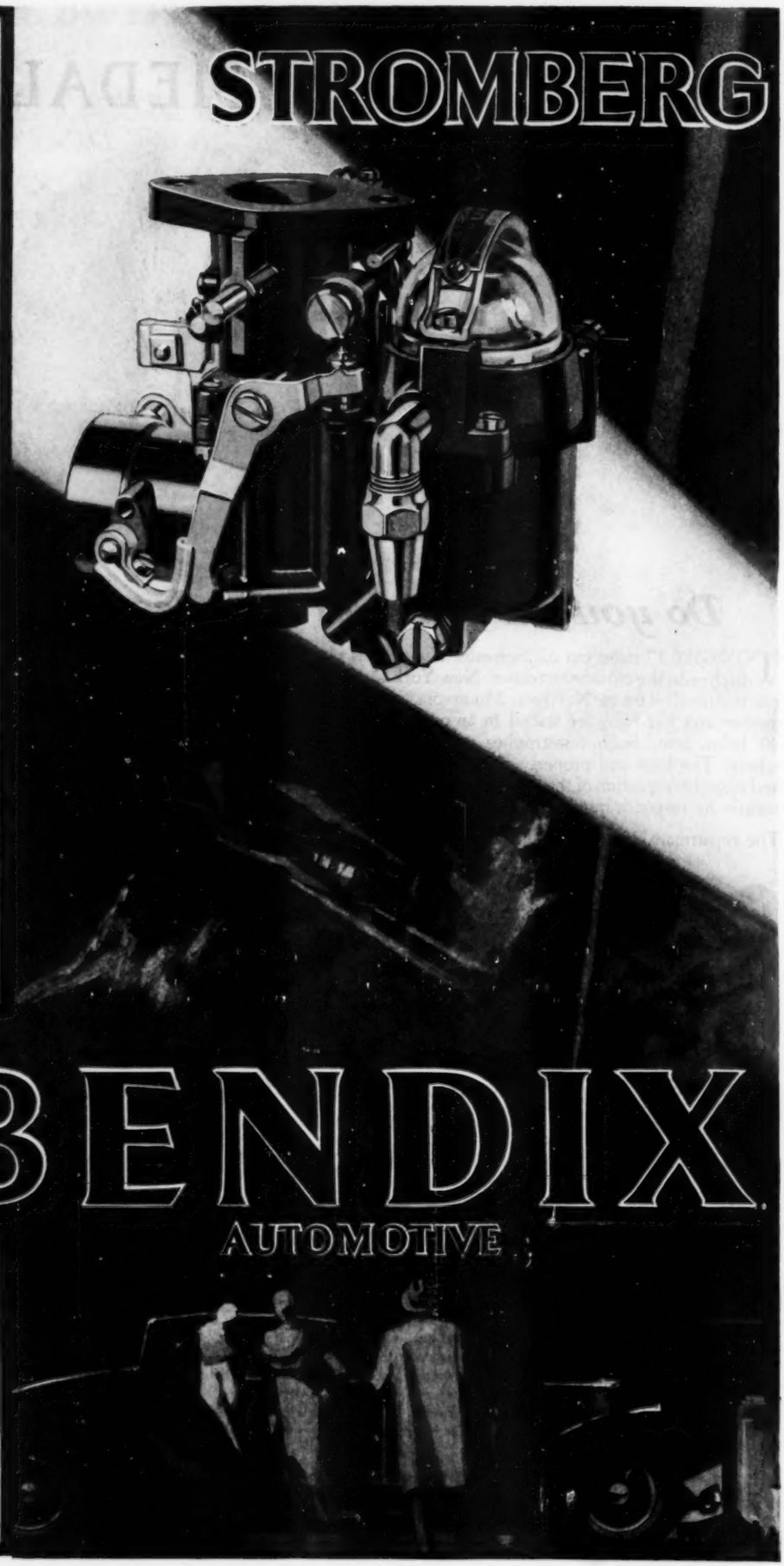

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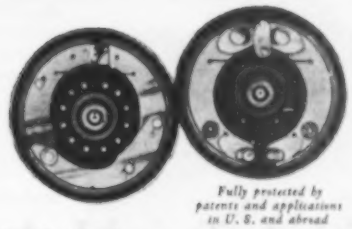

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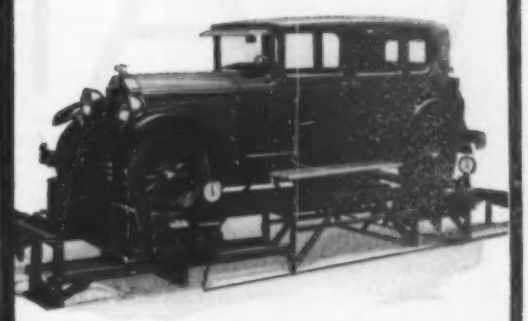
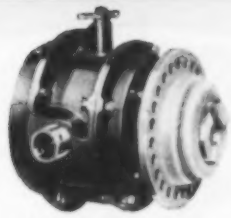


Bendix-Cowdrey Brake Tester **makes accurate brake adjustment a certainty. It measures and indicates on a dial the braking force on each wheel. After a Cowdrey test and adjustment a certificate is given telling exactly the stopping distance of the car at a given speed. This is *Certified Stopping—possible only with a Cowdrey Brake Test.* Tests all types of brakes for all sizes of cars, trucks and buses. Universally adopted by all branches of the automotive industry.**

PRODUCTS
AVIATION



Eclipse Aviation Engine Starters and Generators **are built for all types and sizes of aviation engines. Compact, light in weight, they easily start the largest engines. Eclipse engine driven Generators are voltage regulated, insuring proper charging rate and greatly prolonging battery life.**

WHAT HAS A CANDLE TO DO WITH MOTOR OIL?

WAXFREE
Wax turns water-thin under heat. Wax turns candle-hard under cold. Now you can get a waxfree paraffin-base oil for the best year-round lubrication
HAVOLINE
LOOK FOR THIS SIGN

Watery drops of wax dripping from a burning candle illustrate a warm-weather lesson in motor oils that every motorist should learn—one that vitally affects the pleasure and service you get from your car in summer driving.

The paraffin-wax used in candles and the sturdiest, toughest motor oils are both made from the same raw material—paraffin-base crude oil. Heretofore there has been no way to *completely* separate the two . . . *and many oils contain wax!*

Just as candle-wax becomes watery and bodiless with heat . . . so wax in oil turns water-thin and has no lubricating value when your engine becomes hot and needs protection most. Obviously, wax is a sorry lubricant for bearings racing at blistering heat.

Now, a revolutionary new method of refining, the *Govers Process*, has accomplished the long sought goal of lubrication engineers: a paraffin-base motor oil entirely free from wax—the New Waxfree Havoline. It is all oil!

Because this great new oil is a 100%-distilled unblended paraffin-base oil free from all volatile, easy-burning elements . . . *free from wax* . . . it lubricates through a greater range of temperature than ordinary oils! It holds its sturdy, oily body, clinging to heated bearing surfaces and safeguarding them from frictional wear, long after other oils have "gone up in smoke."

This superior heat resistance insures a better piston seal . . . less evaporation . . . more power . . . greater mileage per gallon of gas . . . fewer crankcase fillings . . . less carbon. In short, the finest lubrication you have ever experienced in warm-weather driving.

Waxfree Havoline is carefully refined in different grades to provide correct lubrication for every make of car, climate and driving condition. When you buy oil, remember this candle lesson—*waxfree means carefree*—and ask for the proper grade for your car and your climate.

INDIAN REFINING COMPANY
General Offices: LAWRENCEVILLE, ILLINOIS
In Canada: HAVOLINE OIL CO. of CANADA, Ltd.
67 Yonge Street Toronto, 2, Ontario

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35¢ a QUART

Prices slightly higher west of the Rocky Mountains and in Canada

The New WAXFREE HAVOLINE

(Continued from Page 118)

joolry of, the jooty is fair ruinous an' they'll get you."

"That's it; this isn't jewelry yet, but there's enough in what I've got to make wedding rings for everybody the Gary Society ever heard of."

"Don't try it, sir, please!"

Mr. Dwyer shook his head. "I put it where it is, to keep it safe. If I move it now, your friend of the key will get it from me. Not a chance. It's smuggle or nothing. You'd do the same yourself."

"Not me, sir. I'd never smuggle nothing. It's me jooty to the ship not to. Smugglin' mykes the ship liable."

Mr. Dwyer laughed. "I've paid my passage and I'll take the consequences if I'm caught. It's too much like poker to back out now. I've drawn cards and I'll play, and I'll make you a side bet of two hundred dollars against your tip that I win. Two hundred dollars says I smuggle the stuff into the port of New York tomorrow at noon."

"Well, sir, I've told you, sir, wot I knows is true, an' I begs you not to try it. See the purser, sir. 'E'll help you out."

Mr. Dwyer shook his head.

VIII

MR. DWYER opened his pocketbook and drew out four ten-dollar bills. He creased them carefully lengthwise and handed them to Harry Prout.

"Thank you, Prout." He took his card and scrawled his club's address under his name. "There you are," he said. "We shall settle our little bet this evening."

"Yes, sir."

Mr. Dwyer buttoned his coat and drew on his gloves. Harry Prout picked up the bags and in single file they made their way forward to the gangway. Mr. Dwyer's trunks were already out and ready under the D pillar, and an inspector was going through Mrs. Didion's things.

Harry Prout set the bags down.

"Beg pardon, hinspector. Could you do this gentleman next?"

"There was someone after me a moment ago. We'll see. This is the lace, ma'am?"

"Yes, eight yards."

Harry Prout touched his cap to Mr. Dwyer and went back aboard. That gentleman unlocked his trunks and bags, and paced back and forth, swinging his stick.

"And now you, sir?"

"These trunks and the two bags."

The inspector ran his hand lightly under the clothing and probed behind. Then he opened the drawers one by one and went into the corners of each of them. From the third drawer he took a round object possibly eight inches long and carefully removed the shirt that was wrapped about it. Without a word he put the bottle at his feet and went back to a more thorough search. Five more bottles he found in that trunk—three in the second and three in the hand bags—a dozen all told—of St. Estêphe, foiled and labeled.

"For a friend." Mr. Dwyer shrugged. "A sacred promise. What do I do to redeem this forfeit?"

"That depends," said the inspector. "It's not up to me. It may be anything up to a thousand dollars." He beckoned across the shed and another customs man came over.

"I don't suppose you could just break them and forget it?"

"I'm afraid not. It's the law. . . . George, ask Mr. Henderson to come here." The inspector turned to Mr. Dwyer. "All that sort of thing has to be turned over to the prohibition people."

"I see. Well, so be it."

Henderson came along presently and looked at the bottles. "Twelve, hey?"

"Yes," said Mr. Dwyer. The prohibition man ignored him. He looked at the bottles. "Wine," he said. "What's your name?" He wrote it and the address into his book. Then he stood for a moment in deep thought, weighing the destiny of his country's sovereign dignity and the possible weight of this affront thereto.

After a moment he pulled a small nickel rod from his pocket and broke all twelve bottles in rapid succession. He dusted his hands and walked off.

"You're lucky," said the customs inspector.

"I suppose I am," said Mr. Dwyer ruefully, "but what about my friend?"

"Out of luck. That's all."

"Well, I'll take him the corks to show my good intentions." Mr. Dwyer kicked the twelve jagged bottle necks into a towel and stuffed it into a corner of a trunk drawer.

The customs man grinned, "Don't worry. You're not the first one."

He closed his trunks. The customs man labeled them and chalked the corners. A dock porter piled them on his hand truck, and with Mr. Dwyer after him, led the way to the elevators and the taxi rank below, where all the fly-by-night, exorbitantly priced cabs in the city are invariably lined up and all the incoming transatlantic passengers are considered to be legitimate victims of the doubled fare.

IX

IT WAS about nine o'clock that one of the hall boys found him in the library of his club.

"There's a man to see you, sir. Gives the name of Prout."

"Take him up to my room." Mr. Dwyer put down the evening paper and went out to the elevators. He snapped on the lights in his room and a moment later the hallboy knocked and showed Harry Prout in.

Mr. Dwyer rubbed his hands.

"Good evening, Prout."

"Good evening, sir." Harry closed the door behind him.

"I'm 'ere, sir."

Mr. Dwyer grinned. "Sit down."

Harry Prout put his greenish-black bowler on the table top and sat gingerly upon the edge of a straight chair.

"Thank you, sir."

Mr. Dwyer rubbed his chin. "Prout," he said, "perhaps the greatest thing in this world, when used practically, is the much-vaunted science of psychology. For instance, if I have a sore toe and have to wear a cut shoe in consequence, and I am conscious of it, I can wear a brilliant necktie to catch people's eyes, and not one in ten will notice my foot."

"Yes, sir."

"Then again, if I hold four kings and I ride along for a while without raising, I may rake in the pot. And thirdly, if I am trying not to get caught on a big thing and allow myself to be nabbed for a smaller thing, the chances are I'll get away with what I want to get away with."

"I see, sir."

"Very well; that's exactly what happened."

Mr. Dwyer crossed to his wardrobe trunk, pushed the two halves open and drew out the second drawer. From its right-hand corner he took out a wadded towel and put it on the table beside Harry Prout's hat. He untied the corners of the towel and waved a triumphant hand at the twelve jagged bottle necks within, that still reeked faintly of wine. He picked up one of the necks and broke the rough wax seal that held two turns of red tape around the base of the lead foil. He unwound the ribbon and put a thumb nail under the foil. It came off the neck of the bottle almost intact.

Mr. Dwyer stared. Mr. Dwyer passed a hand through his hair. Mr. Dwyer swore mightily. He picked up another bottle neck and repeated the operation. Then he sat down and said, "Skunked!"

"Beg pardon, sir," said Harry Prout. "Would these be the platinum, sir?" He put a hand into his pocket and pulled out a small package wrapped in brown paper. He undid it and cascaded twenty-four nested troughs upon the table top.

Mr. Dwyer reached for them and cupped them in his hands.

"What the ——"

"Yes, sir. It was the perfume as done it, sir. I knowed there was somethin' wrong in that perfume. It was larst night, sir, an' the bar man was gone. I was talkin' wiv Brophy in the smoke-room cubby when the order cyme for a dozen bottles of St. Estêphe to the cabin which 'ad the key filin's in the first night, an' I took them down to the gentleman, an' there was that syme perfume in 'is cabin. 'E'd used it for a decoy in yours to myke out 'e was a woman like—a French gentleman he were, sir—tyken by the police this mornin' to go back to France on a charge. Quiet like it was done. Weren't no scandal on the ship, sir."

"To hell with the perfume! What about this?"

"The platinum, sir? That part was comparative easy, as you might sye, sir. There weren't nothin' to hit, sir. A steward carn't 'elp seein' things like—it ayn't snoopin', it ayn't. They just sort of 'appens. I couldn't 'elp seein', when I tidied your things an' got out clean shirts for you, that you 'ad twelve bottles of St. Estêphe, too, sir. Well, I knowed you 'ad a preference for whisky, sir, an' I 'eard you sye once, a few passages back, that you wouldn't give a penny for all the wine in the world or anyone 'oo drank the stuff, an' it struck me peculiar like, you would 'ave twelve bottles. Then, knowin' the rest abaht you tryin' to smuggle platinum, when the order cyme from the gentleman abaht whom I 'ad me suspicions I put two an' two together an' 'ad a closer look at your bottles, seein' as you 'ad told me the shype of this platinum. So I chynged your bottles after I brung 'is, an' took yours to m' cubby for hexamination, beggin' your pardon, sir. Then 'e chynged yours agyne, but I 'ad the platinum by that time."

Mr. Dwyer sat down.

"Yes, sir. That's all there was to hit like."

"So you brought it in for me. What for?"

"Well, sir, there's some as sees jooty one wye an' there's some as sees hit another, but I've always seen mine first to the ship an' second to the passenger. If I'd let the French gentleman steal your platinum, you'd 've 'ad a right to raise a bit of a fuss, an' that would've got in the pypers an' 'urt the ship; so I took it before 'e did, an' I give it to you to kill two birds like wiv one brickbat."

"You're beyond yourself," said Mr. Dwyer. "You forget that it's you who has done the actual smuggling."

"Well, sir, if you care to call it that ——"

"What else can I call it?" Mr. Dwyer took out his pocketbook. "You've won the bet. I didn't bring it in." He drew out two fifties and five twenties, smoothing them between his fingers.

"'Arf a moment, sir, an' beggin' pardon agyne." Harry Prout reached into his own pocket and drew out a red-covered book. "You knows it, sir, bein' as you're a business man like—Brokhardt's Mercantile Guide. I got it from the ship's lib'ry when you first told me, an' read it. It ayn't welshin' on a bet, sir; it really ayn't like you said on board. Me an' m' son, William 'Enerey—'im 'as lost 'is leg at Wipers an' got the D.C.M.—'im an' me prides ourselves we never welshes on bets; but I carn't tyke your money, sir, for there weren't no bet."

"What do you mean, there wasn't?"

Harry Prout took his thumb from between the pages of the book and opened it on the table. His forefinger traveled down the page and stopped. He looked up at Mr. Dwyer.

"That platinum weren't joolry, sir, it was just twenty-four pieces of the stuff, an' nobody could smuggle it into the Stytes, no matter 'ow 'ard they tried." He tapped the page with his stubby finger. "An' that's why I carn't tyke your money."

Mr. Dwyer leaned forward and read:

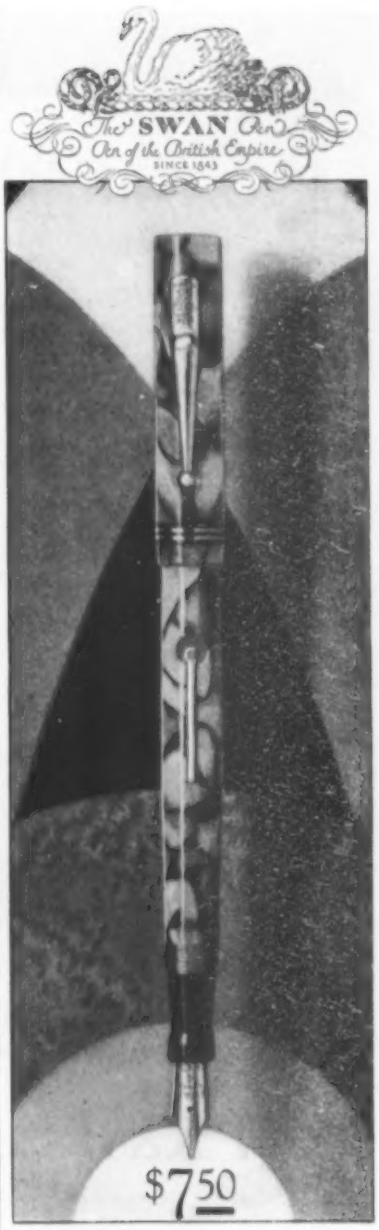
> Bulk platinum is admitted to the United States duty free.

Mr. Dwyer straightened up. "Prout," he said, "what was my tip to you this morning?"

"Forty dollars, sir, an' thank you."

"My mistake," said Mr. Dwyer. He handed over the two hundred.

"Yes, sir, an' thank you agyne, sir."



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Even if you kept your own chickens

you might not get eggs the equal of these . . .

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FOR breakfast . . . fried eggs . . . sizzling hot . . . sunny side up . . . or perfectly poached, fresh and firm, gracing a slice of hot, buttered toast . . . or boiled . . . as you like them best. What a treat if they are country-fresh eggs.

A&P eggs are country-fresh . . . from hens fed and cared for according to modern, approved methods. And A&P's eggs reach you delightfully fresh, because A&P loses no time in rushing them from poultry farm to your table.

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So good and so fresh are A&P's eggs that more women buy eggs at A&P Food Stores than at any other stores.

Ask for Sunnybrook eggs, in cartons, or A&P's uncartoned eggs, brown or white. Not only will they be fine quality eggs, but you'll find them low in price.

At the A&P Food Stores you are sure to find the popular, nationally advertised brands of groceries.

A&P

ESTABLISHED 1859

"WHERE ECONOMY RULES"

The Symbol of the World's Foremost Food Service

THE GREAT ATLANTIC & PACIFIC TEA COMPANY

PLAIN TALES FROM THE TOURISTS

(Continued from Page 11)

the percentage for the room tax, that for the meal tax, and, above all, the 10 per cent for the service charge. The last-mentioned, figured on the cost of the coat alone, made her bill 500 francs higher. In all, the package would have cost her more than 1000 francs over and above the sum paid for it.

"I have only twenty minutes to catch my train," she told them, "so you'll please make this bill over quickly. Just leave that 5000 francs and all its shirt tails off the bill. I'll pay you separately for that. And if you make me miss my train and boat, I'll sue you."

The manager, furious, told her that what had been done was only "customary." Nevertheless, he made the bill over—and quickly.

Numerous tourists—and especially those not on a first visit—now insist that their bills be presented the night before their departure.

A man I know, warned by a departing friend that the hotel had rooked him when he didn't have the time to set things straight, sat up until half-past two in the morning, waiting for his bill. Not until he threatened to leave then and there without paying did he succeed in getting it.

"I got it in the end, but it wasn't any victory," he said sapiently, "for it cost me, in lost sleep and expenditure of nervous energy, more than any mere money overcharge."

This American attitude, wise in itself, of course, that money is not worth the raw nerves engendered by a fight over it, especially on a pleasure trip, is known and exploited. Often additional charges are put on bills, only to be removed at once, and with apology, if a protest is made. There's always the hope and the chance that the protest won't be made.

A New Year's celebration in a Montmartre night club cost the American host, last January, 6000 francs. The party was for six. They had an indifferent dinner, the usual cabaret entertainment, dancing and a few bottles of champagne. When the bill came there was an item of 1000 francs listed as tax.

The American had drunk just enough to make him truculent.

"See here," he said to the head waiter, "I'm not paying any tax. At the prices you've charged me tonight, you pay the tax for a change—if there is one."

"*Bien, monsieur.*" The head waiter actually grinned as he took the thousand francs off. "*Monsieur* will honor us again another evening soon, I hope?"

A Charge for the Vinegar

In some places no excuse is too petty to put an extra item on the bill when an American is paying it. One evening, at a small restaurant, reputed for the excellence of its cuisine, my husband asked to have the vinegar brought because the salad, which had been dressed in the kitchen, was not to his taste. It needed just a few more drops of the vinegar to cut the rather heavy oil which had been used. Perhaps the chef was offended at the implied criticism of his dressing. At any rate, when the bill came we were charged for that vinegar. There it was listed: *Vinaigre*—1 *franc.*

At another place a badly made fork went to pieces in my hand when I tried to insinuate a pat of butter into an especially hard piece of Roquefort. This, of course, is one of those things which aren't done in the old French restaurants. You spread the little pat of butter on the bread and then you cut a little piece of the hard Roquefort with your steel knife. Next you carefully poise the cheese on the buttered bread and then, opening your mouth very wide, you engulf the whole.

I know this for a certainty, for the *patron*, furious because I had broken the fork, gave me an ocular demonstration, as one who takes the spoon from a child and says, "This is the way to eat your porridge, baby." I was very embarrassed; the restaurant was very amused. And, of course, we paid for the fork.

I have never been charged for plain water in France, although I have known people who have been. Possibly I have escaped because I like the French wines. But it is a general rule in all the French restaurants to add a slight charge when wine is not taken. This is especially true in the small, modest-priced places, where the wine is always figured in on the necessary profit.

In many restaurants frequented by tourists there are two wine cards, and the cheaper one is never given to the American or Englishman. This is a great pity, not only from the point of view of price but because so often the old expensive wines are not the best. Indeed, many connoisseurs believe that a wine begins to go to pieces after the tenth year. Many French people, moreover, never take the heavy vintage wines with their dinner, preferring the lighter *vins de table* which are served in carafes—and which should not cost more than six or seven francs the carafe.

Stomachs Slightly Exhausted

If I get into one of these tourist places by mistake or am lured there by visiting friends, I have an almost unfailing method of producing the wine card which would have been given me had I been a Frenchman.

Glancing at the card, on which there isn't a bottle listed under fifty francs—wine which would cost me eight or nine at my little wine merchant's—I say to the waiter, "This is the only card you have?" If he answers, "*Oui, madame,*" I then say, "Well, in that case we'll have a bottle of *eau minerale.*"

Almost invariably there's a splutter of surprise, followed by: "Oh, of course, if madame is interested in the *petits vins du pays* ——"

The little wines of the district are just what I do happen to be interested in, and everything is beautifully arranged.

Sometimes, however, the other card is not forthcoming, and then an excessive price is charged for the water, which sells for about two francs in the shops.

There's one restaurant in Paris, renowned for a specialty, which must have more enemies than Ishmael himself. The hand of every man who has ever eaten there is, as far as I know, against it. At least I have never heard of a tourist who ever went back a second time. A Frenchman was once seen there. He was with four American women, and he was obviously a guide.

This is a place where the battery of waiters openly make fun of the tourists as they come in. And they do come in, as coming here is one of those things which one must not fail to do when visiting Paris.

An acquaintance of mine went there one night with her husband. He likes the specialty of the house; she doesn't. When she tried to order something else the head waiter intervened.

"You must take our specialty, madame."

"But I don't like it," she protested.

"Then I shall be forced to charge your husband for two; we do not serve it for one."

At dessert she made another feeble attempt to get something she really wanted.

"I'll take *beignets.*"

She got bread pudding.

The bill was enormous and was presented with the utmost arrogance.

"I felt as though I had wandered into the Chicago stockyards by mistake," she afterward said. "They treated us as though we had come expressly to be slaughtered."

The conviction that Americans know nothing of good eating is one which will die hard in France, although why a people who seldom sample any cuisine except their own should consider themselves criterions is a question which might well be asked.

It is, of course, possible to get very delicious meals in France. Invariably, though, the first French meal you eat is better than the last. The modern stomach was certainly not made for a long session of these rich repasts with their complicated wine and mushroom sauces and their heavy *pâtés.* And the tourist who looked forward most greedily to a prolonged indulgence in the French cuisine is the one who, after a week of it, accepts with the greatest eagerness an invitation to come and have a simple American meal of grilled steak.

"*J'ai l'estomac un peu fatigué,*" is a favorite phrase with the French themselves. Such cooking, I am convinced, originated in a day when a man was old and supposed to die at the age of forty-five or fifty. Only a lucky ostrich could survive it longer than that.

French officialdom has not, I think, set its citizenry a good example in its attitude to the American visiting or doing business in France.

The 375 francs demanded several years ago for the *carte d'identité* was aimed directly at the Americans. Nationals of the other countries seemed all, somehow, to be protected by agreements existing between their countries and France.

The United States, too, has a convention with France. It was signed on February 23, 1853, and it provides that Americans in France enjoy the same civic rights as French citizens and vice versa. Equal treatment with the natives, in other words. We have never had this equal treatment since the war.

When the 375-franc *carte-d'identité* decree went into effect, there was a loud howl. The period chosen was when France was drawing Americans as a magnet draws steel. We were prosperous; the war and its aftermath had cut us off from foreign travel for a number of years; the returned soldier had inspired his folks with a desire to see the historic spots on which he had fought; many who had no returned soldiers came to pray at graves; others were actuated by a wish to see the battlefields before the traces of the world's greatest war were obliterated.

There must have been several hundred thousand Americans, if not half a million, who were hit by this large fee.

The Identification Card

At the time Americans were paying, in addition, not only the ten-dollar visa fee to the French Government but also a port tax of 350 francs. This *carte-d'identité* business was the last straw. The howl was more protracted than any the Americans usually make.

And then the Germans took off their passport fee and all their tourist taxes. The next year the French tourist business suffered. And suddenly it was realized that the last straw had been an error. An announcement was made that a refund would be made to all who had paid if they brought sufficient proof of the payment.

But more than a year had passed. Most of those who had paid had left France. And those of us who remain have no proof that we paid. What proof could we have? Checks are not taken. And, as we have to get a new *carte d'identité* every year, the old 375-franc card has been given up. Moreover, supposing that we could amass the proof, we would then have to go to the tobacconist's and buy stamped governmental paper for several francs on which to write our claim. After which, should the claim be allowed, one or more visits to the prefecture of police would be necessary. Then, it is said, 275 francs would be refunded, 100 being retained for the card of that year.

(Continued on Page 129)

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A WELL GROOMED MAN

A clean shave is the first essential. This does not mean a battle scarred visage resulting from excessive scraping and hoeing. It means a shave with a blade that has enough backbone to do its own cutting — a Rolls Razor shave that leaves the complexion clean, smooth and non-irritated.

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producing welting, dyes, chemicals, shoe boxes, shipping cartons, trunks, gloves, etc., to the value of more than $30,000,000 a year if purchased from outside sources.

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WHENEVER a boy puts on a pair of shoes, those shoes are in for some punishment. It's as natural as the boy himself. He'll show you, quicker than anyone else, exactly how much quality is in a shoe.

Millions of parents, searching for something to stand up under that kind of treatment, have turned to the solid leather shoes made by the International Shoe Company. So convincing has this test-by-wear been that today a fourth of all the children's shoes worn in America bear one of the marks that stamp them an International Shoe.

That's the way many a boy has taught his parents a brand-new idea of value. Through him they have discovered, in the same store, International Shoes for every member of the family. They find them easy to look at. They are agreeably surprised at the prices. They reason that anyone who makes as good a shoe as their boy is wearing, knows how to build exceptional quality. They try them. And now, each year, people buy an average of two pairs of International Shoes for every family in the nation.

They may or may not know that International tans its own leather; that it manufactures practically all of everything that goes into its shoes; that by making these materials instead of buying them, it saves millions of dollars a year, and passes these savings on in the price of its shoes.

But what they have proved to themselves through actual experience is that they get better shoes for their money. They have demonstrated their lasting satisfaction by continued preference, year after year.

Such values are worth knowing. You can find them in any store that identifies itself with one of the marks of quality below. Wherever you are, one of these stores is near you. You will find, as millions of others have, that the whole family can be better shod with less burden on the family budget.

INTERNATIONAL SHOES comprise more than 1,000 styles of footwear for men, women, children and infants. They are sold by more than 70,000 leading merchants, distributed throughout every state in the Union. Regardless of the brand you select, the style you prefer or the price you pay, International Shoes represent the greatest shoe value you can buy.

ROBERTS, JOHNSON & RAND — ST. LOUIS

PETERS — ST. LOUIS — Peters Diamond Brand Shoes

FRIEDMAN-SHELBY — ST. LOUIS — Friedman-Shelby All Leather Shoes

MORSE & ROGERS — NEW YORK — Sundial Shoes

HUTCHINSON-WINCH — BOSTON — All Triangle Brand Leather

VITALITY SHOE CO. — ST. LOUIS — Vitality Health Shoe

INTERNATIONAL SHOE COMPANY

General Offices · · · St. Louis, U. S. A.

NANCY CARROLL OF "PARAMOUNT ON PARADE"

When Nancy Carroll sings on the air, the radio whose units are only approximately balanced cannot bring you a true, clear reproduction of her beautiful singing voice, but only the distorted approximation portrayed at the left. Pictured at the right is the true, clear, vividly lifelike tone which Philco attains by extraordinarily exact balancing of all units.

Such radio performance is BEYOND PRICE

. . . yet Philco's glorious tone and selectivity are far from expensive

TODAY'S "bargain" in radio may be only a piece of outmoded furniture tomorrow. The saving of a few dollars will not compensate you for lack of *performance* from obsolete circuits and old-fashioned radio design.

Ask what's behind the pretty price. Look INSIDE any radio before you buy. Ask your dealer for comparison by *demonstration*. You will find that Philco has discovered and perfected an entirely *new* and different circuit, utilizing screen grid tubes. And in this exclusive circuit, all electrical units are exactly balanced—another Philco improvement producing *true, clear tone with no distortion*. Philco has worked ceaselessly toward super-performance, regardless of price. As a result, Philco makes available the finest programs, from far and near, in ravishing tone and fidelity. Be sure you hear a Philco before you buy any radio.

Furthermore, you can have this miracle of radio at modest price, because tremendous acceptance has sent Philco's volume into the hundreds of thousands. Everything Philco has done to amaze the radio world in 1930, will be found in these two new sets.

1. *Philco Screen Grid Plus*—Automatic Volume Control has been achieved in this 9-tube super-radio for people who want super-performance. It has concert hall volume and such power that you can enjoy broadcasting from both coasts of America. The Automatic Volume Control *holds* far-away stations with little fading and lets you enjoy their fine programs. A new, double-tuned input circuit sharpens selectivity. Crowded stations are tuned in without "cross-talk" anywhere on the dial. And of course the famous Philco *tone*, produced by exact balancing of all electrical units.

2. *Philco Screen Grid*—This new 7-tube, four-condenser set is, like the Philco Screen Grid Plus, a most astonishing value. Philco's new development—use of a screen grid tube as the detector—just about *doubles* amplification. Tremendous power brings in far distant stations. Of course, location does make a difference, but the *range* of this set is extraordinary. It, too, has the sharper selectivity provided by a double-tuned input circuit, with reduction of static and background noises. And balanced electrical units give it the same magnificent *tone* . . . The Philco dealer wants to show you the complete range of exquisite Philco models—Table Models, Consoles, Lowboys, Highboys, de luxe Highboys; priced from $67 to $225, including a beautiful butt-walnut console at $112. Easy terms when you decide to buy.

NEW PHILCO CONSOLE **8112**

PHILCO

BALANCED-UNIT RADIO

Prices slightly higher in Canada, Rocky Mountains and West. Each furniture model, regardless of price, includes a built-in Electro-Dynamic Speaker with two 245 power tubes, push-pull. All prices less tubes.

PHILCO, PHILADELPHIA, PA.
Makers of the famous Diamond Grid Battery for Motor Cars, Telephones, Farm Lighting, Motive Power, Auxiliary Power, etc.
IN CANADA: PHILCO PRODUCTS, LTD., TORONTO

(Continued from Page 125)

Most Americans working in France or visiting here cannot afford to give all this time for eleven dollars.

At present we pay 100 francs a year for the *carte*, or only twenty francs if we can prove that we are employed in France. Again the proof is burdensome. Most Americans simply pay the 100 and let it go at that.

The identity card was purely a war measure. If everybody's vital statistics were set down, the spy's business, it was thought, would be made difficult. Now, eleven years after the Armistice, it has become not only a source of revenue from the foreigner but a good means of keeping track of him. But honest people do not need to be kept track of in this way, and dishonest ones are nearly always cleverer than the police anyway.

A tourist who does not carry his papers can sometimes be caught in an exceedingly awkward situation. I think of an American woman who was visiting Paris not very long ago. She was walking along a street on the Right Bank when she met another American, a friend. They stopped at a curb and had a short conversation—in English. The meeting broke up, the friends separated, the second woman boarded a bus, the first turned to continue her stroll. As she did so, a chauffeur who had been watching the two stepped up and accosted her.

"You're the woman," he shouted, "who hired me yesterday afternoon to drive to ——" He named a large department store. "You went in that shop. You told me to wait. And I waited several hours. You never came out. You owe me more than 300 francs."

The woman was appalled. She knew enough French to understand and to make herself understood. It was a clear case of blackmail. She had not been driven by that or any other chauffeur to the department store mentioned. Moreover, she knew it was doubtful if there was a chauffeur in Paris who would let a strange woman owing him a bill get into a large store without paying him.

A woman of spirit, she decided she would not be blackmailed.

"Very well, then," threatened the chauffeur, "I'll call an *agent*."

"Call him," she said, thinking he was bluffing.

Proving Her Identity

Evidently he thought he had a good chance of getting the money, since it was a question of a Frenchman's word against that of a foreign woman. He called the *agent de police*.

"Show me your papers, madame," was the first suggestion of the *agent*, when he had heard the chauffeur's tale.

"I haven't them with me," the American woman was forced to confess. "I came out for a walk and I didn't want to be burdened with passport and a lot of documents."

"So," said the *agent*, "you are not *en règle*."

"But I am," the woman protested. "My papers are all back at my hotel."

"You will please accompany me to the *commissariat*."

The *agent*, the woman and the chauffeur all went off to the police station. There the chauffeur repeated his tale. Everything looked very dark for the woman. Finally she convinced the authorities that she really did have her papers, and a policeman was sent with her to her hotel to fetch them.

When she got back to the police station she was angrier than she had ever been in her life. And there's something convincing about righteous anger.

"I shall take this up with my Embassy," she said.

By this time the police were beginning to experience an uneasy feeling that a mistake had been made. And as the chauffeur felt opinion turning against him, he now changed his tactics. All his bluster disappeared. Finally, menaced with a prosecution, he resorted to the old dodge. He had an ailing wife, five or six children, and any number of helpless relatives dependent on him.

The woman departed. In time her anger cooled. And she has done nothing about the incident. It was very lucky for her, however, that she did have her identity card.

Recently, following the example of Italy, which has removed the passport fee entirely, France has reduced hers to two dollars. But the port tax of 350 francs still remains. That, plus the passport fee, plus the 100-franc, identity-card fee, makes a sum of twenty dollars which it still costs the American for the privilege of coming to France to spend his money.

Last summer the tourist arrivals were not so numerous as those of 1928. Moreover, many Americans who did debark in France were filled with quick resentment at what they felt was exploitation, and hurried on to England, Germany, Switzerland, Holland and Italy.

Taxed According to Your Rent

French commerce suffered. And it is fearful for the coming summer. It has found a spokesman in M. Antoine Borrel, a member of Parliament, who, in Le Journal, has been calling on the authorities to make things easier for the American visitor. In a recent article in that paper, Deputy Borrel wrote:

> The visa fee is now small, but a fee of 350 francs is charged when a tourist lands or leaves the country. Other countries, including England, Belgium, Germany, Spain and Italy, do not demand this, and it is no wonder that the voyager frequently makes up his mind to land at a port of one of these other countries. . . .
>
> If a tourist does not come to France, the French Treasury loses fifty francs. That, compared to what French commerce would gain in the event that the same tourist did come to France, is only a fraction. An American tourist of the better type spends on his trip to France anywhere from $1000 to $2000. France must make the sojourn of Americans in this country attractive enough to keep up the interest of these Americans.

If it is somewhat painful to the more sentimental American tourist to learn that justice is likely to be meted out to him only as a result of monetary expediency, let him not take it too much to heart. There's matter for rejoicing, at least, in the fact that in the last analysis he does wield a pretty powerful economic weapon. And other quite lovely countries will treat him like pie.

The discrimination practiced against Americans in the working of the French postwar rent legislation amounts to a scandal which has finally found its way into the newspapers.

Last July the tension had become so sharp, after a series of incredible decisions, that M. Briand, the Foreign Minister, in a circular addressed to the French judiciary, called its attention to the conventions and accords which France had signed with various nations. The Franco-American Convention of 1853 was one of these.

But the courts have proceeded merrily, as though neither the convention nor the more recent circular had ever been drawn up.

Not only are Americans being ejected and having their rents augmented under the new laws which provide protection to French people in the same circumstances, but Americans owning property in France, who went off to the war, have been unable to evict the tenants who occupied the premises while the owners were away fighting, although eviction is very definitely sanctioned by the law.

The classic case is that of an American who owned a house in Paris and who enlisted in the French Army in 1914. For years he has been trying to get into his house, which was let to French people. Six years ago he lost his case in the lower courts. He appealed, and in January of this year he lost it again in a higher court, which pronounced against him on the ground that, as an American citizen, he could not invoke the French law to his benefit. This man is one of the original members of the Lafayette Escadrille.

American experiences with the French *fisc*—the tax department—are saved only from being enjoyably ludicrous by the fact that they are usually extremely annoying and expensive. To understand something of the tax situation in France, it is necessary to know that declaration of income is not obligatory for the payment of income tax. If one does not declare his income, however, he is taxed on seven times the rent he pays, as though that were his annual revenue.

Now an American usually does not economize on his living quarters, fresh air and light and healthful surroundings being of prime consideration to him. Thus, an American, whether he be living in France or in the United States, generally budgets one-fifth of his income, and often one-fourth, for his shelter. So that, if he pays seventy-five dollars a month for his apartment, he is more apt to be earning only $300 or $350 a month than he is to be earning $500 or $600.

The Frenchman, on the contrary, very seldom pays so much as one-seventh of his income as rent. Clearly, then, it is to his advantage to be taxed as though his income were only seven times his rent.

When my husband and I rented an apartment in Paris, there was a housing crisis on and we were forced to accept an onerous postwar lease. The rent was high, comparatively speaking. The tax bill which came at the end of the year seemed to us excessive.

We mentioned the matter to some French friends. These were moneyed people, living on unearned increment, whereas ours was derived from our daily labors. They had one of those ridiculously cheap prewar leases; the studio apartment in which they lived cost them the equivalent of seventy-five dollars a year! And they were taxed as though their income was but $525!

"In your case," they advised us, "it would be clearly to your advantage to declare your income, since your rent is high."

My husband did this accordingly. And the next year we were taxed, not only on the declared income but on seven times the rent as well! Our complaint brought forth the information that all demands for revision and reimbursement must be written on stamped paper to the Prefect of the Seine, and that several years might be expected to elapse before we could hope for an answer.

A Duty on Every Package

Had we been the average short-term foreign residents we should have been back home long before the complaint was even considered. The French *fisc* would have had the money and we the experience. But my husband's work has held him in France a number of years, and, knowing that it would do so, he registered his kick with the Prefect and sat down and waited. The next year rolled around and we were still doubly taxed. And the next. Something less than three years passed when he finally received his answer. When it came it was on a little yellow slip, and it told him that "in his quality of foreigner he was duly taxed."

This double taxation went on for five or six years. We have never had a sou back. We don't expect to get one back. The little yellow slip, however, is a vivid souvenir. We plan to have it framed.

But for the gentle art of harassing the American, I award the palm to the French Customs. Latterly we have been forced to pay duty on every package coming through the *Douane*, regardless of its nature. Last week it was on some pamphlets marked clearly: Printed Matter. Of no Value. They cost us forty francs. The other day it was a blank check book. Both of these packages were fully postaged in America.

One spring I was summoned again and again to the *Douane* at St.-Jean-de-Luz and requested to pay duty on my weekly copies

Design
NATURAL BRIDGE ARCH SHOES are designed to protect the natural loveliness of dainty feet—*naturally!* Smart models that are money savers as well as foot savers. *Good to the foot—Good to the eye—Good to the pocketbook.* $5 to $6.
May we send you the name of nearest dealer; also a beautiful picture of that famous world wonder—the Natural Bridge of Virginia, in full color, and suitable for framing—a reminder, of course, of that other world wonder, our Natural Bridge Arch Shoe—for the smart feminine foot!
NATURAL BRIDGE SHOEMAKERS
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Lynchburg, Virginia
Natural Bridge Shoemakers entertain every Friday evening over WJZ and Associated Stations, 8:45 Eastern Standard Time. Pacific Coast Broadcasting every Monday evening, 8:45 Pacific Standard Time.
The Boys. Ladies' Patent Leather. Also in Dull Black, White and Marron Kid.
$5 to $6
NATURAL BRIDGE ARCH SHOES

MOTORISTS WISE

SIMONIZ

TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Only as old as it looks

THERE IS NO NEED FOR ANYONE DRIVING a dulled and discolored car when Simonizing will make the finish sparkle like new again—and keep it looking that way for years.

The sooner a car is Simonized, the better. Dullness and discolorations are warnings that the finish is in danger and needs Simoniz to protect it from destruction. Simoniz is very durable and guards the finish from injury, makes it last longer and keeps the colors from fading.

You will enjoy Simonizing your car. It's really fun to see the wonderful results that can be obtained with Simoniz and Simoniz Kleener—all leading hardware and auto accessory stores have them. Simoniz Kleener thoroughly cleans off all grime, discolorations and blemishes—truly the only way to restore the lustre and make the finish look like new again. Then Simoniz provides lasting protection.

Insist on Simoniz and Simoniz Kleener . . . and, even after years of driving, your car will be worth more when traded in because it still looks new and beautiful.

"EASILY APPLIED WITH A CLOTH"

THE SIMONIZ COMPANY
2101 Indiana Avenue
Chicago, U. S. A.

Send free booklet "HOW TO KEEP YOUR CAR LOOKING NEW."

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. Three francs fifty centimes was the sum demanded. When I pointed out to the *douanier* that by his action he was building up a customs between Paris and the Basque country, since my magazine had been received in Paris and was forwarded to me by my concierge, he retorted that Paris had been careless and had neglected to impose duty which was clearly collectible.

It was not until last Christmas, though, that I received proof of the out-and-out discrimination against the Americans by the French Customs. Two identical packages, from the same shop, were sent by a friend in Provincetown. One came to my husband and me, the other went to a friend—an American with, however, a very foreign name. He receives his mail through a large French credit association. We paid a heavy duty on our package, which may, indeed, have been dutiable. But not a sou was asked on the identical package which went to the French house.

Just at the moment agents of American automobile and moving-picture interests in France are enjoying the nerve-shattering doubt as to whether they will be able to continue to do business in the country at all. The tariff question is one, I think it is generally agreed, which is specifically a country's own affair. Any outside interference would be rightfully resented. But unfair discrimination is another matter. French motor and cinematograph interests apparently do not feel that any tariff wall could be built high enough to protect them from the penetration of American cars and American movies.

The question of how to keep American cars out is now on the carpet. The proposed legislation is, according to the representatives of the American motor industry in France, equivalent to a duty on a duty, and amounts to a virtual embargo. Delegations of American and French business men have had a protest meeting with the tariff commission of the French Parliament, at which meeting they pointed out that should the contemplated duties be imposed, the American motor industry would be under the necessity of clearing out of France. There the matter rests for the time being.

Poor Films for Good Ones

The American moving-picture interests have a bastard arrangement with the French authorities which is expected to last until October, 1931. It is known as the quota system.

The French people themselves are exceedingly appreciative of the fine workmanship and superb performance of American cars, and they adore the American movies, just as the Americans adore French perfumes and French hats. But suppose we said to the French, "For every dozen *flacons* of your scent which we import you will have to take a fixed number of ours. And for every Paris chapeau we buy you will have to buy a certain number of ours." They would think us mad. But that is precisely what the French cinema interests have said to the American movie people, and they have succeeded in making their say effective.

The truth of the matter is that French films do not draw crowds in the country of their origin. A few each year may be worth seeing. On the other hand, it takes an American film to pack a French moving-picture palace. There is no secret about this. When the so-called contingent, or rationing, system went into effect, the owners of French cinema houses were the first and loudest of the kickers. But the Americans were forced to bow down to the rationing decree. And then last year the French said, "You've got to take more!"

The Americans did some quick figuring and then balked. All intervention, diplomatic and otherwise, proving unsuccessful, they said to the French, "We're not in business here for our health. Nor for yours. If you make good films we'll take them quickly enough. We'll have to. The public will exact them of us, as they have exacted the good German films. But we can't have a larger ratio of these bad ones imposed on us."

These words were couched in the politest terms. And the French replied in their own sweet idiom, "Very well, we'll have a showdown. We maintain that you must accept one for every four instead of one for every seven."

The Americans said nothing more. But they bethought themselves of a certain Englishman. He was a captain. And after he was through with whatever military experiences had earned for him his title, he accepted a job as overseer on an immense Irish estate. A great number of peasants had little holdings on this estate and drew their livings from it, contributing as well to the prosperity of the nobleman who was its owner.

To Show or Not to Show

But the new overseer opined that they did not sweat themselves sufficiently for their lord and master. Presently he became famous throughout the land for the severity of his rule and the mercilessness of his evictions. For a little while he was in clover—the absolute cock of the walk. And then things began to go wrong. The peasantry sat down on him. No one would work for him. The noble lord's revenues fell away to nothing. Not a hand was raised to help the captain. For miles and miles around no one would sell him anything or do business with him at any price. Finally, hungry and destitute, he escaped the country in the dead of night and was never seen thereabouts again. His name was Mr. Boycott.

And so American cinema interests said to the French, "The quota that you propose would prevent us from operating here even at a small profit. You leave us but one alternative. That is to sever relations with you. We accepted, though we oppose the principle of it, your first quota because we could still do business, though at a narrow profit. We cannot accept this second figure. Therefore, when we have fulfilled our present engagements here we shall offer no more films. Thousands of our employes—Frenchmen, for the most part—will be thrown out of work. And much money that we have sunk in our enterprises here will be lost. It is regrettable, but we can do nothing else."

And they meant it.

When it became indisputably evident that they meant it, and when the owners of cinemas all over France began to suffer because of the poor films they were offering, there was a roar of protest. Provincial delegations came up to see their members of Parliament about it. Farsighted Frenchmen, interested in the healthy development of the seventh art in France, pointed out that if the Americans withdrew their films the art would be in danger of languishing in France. "If we don't see what the masters of the cinema world are doing, how shall we keep abreast?" they asked.

It ended by a return to the first quota. And that is the pro-tem status.

But great pessimism prevails among American business men in France, and especially along the Champs-Élysées, which has become the Automobile Row of France, and where the Americans have invested in great showrooms for the display of their wares. It is even doubtful if American firms will present their cars at the Grand Palais in the International Automobile Show to be held in Paris a few months hence. It seems incredible, but it is nevertheless true that the Americans annually are presented with the very worst positions for their displays. First the French draw lots for the prize places. Then the Europeans. And finally, when everything good is gone, poor old Uncle Sam is allowed to hobble in and take the leavings.

Several American firms have at last got their backs up at this treatment. They will not show, they have declared. And others are expected to follow suit.

(Continued on Page 133)

DYNAMIC NEW

ERSKINE

A *BIG* car built to Studebaker standards of quality

The champion stamina and spirit of Studebaker is strikingly evident in The Dynamic New Erskine. A BIG car of 114-inch wheelbase, its spacious size is more than matched by its tremendous power. And a new full-power muffler, pioneered by Studebaker, releases this super-abundant energy fully and freely. Low-swung, keen of line, The Dynamic New Erskine reveals feature after feature new in its price field. Studebaker offers The Dynamic New Erskine as one of the major achievements of 78 years' devotion to quality manufacture.

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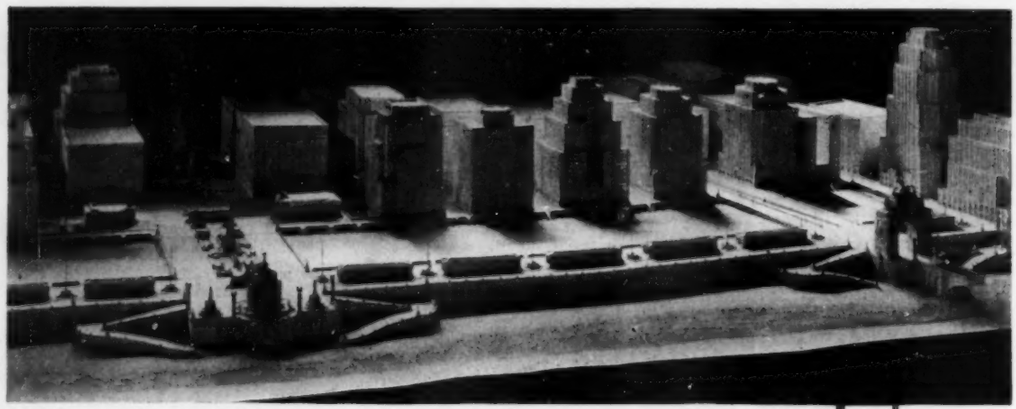
THE STUDEBAKER CORPORATION OF AMERICA

A. R. ERSKINE, *President*

Rebuilding St. Louis

A magnificent Civic Center and a fifty-million-dollar river front planned for this gateway between East and West



Special stop-over privileges arranged by the Pennsylvania

On May 21st, 1927, a solitary plane, flying eastward on one of the most gallant adventures in history, bound together two continents and bore the name The Spirit of St. Louis into every civilized home on earth.

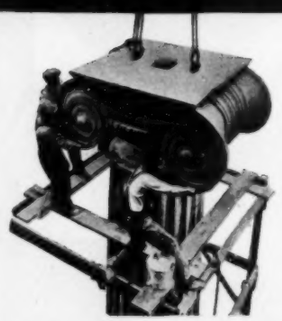
Today, on the banks of the Mississippi, this same spirit is creating a new city—a monument to the faith of a vast group of people.

In the very heart of the city, twenty-seven acres of landscaped ground, walled in by magnificent public buildings, will form the new Civic Center of St. Louis.

Coördinated with this plan is the vast new river-front development to cover more than forty blocks. This project includes the double-decking and widening of a 140-foot boulevard, double-decked approach thoroughfares, a vast river-front plaza, and a lower-level parking place for 8,000 cars.

There is no more accurate barometer of the growth of St. Louis and the entire Southwest than the development of Pennsylvania service between St. Louis and New York.

Fifteen fast trains each day now bind together these two great cities. The Pennsylvania has become the connecting link between St. Louis and the East.



(at top) *An architect's model of the proposed $50,000,000 St. Louis river front with its gigantic plaza, double-decked thoroughfares, and parking space for 8,000 cars. (in vignette) Swinging a huge capital into place on the new Civil Courts Building.*

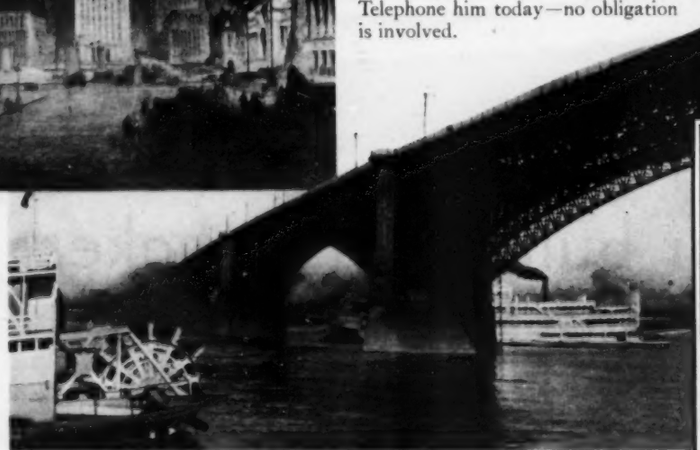
"How shall I go?"

This Pennsylvania service shows you the easiest way

In planning a trip to St. Louis or through St. Louis either East or West, telephone your local Pennsylvania agent. He'll show you how to see the most in the shortest time. He'll explain stop-over privileges. Telephone him today—no obligation is involved.

(above) *A drawing by Hugh Ferris of the magnificent new Civic Center of St. Louis as it will appear in a few years . . . called the outstanding example of comprehensive city planning in America.*

(at right) *The famous Eads Bridge across the Mississippi at St. Louis with picturesque river steamers passing.*



PENNSYLVANIA TRAINS . .

the connecting link between St. Louis and the East

9 trains from New York and Philadelphia led by THE AMERICAN and the SPIRIT OF ST. LOUIS.

7 from Washington and Baltimore led by THE AMERICAN.

10 from Pittsburgh.

1 from Boston.

Other fast, convenient service to and from the Atlantic Seaboard.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

Directly serves 9 of the 10 largest cities in America

(Continued from Page 130)

One might perhaps come near to understanding the French attitude in the matter of films and automobiles, were they the subjects of so-called infant industries. But both in the field of moving pictures and in that of horseless carriages, the French claim to be the pioneers. "We invented the cinema and we invented the automobile," say they. The answer is that with such a long start over all competitors the deck ought to be stacked already in their favor.

As regards films, there's another aspect of the question which has nothing to do with tariff or quota. It's what the French do to the American picture after it's admitted to the country. Often the adaptation becomes a sort of murder by mutilation. Sometimes a film as shown in France is unrecognizable to one having seen it in America or England. I shall cite especially the case of What Price Glory. This drew enormous crowds in England. A distinguished British film critic called it a finer argument against war than all the tracts put out by the pacifists.

It was shown in France under the title of In the Service of Glory! And so far as one could make any sense whatever from its garbled scenes, it was a complete glorification of the noble business of war. I paid a dollar for my seat at a theater on the Grands Boulevards and felt distinctly cheated.

One American director who was present at the opening night of one of his films swore that he would never submit another of his works to that kind of mayhem. And as for what happens in the effort to convert the American talkie into a French silent picture, words fail me. I prefer to draw the veil.

An extremely erroneous idea as to the wealth of the French nation seems to prevail in the minds of Americans. Nine out of ten of Uncle Sam's citizens never think of France as just France, but always as "Poor France!"

This is comprehensible, not only in view of the almost wholesale cadging for tips which the tourists witness when in France but also by reason of the French postwar propaganda, especially throughout those years when cancellation of the war debts was the chief platform in the French foreign policy.

For years the poverty of France and the prosperity of the United States were first-page stuff for the French press. The number of automobiles owned in America; the penchant which even our unskilled workers had for only the best cuts of beef; the fur coats of our factory girls; the fabulous incomes of our people; our incredible extravagance; our unbelievable propensity for waste—this was all hot news, played side by side with articles which emphasized the war impoverishment of the Frenchman; his threatened victimization by the late enemy, the German, who, with wily devilry, was devising schemes to escape his war obligations; and, above all, articles and cartoons which showed the late transatlantic associate in the war—the Lafayette, We're Here Boys—suddenly turned Shylock and demanding the pound of flesh, blood included.

From Poverty to Riches

In those days it was impossible to find any mention in the French press that the debts were being cut, and that Shylock had refused to increase his territory by one acre when the Allies were dividing the spoils and allotting to themselves vast colonial empires.

But now the propaganda has all but spent itself. It was invaluable for bargaining purposes in wringing the last *Pfennig* from Germany and in getting the Americans to bone down their bill. Today a stream of gold is coming in steadily from Germany and the Mellon-Berenger accord has been ratified. Little by little, the other side of the picture is being turned to the light.

France is an exceedingly prosperous nation. Many people think her the most prosperous in the world today. She has no unemployment problem. Her interior debt is all but wiped out by the arbitrary revaluation of her money at twenty-five francs to the dollar. An extraordinarily generous slice of her foreign debt has been lopped off by a benevolent creditor. Vast development schemes are under way in the immense colonial territory she acquired by the war. And the Bank of France controls so much gold that only recently her movements of it were able to cause distinct discomfort in London and New York.

To one who remembers the poor mouth put on by France in her press and by her debt negotiators throughout the years, the articles now appearing here and there in her journals on her present prosperity are fraught with irony.

The Flow of Gold to France

Le Matin, in a recent issue, has an illuminating analysis of the situation. The subhead of this article reads: THE SUPPLY ACCUMULATED BY THE BANK OF FRANCE IS SUCH THAT THE FRENCHMAN IS RICHER IN GOLD THAN THE CITIZEN OF THE UNITED STATES.

In the body of the article one finds the following statements:

". . . Today, foreign financiers, and especially those of across the Atlantic, consider with some fear the continued movement which, for some months, has transported the largest part of the gold exports from all countries into the coffers of France."

Among the explanations given for this piling up of gold in the French Treasury are, "the general prosperity of the country, which has caused the repatriation of foreign capital, which fled the country when public opinion feared bankruptcy.

"And the ratification of the Mellon-Berenger accord, which transformed the immediate payment of our debts, due last August, into a series of scaled-out payments spread over a period of years, which now permits France to dispose freely of sums which had to be amassed last July in the event of nonratification.

"Also the reparations payments of Germany, which, in order to pay, is obliged to borrow abroad, in the United States and England notably. . . . France receives a part of this sum and acquires in this way new credits abroad."

When it is recalled that the scheme of long-drawn-out payments spread over some sixty years was met in France several years ago with a frenzied outburst of vituperation in which the Frenchman was pictured as a sweating helot bending the back for generations to the American slave driver's knout, this new interpretation gives one pause.

Overnight, as it were, the sweating helots become debtors favored by a long-term, easy-payment scheme, and the German devils become the helots, borrowing from Uncle Sam and John Bull in order to remit to Marianne, who will pay back, slowly and painlessly, Uncle Sam and John Bull in their own coin—if I may give the pun a literal twist.

To quote Le Matin further, the Frenchman now, figuring the gold stocks in relation to the population, is worth 1025 francs; the American, 926; the Briton, 392; the German, 217; and the Italian, 128.

"The figures are even more striking," continues Le Matin, "when one looks at them in relation to the national revenue of each country. One finds then that in France, whose national revenue is generally evaluated at two hundred and fifty billions of francs, the gold stock represents 16.4 per cent of this revenue; while in the United States, whose national revenue, evaluated only a few days ago by Prof. Morris A. Copeland, of the University of Cornell, at eighty-nine billions of dollars, the same percentage is only 4.6 per cent. For England, whose national revenue is estimated at three billion, seven hundred million pounds sterling, the percentage is only 3.5 per cent."

These paragraphs are not set down in any spirit of envy. The world at large is, I

EXCELLENCE
from many points of view

THE ARTIST appreciates its symmetry of mass, and its design so thoroughly modern throughout. The engineer recognizes its soundness of construction and its completeness of equipment. Owners, workers and customers delight in the perfect functioning of its moving parts. Here, in the Stewart Store, as in so many fine new structures, Sargent Hardware contributes beauty and usefulness.

Sargent designs are masterfully conceived. There are authentic reproductions and modern adaptations for every architectural style. Sargent materials are the finest — of solid brass or bronze. Sargent workmanship is expert, backed by generations of experience. Such outstanding qualities have placed Sargent Hardware in the country's finest buildings — stores, hospitals, hotels, apartments; public, educational and office buildings. It is gratifying, also, to know that you may equip your own home with hardware of this same proved excellence.

Sargent Hardware wears well — for the life of the building. Its operation is permanently sure and smooth. Many years of meticulous manufacturing have established Sargent as the maker of highest-quality hardware — tools, lock-sets, building and other hardware items. Our illustrated booklet, "Hardware for Utility and Ornamentation," will be mailed on request. You will find it interesting. Sargent & Company, 33 Water Street, New Haven, Connecticut.

At right is illustrated the special Sargent Hardware design made especially for the recently completed Stewart Store, Fifth Avenue, New York, Warren & Wetmore, architects

SARGENT

LOCKS AND HARDWARE

DON'T WORRY ABOUT PYORRHEA . . . PREVENT IT

The regular use of Squibb's Dental Cream aids in the prevention of pyorrhea

IT IS A FACT that once pyorrhea becomes fully established, it is practically incurable. Yet this disease of pus-at-the-gums will not start as long as The Danger Line is healthy.

Users of Squibb's Dental Cream enjoy a comforting assurance in regard to pyorrhea. For in two important ways, Squibb's protects The Danger Line, that thin edge of tissue where gums meet teeth.

First, Squibb's contains no grit, no astringents, nothing which might injure the delicate gum tissues and lead to infection. It is safe.

Second, Squibb's Dental Cream is made with 50% Squibb's Milk of Magnesia, a preparation recognized for its healing effect on the gums and its antacid properties.

Each time you brush your teeth with Squibb's you soothe the gums—help The Danger Line keep firm and healthy. And you neutralize the acids from fermenting food particles, which acids are the most frequent cause of irritated gums. These food particles collect especially at the gum margin, where there is a tiny crevice.

As for tooth decay, Squibb's is able to combat it by depositing Milk of Magnesia in the various crevices of the teeth and rendering harmless the acids generated by germs. *These acids cause tooth decay.* Squibb's penetrates where your tooth-brush can't reach.

Begin using Squibb's and see how lustrous and freer from decay your teeth keep, how firm and healthy your gums. Use Squibb's regularly and take time to brush both gums and teeth thoroughly. Guard The Danger Line. Then you needn't fear pyorrhea.

Copyright 1930 by E. R. Squibb & Sons

★ *The Danger Line is the line where gums meet teeth. As long as this knife-like edge of gum tissue keeps healthy, pyorrhea will not occur. In the cross-section above, notice the tiny crevice at each side of the tooth. The arrows show it. Food particles collect here, ferment and irritate the gums with acids. Eventually the delicate gum edge recedes and then The Danger Line is no longer a protection.*

E. R. Squibb & Sons cordially invite you to listen to a radio program presenting WILL ROGERS and a concert orchestra each Sunday evening at 10 o'clock (current New York time) over 32 stations of the Columbia Broadcasting System.

think, to be congratulated on France's comeback, but I can't help wondering what the emotions now are of that little body of serious, and exceptionally loud-mouthed, thinkers who, mixing hopelessly their economics with sentimentality, were so taken in by the French propaganda that they were all for putting the entire monetary cost of the war on the American citizen's shoulders—where it very nearly now is, notwithstanding.

And I must confess that when I see an American tourist leave a 100 per cent *pourboire* for a drink taken at a Paris café, with the grandiose remark, "They need it more than we do," I can't help feeling that he's traveling under at least a slight misapprehension.

The French people themselves, of course, have been so drugged by this perpetual dingdonging over their poverty and our wealth that they accept it now as a proved condition.

Only recently, as I sat in the chair at my hairdresser's, I opened a French paper the front page of which carried the news of a huge donation from an American millionaire to the French hospitals.

"It is well," said my *coiffeuse* complacently, as she read over my shoulder; "we destitute ones have need of all the money we can get."

Statisticians recoil before the task of evaluating the actual money which American benefactors have poured into France since 1914. Whole sections of the devastated regions have been built up again with money provided by Americans—though the Germans are paying reparations for these damages nevertheless. Institutions for the lame, the halt and the blind are often supported entirely by American philanthropists, to say nothing of the many millions given for child-welfare work. And vast sums have been given for the maintenance of libraries and the restoration of museums, châteaux and cathedrals.

In a recent article, M. Leon Daudet, writing in L'Action Française, questions whether the French apathy in regard to needed social-service reforms and to the crumbling national treasures, in face of the American alertness, is compatible with national dignity. In M. Daudet's opinion it is somewhat humiliating that no French money could be found to give Madame Curie her gram of radium or to put a new roof on the Palace at Versailles.

Go Out of France? But Why?

Small wonder then, when the French see this apparently unending shower of American gold falling on them, that they look upon us as inhabitants of a veritable El Dorado. But that we aren't all millionaires is one of those homely truths which will have to be learned if travel to France is, in the future, to be an agreeable experience for the American of small income. Surely this practical race should be able to realize that a nation of 130,000,000 people, or thereabouts, cannot all be rich. We have our shoemakers as well as our motor manufacturers, our school-teachers as well as our steel magnates, our stenographers as well as our lavish movie queens.

And our people, no matter how flat their purses, have a taste for travel. This the French find it difficult to understand, for they themselves are not travelers. Except for the very rich, they rarely venture out of their own country. If a man manages to scrape together some savings, why should he fling them away to the profit of foreigners? Is it not more intelligent to buy yourself a little house in the provinces, or a few gilt-edge securities for your old age, or to provide your daughter with a *dot*, or, if you have no domestic responsibilities, to buy yourself a little car? You go to a foreign land only to make money out of the foreigner. He must pay you for displacing yourself.

From the Frenchman's point of view, theirs is God's favorite among the countries of the world. *La Belle France!* Is she not the most beautiful? Has she not the most succulent foods? The most exquisite wines?

These are but material reasons. Spiritually, the way the Frenchman looks at it, there's even less reason for him to fare forth into strange lands. Is he not culturally superior to all the other races? I have never met a Frenchman—in France—who had an open mind on this subject. I have sat in lecture halls where most of the audience were Anglo-Saxon, Chinese and Japanese, and listened to French professors handle us with the condescension of an adult addressing infantile barbarians. And often the ideas advanced were ones which we had put into the discard as being inapplicable in a modern world.

Tipping Your Way Ashore

It is at such moments as these that I yearn for the Lycurgan mandate which would keep us all at home. And when, in my imagination, it is operative, I see myself, in spirit, standing on the dock at Cherbourg—the port which receives the heaviest tourist traffic from America. With glee I watch the boats come in and the expression on the faces of that blue-bloused army—*les porteurs*—as they look in vain for tourists and their tips; that army which, no matter how much you tip them, has made it a habit to howl and demand more—unless you speak to them sharply in good French, in which case they will run away hurriedly in search of likelier prey.

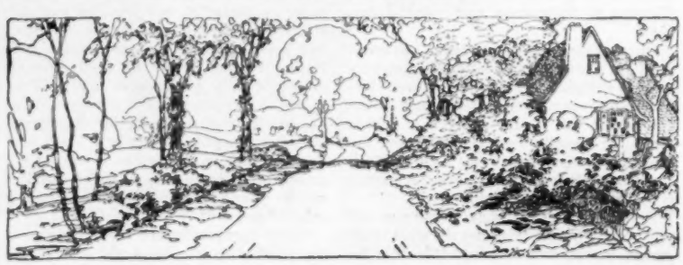
Thousands of tourists to France receive an ineradicably bad impression of the country almost before they have a foot on the soil. I know one man who gave away twenty dollars before he could shake free of the porters. If he ever comes again, he declares, it will be with nothing heavier than a knapsack.

Meanwhile, in the fantasy of my imagination, the boats continue to come without the tourists. I see Marianne, spurned and resentful at being thus jilted. And then, as the great salutary lesson is slowly learned, I see her, as is the way with women, become docile and charming and hospitable again.

"Why are you staying away so long, *chéri?*" she asks caressingly.

"I didn't think you wanted me," Uncle Sam answers with embarrassment. "You certainly haven't acted like it!"

A new dawn arrives. And the tourist tales recounted in this article—and similar ones recounted on the decks of the homegoing ships—are swept from the memory by a pleasant, jolly realization of all the agreeable things which can happen when one self-respecting people, in a friendly spirit, set out to pay a visit to another self-respecting people who have finally remembered something of the laws of hospitality due a guest within the walls—due even a paying guest.



THE VINEYARD AT SCHLOSS RAMSBURG

(Continued from Page 9)

"The wines of Champagne," said the count, with the greatest contempt, "are mere trick beverages, filled with silly bubbles for the amusement of fools and the newly rich. The man of discernment wants flavor, not an imitation of soda water. The real connoisseur will use the products of Bordeaux, of Burgundy, perhaps even the famous Schloss Johannisberg on the Rhine. They are all good, but they do not completely satisfy him. And then, if he is fortunate, he discovers Schloss Ramsburg, and he knows that he has found the perfect wine, with a flavor, aroma and bouquet absolutely unique."

"You don't know how you impress me," said Gadget. "I didn't realize how famous the vineyard is."

"It is not exactly famous," said the count. "It is, in fact, practically unknown to the vulgar multitude. The vineyard which you see before you contains the only soil in the whole world capable of producing our heavenly nectar. There is very little of it, and it is therefore unknown to all except a chosen few."

"I understand you exactly," said Gadget. "And now suppose we get down to business. I think you said you were having some troubles in operating this splendid vineyard. You lost a mule or something."

"Yes," said the count. "I will explain the whole matter. You see, to get the best results, we must cultivate the vineyard very thoroughly."

"Naturally."

"And in former times this was easy. Labor was very cheap and the work was all done by hand—that is, with spades and hoes. But when I inherited the property about twenty years ago, the cost of labor had risen to some extent, and I decided to do the work with mules."

"Very sensible of you."

"But it was a difficult thing to manage. The vineyard was made for handwork only. There are no roads in it. The only way to get from one terrace to another is by means of steps. Come; I will show you."

The count led us down a short slope, through a gate, and out onto the uppermost terrace of the vineyard. We walked under the spreading trellis to the other side of the ten-foot strip of soil and looked down over the stone retaining wall to the next terrace, ten feet below. Running along the face of the wall was a steep flight of rough stone steps not more than a foot and a half wide.

"That," said the count, "is the type of steps we have all the way down the hill; perfectly adequate for the workmen, but not much good for animals or wagons."

"I should think not," said Gadget.

"At first," continued the count, "I despaired of ever being able to use mules here. But finally I discovered among my peasants an old man who seemed to be a genius in training animals. In the course of a single summer, by the use of infinite patience and endless hard work, he succeeded in training six young mules to walk up and down these steps as easily and as readily as a man."

"It seems incredible," said Gadget. "The steps are so narrow and so steep."

"I know they are," said the count, "but this man did it. And later, when some of the first mules died, he trained others to take their places."

"So that solved your problem?"

"It did for a while. But five years ago the old man died. And last fall the last of the mules which he trained also passed away. And we can't train any more."

"If it was done once," said Gadget, "you ought to be able to do it again."

"So I thought. But I have just about given up hope. The son of the old man has tried again and again. He thinks he is using the same methods, but something must be lacking. Perhaps he does not have the angelic patience, or the sympathetic understanding of mules that was possessed by his genius of a father. At any rate, he has failed. I have hired professional horse-breakers and animal trainers from all parts of Europe. And they have failed."

"Absolutely no luck at all?"

"Well, we had one partial success—which has only made matters worse. Last winter a horse trainer by the name of Antonio da Vinci came up here from Florence. He claimed to be descended from Leonardo da Vinci, but he had none of the great qualities of his alleged ancestor. I let him try his skill with one of the best mules I have ever owned—a splendid, vigorous animal by the name of Brunhilde. He started in at the bottom of the hill, and succeeded in leading the poor creature up over twelve of the walls—the steps down there are a little wider than those higher up—but when he came to the thirteenth wall, Brunhilde would go no farther. He used persuasion. He used the whip until I had to order him to stop. He got ropes, and with fifteen men to push and pull, he tried to get that animal up those steps. But it was no use."

"So he finally had to lead her down again?"

"Ah, no. He couldn't do that either. You see, it is harder for a mule to go down steps than up. And Brunhilde absolutely refused to go down. She would go neither up nor down."

"You mean she's still there?"

"For the past three months Brunhilde has been living on Terrace Number 12. You see that little patch of white down there?"

Far beneath us, near the bottom of the vineyard, was a little white square object.

"That," said the count, "is a tent we put up to protect the unfortunate beast from the weather. And there she lives in idleness while we ought to be using her to haul wood down from the mountain. This summer we can use her to cultivate Terrace Number 12, and that is all. Unless we find a way out of this difficulty, we shall lose most of her value. It is pitiful."

"Isn't there any way to get on and off these terraces from the ends?"

"The terraces terminate at both ends in rocky cliffs."

"Couldn't you build ramps of some kind which mules could walk up and down?"

"It would be too expensive. Remember, there are forty-four terraces."

"It seems like quite a problem," said Gadget.

"I have been very much worried about it," agreed the count. "I have worried about the mule, and also about the cultivation of the vineyard. Labor is now far more expensive than it was when I first began to use mules. If I had to go back to the old hand methods of cultivation, I would surely go bankrupt. Up to a few weeks ago I was almost in despair. And then I happened to see your advertisement down at the Merano Chamber of Commerce, and it occurred to me that one of your tractors would solve all my difficulties."

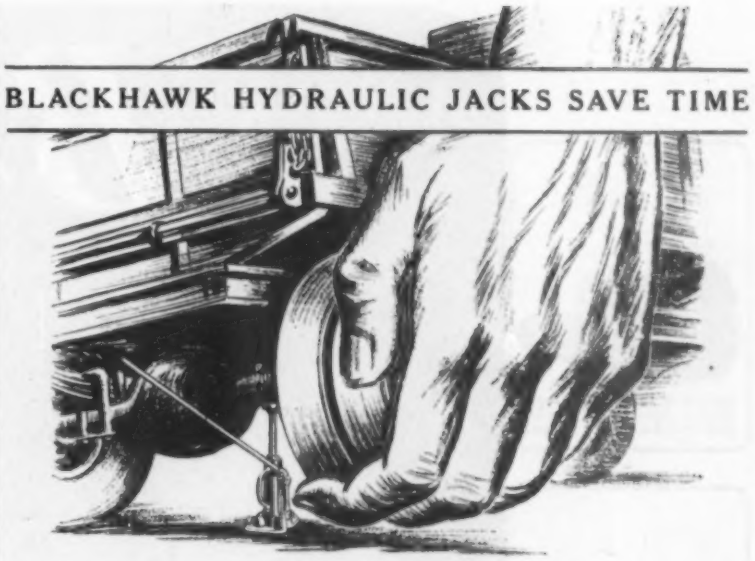
"Well, that's interesting," said Gadget. "But just what was your idea? Exactly what were you going to do with the tractor?"

"I thought we would drive it down into the vineyard, load the mule onto it and drive out again. After that we would keep the mules out altogether, and cultivate the whole thing with the tractor. You can cultivate a vineyard all right with a tractor, can't you?"

"Sure we can," said Gadget. "That is, we could cultivate any one of those terraces if we once got onto it. But what bothers me is this driving in and out that you speak of."

"That ought to be easy enough," said the count.

(Continued on Page 138)



BLACKHAWK HYDRAULIC JACKS SAVE TIME

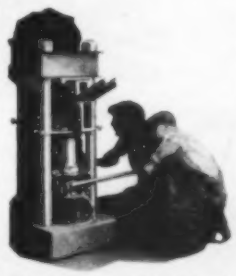
ONE HAND EASILY LIFTS ANY TRUCK or CAR

TRUCKS, bus or car—they are all the same to a Blackhawk Hydraulic Jack. This tremendously powerful jack lifts load and all by mere finger pressure, and it lowers automatically.

A flat tire has no worries for the driver who has a Blackhawk jack along. Punctures can't cause much delay for him. He's rid of slow, back-breaking work with a mechanical jack. No more get-out-and-get-under. No load hauled is too heavy for Blackhawk one-hand lifting. No car or bus is too big for Blackhawk hydraulic power.

A Blackhawk makes every truck deliver more tonnage—every bus more on-time trips—every car more convenience and pleasure. That's why Blackhawks are standard on most of the famous heavy trucks and larger truck and bus fleets. Car owners, truckers, fleet operators, and industrial users who have once tried a Blackhawk will have no other jack.

For quicker, easier jacking, longer service, and lower costs—use Blackhawk Hydraulic Jacks.



This one-hand Blackhawk bends massive I-beams like putty.

Lifting a loaded freight car is a one-hand job—with the right Blackhawk Hydraulic Jack.

A Truck Model
Other models 1 to 75 tons capacity. A Blackhawk for every need — lifting, lowering, shifting, pressing, bending, straightening.

Mail coupon for proof of Blackhawk advantages.

BLACKHAWK MFG. COMPANY
MILWAUKEE WISCONSIN
Canadian address: A. H. Fraser & Co., Ltd., 283 King St., E., Toronto
Also world's largest manufacturer of socket wrenches.

BLACKHAWK HYDRAULIC JACKS

BLACKHAWK MFG. CO.
Dept. P-4, Milwaukee, Wis.
Send free literature on items checked.
☐ Jacks, Automotive ☐ Wrenches, Socket
☐ Jacks, Industrial ☐ Wrenches, Open End
Name .....
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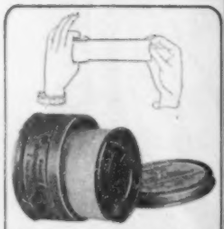
B-r-r-r-r r r !



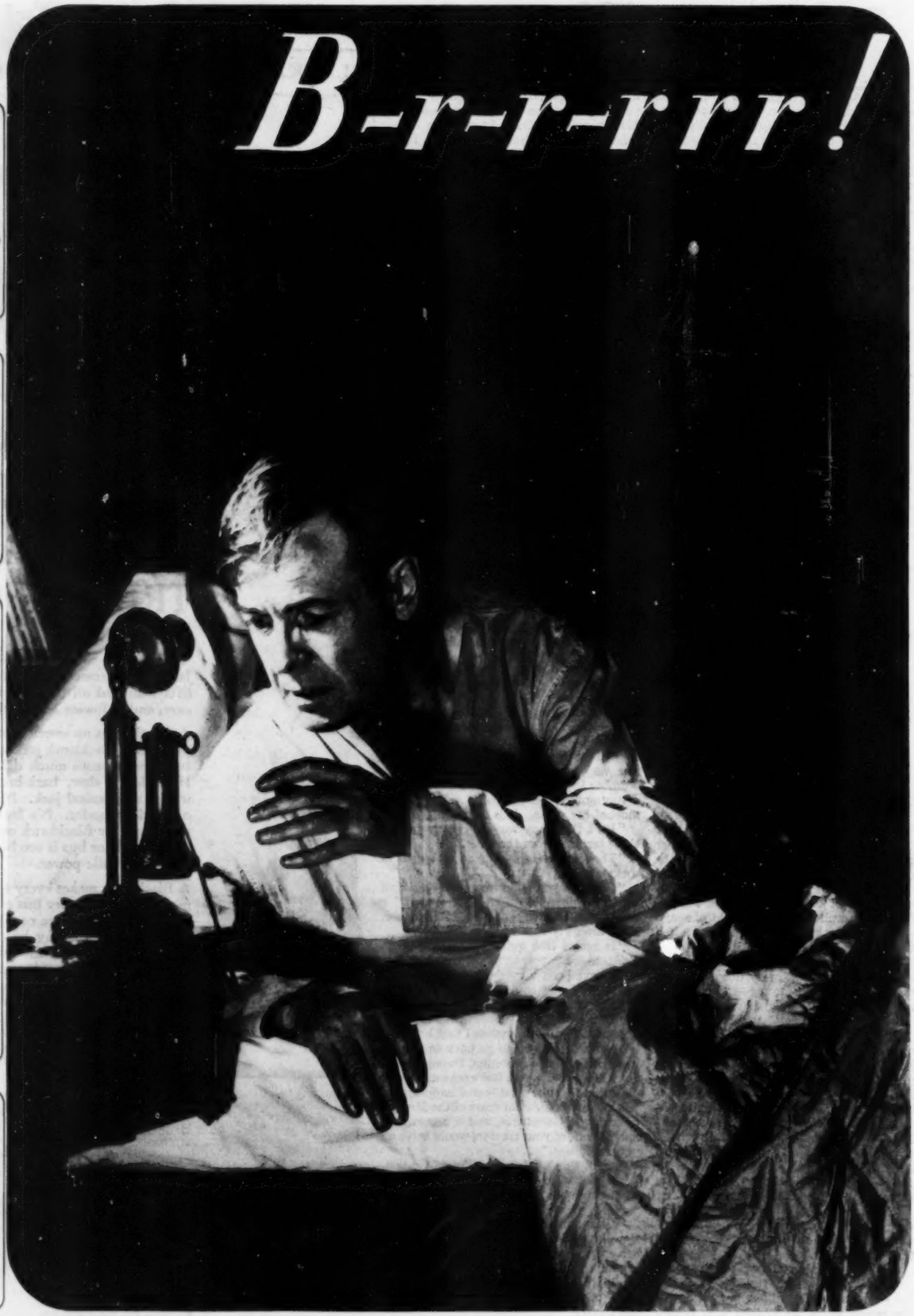
BAUER & BLACK Zinc Oxide Adhesive Plaster. Buy the five yard spool for greatest economy

Surgeons recognize the sterility and high quality of BAUER & BLACK Ligatures and Sutures

BAUER & BLACK Blue-jay Corn Plasters. For over thirty years the standard corn remover

BAUER & BLACK Sterile Absorbent Cotton in the Handy Package. Soft, fluffy, highly absorbent

BAUER & BLACK Handy-Fold Gauze . . ready-cut sterile squares in germ-proof envelopes



BAUER & BLACK

DIVISION OF THE KENDALL COMPANY
Chicago • New York • Toronto

The modern *night-bell* rings

WHO supposes that the Druggist's night-bell is a vanished institution, like the cigar-store Indian? Not so. It rings tonight and every night, in a thousand sleeping towns.

It rings and rings, at 2 A. M., beside the Druggist's bed . . . "Dr. Goodman calling." An emergency prescription . . . every minute counts. Dressing like a fireman, speeding through lonely streets, the Druggist unlocks his darkened store and measures out the precious drugs on which a life may hang.

This modern night-bell is no respecter of well-earned hours of rest. Rainy nights or snowy, in the cold small hours, it sounds its call for help. And the Druggist, like the family doctor, always answers "Right away!"

Under the pressure of modern competition, the Druggist may sell sandwiches and percolators and talking dolls; but, first of all, he is the trained, conscientious, *professional* servant of the public—placing the health and comfort of the community before his own.

The mere fact that he sells the fine, dependable products of Bauer & Black—keeping them always on hand to meet your every emergency—is enough to deserve your hearty approbation. He could offer nothing more trustworthy than Bauer & Black bandages, gauze, adhesive plaster, absorbent cotton—to name only a few of the articles whose persistent quality, maintained for thirty-five years, has made Bauer & Black an acknowledged leader in the production of surgical dressings.

BAUER & BLACK Sterile Gauze Bandages, in sealed cartons. Frayless edge prevents raveling

Careful men value the comfort and protection of the BAUER & BLACK O. P. C. Suspensory

BAUER & BLACK Iodine Swabs. Tiny glass tubes, swab attached. Instantly ready . . break tip and use

More important than a "spare"—slip a BAUER & BLACK First Aid Kit into the pocket of your car

Women praise highly the comfort, security and convenience of the BAUER & BLACK Babs Belts

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BAUER & BLACK

DIVISION OF THE KENDALL COMPANY

Chicago • New York • Toronto

WET DAYS
needn't mean
OLD CLOTHES

PUT ON clothes that suit the occasion—*and let Tower protect them!*

The roomy "Varsity," full-lined for warmth; the lighter "Topper," smartly cut; the Featherweight "Kitcoat" that folds away to little more than a handful—these Fish Brand Waterproofs are at home in any company, or on any occasion.

Tower has been making fine slickers since 1836. Look for the Fish Brand label. It means not only style — it guarantees long, wear-resisting service. Sold everywhere in a wide range of models and colors for men, women and children.

A descriptive booklet will be mailed, free of charge, upon request. A. J. Tower Company, 5 Simmons Street, Boston, Mass.; Tower Canadian, Ltd., Toronto, Canada.

TOWER'S
TRADE MARK
FISH BRAND

(Continued from Page 135)

"But those steps aren't wide enough."

"Then you could drive your machine right up and down the walls."

"Pardon me?"

"I say you could drive right up and down the faces of the walls."

"I'd certainly hate to try that."

"You needn't be afraid of hurting the walls. They are so solid that it wouldn't hurt them at all."

"No, probably not. But suppose you just wait a minute, count. I've got to discuss this with my husband."

Gadget at once went into conference with me in English, explaining exactly what the old guy wanted.

"Let me get this straight," I said. "He wants to drive the tractor right down over the tops of those stone walls?"

"Not only that," said Gadget; "after he has driven down, he wants to drive up again."

"He's full of bananas," I said. "What does he think a tractor is—an airship, or some sort of a steel grasshopper or something? Are you sure that's what he wants to do?"

"That's what he said."

"Gadget," I said, "you are a wonderful linguist, and nobody admires you more than I do, but this time you have pulled a boner. You have misunderstood this guy."

She turned back to the count. "Possibly I didn't quite understand you," she said. "Did you really think a tractor could be driven up and down those walls?"

"Certainly. It looked to me like a difficult feat, but I know very little about this modern machinery. And the advertisement said it could be done."

"What advertisement?"

"The one which your company sent out, and which the Merano Chamber of Commerce was kind enough to turn over to me. I have it here in my pocket."

"Would you just as soon let me see it?"

"With pleasure."

The count reached inside his coat and handed Gadget a small folder. Gadget went into conference with me for the second time. We looked over the pamphlet.

And right at this point I want to interrupt my narrative and offer a little mild criticism of the advertising department of the Earthworm Tractor Company. Of all the low-grade morons that ever foisted their alleged services on a trustful and unfortunate corporation, those babies in the so-called advertising department are the most amazing.

In the first place, this ad they sent the count is in French. Can you tie that? Apparently the stenographers in the advertising department think that if a guy is a foreigner, all they have to do is send him an ad in some foreign language—any foreign language will do. So they send a French pamphlet to a part of Italy where everybody speaks German. But let that pass. We once sent some literature in English to New York City, and they finally found somebody that could translate it into Yiddish for them. And in this case the count knows French, so he could understand what it said. In some ways it would have been better if he couldn't have understood it.

Because, in the second place, it was translated in a completely idiotic manner. And in the third place, the English pamphlet from which it was translated was no good in the first place.

I have a copy of the English edition with me. It is called, The Earthworm in the Mountains, and it describes the use of tractors in hauling freight over the high passes of the Sierras and the Rockies. Among other things it says, "The Earthworm, because of its marvelous clawlike steel grousers, is easily able to climb the highest and most difficult of the Rockies," referring, I suppose, to the fact that an Earthworm has actually been to the tops of such mountains as Pike's Peak. Now this sentence, although somewhat idiotic, would probably be fairly harmless in the United States. But what does the advertising department do? It hires some boob of a professor of romantic languages, and he translates it into French as follows: "*Le Ver de Terre, à cause de ses ongles d'acier merveilleux, sait grimper facilement sur les rochers les plus hauts et les plus difficiles.*"

Probably this dizzy translator thought he was doing all right to translate "Rockies" into the French word "*rochers.*" But "*rocher,*" although it is from the same root as our word "rock," is used to refer to a cliff or precipice made of rock. So the French advertisement really says, "The Earthworm, because of its marvelous steel claws—or toenails—is able to climb with ease up the highest and most difficult cliffs."

When Gadget had explained all this to me, I was, naturally, much disturbed. For the moment I was even what you might call nonplused. For it was evident that Count Hasendorf had acted in entire good faith. He was, by his own admission, completely ignorant of modern machinery and had no way of judging what a tractor ought or ought not to do. When he read that the Earthworm could climb right up the face of a cliff or a precipice, he was surprised—just as he had no doubt been surprised at the performance of airplanes and the radio—but as long as the advertisement claimed this feat of climbing could be done, he assumed that we could back up our claim. If we could climb a cliff, he reasoned, we could negotiate a little ten-foot wall with no trouble at all.

"Oh, that advertising department!" said Gadget, as we considered the situation. "I would like to put my foot in their face."

"When we get back to the United States," I replied, "we will do exactly that—that, and much more. But for the present we must consider what we are to do here and now."

We considered. We decided on a course of action. And Gadget once more addressed the count.

"Count," she said, "we want to tell you about the Earthworm Tractor Company. It's the finest company in the world. The departments which handle the engineering, design, production, service, and particularly sales, are made up of men of the highest intelligence. But unfortunately, as Shakspere says, there may occasionally be something rotten even in so fine a kingdom as Denmark. And this is the case with our splendid company. In the interest of truth we must admit it, much as it shames us."

"I don't understand," said the count.

"It's like this," said Gadget: "Through a mistaken sense of charity, the Earthworm management has seen fit to hire for our advertising department a small crew of pathetic incompetents, who, except for this aid, would no doubt be totally unable to gain a livelihood, and would, in consequence, be on the town or confined in some institution for the feeble-minded. This group of alleged advertising men have produced, in their ignorance and folly, the unfortunate little booklet which you have shown me. And it is my painful duty to tell you that the statements in this booklet are largely apple sauce and broccoli. There is no tractor built, not even the Earthworm, which can climb up or down vertical stone walls such as these in your vineyard, let alone wander around over cliffs like a fly on the wall. The advertisement was in error. We admit it, and we apologize."

[Note: This speech was all in German, of course. I have given you an English rendering so you can see what a splendid talker Gadget is, and so you can show it, with my compliments, to those poor fish down in the advertising department.]

"This is indeed too bad," said the count when Gadget had finished speaking. "I had hoped that your tractor could help me out of my difficulties. But I now see that it is impossible. I am sorry that you have had this long trip to Merano to no purpose. And I sincerely hope that we may part friends."

"Not so fast, count," said Gadget. "Just keep your shirt on."

"Keep my shirt on?"

"Absolutely. We aren't licked yet by any means."

"But what can we do?"

"To tell you the truth, count, I don't know. But we have come many miles to sell you a tractor, and we don't like to leave without doing it. So, if you don't mind, we'd like to look this proposition over for a few days and see if we can't work out some system for using our machine in this vineyard."

"I should be very glad to have you," said the count. "My wife and I are leaving tonight for a few days in Vienna, but I will leave word with my men that you are to be given every opportunity to look over the vineyard and investigate our needs."

"That's fine, count," said Gadget. "And can we leave the tractor here?"

"Certainly," said the count.

We walked back into the castle, and I ran the machine into a stone shed at one side of the courtyard. Then Gadget and I said good-by to the count and the countess, and walked down through the vineyard.

It was sure a tough-looking terrain for a tractor. I tried to think of some practical scheme for getting from one level to the next, and there just didn't seem to be any answer. It might be possible to break a hole in each one of those forty-four walls, and grade down the dirt so as to make a slope the machine could have climbed. But it would be too expensive. I thought of making a whole set of wooden ramps. Again too expensive. I considered a single portable wooden ramp. But if I made it strong and solid enough, it would be too clumsy to move. A portable crane to lift the machine up and down seemed out of the question. It was most discouraging.

We walked down from one terrace to the next, using the little narrow stone steps, until we came to the terrace where the tent had been pitched. As we passed the tent, Brunhilde looked out at us with a very sorrowful expression. Evidently she didn't like being marooned in this way. We had a lot of sympathy for poor old Brunhilde—we felt pretty sorrowful ourselves. After patting her a bit, we wished her good luck and continued on our way to the bottom of the vineyard.

From here a short walk took us to a trolley line which brought us back to the hotel in time for lunch. This afternoon we spent wandering around the town, listening to the band on the promenade, and having afternoon tea at the Casino, or *Kurhaus.* All the time we meditated upon and discussed the problem of operating a tractor in the vineyard at Schloss Ramsburg. But we found no solution.

This evening I have been writing this report. And, as it is now eleven o'clock, I shall now go to bed, feeling very low in my mind, but hoping that the morrow may perhaps bring some new inspiration.

With kindest regards to all the boys—excepting the advertising department.

Most sincerely,

ALEXANDER BOTTS.

ALEXANDER BOTTS
EUROPEAN REPRESENTATIVE
FOR THE
EARTHWORM TRACTOR

MERANO, ITALY,
Thursday Evening,
March 29, 1928.

MR. GILBERT HENDERSON,
EARTHWORM TRACTOR COMPANY,
EARTHWORM CITY, ILLINOIS.

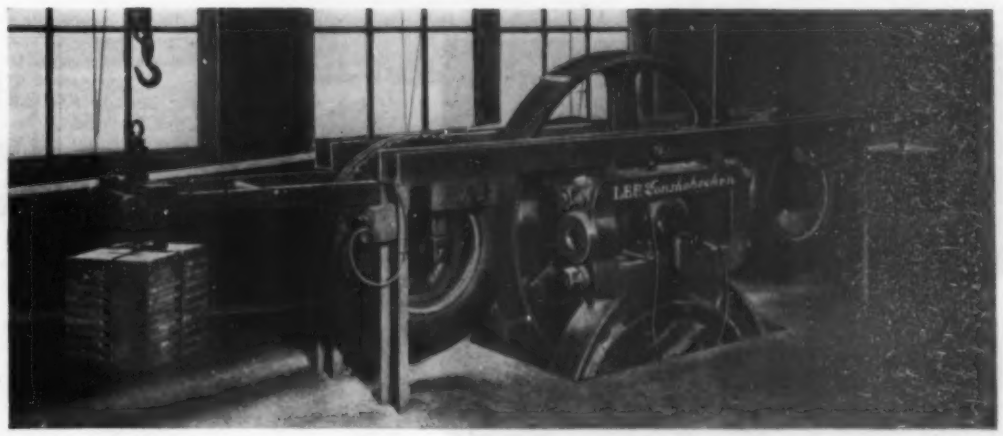
DEAR HENDERSON: Seven days have passed since my last letter. They have been days of terrific work and tremendous excitement. And, although we have not yet sold the tractor, we expect to do so tomorrow without fail. When you read what Gadget and I have done, and when you see the photographs, which I will send you as soon as they are developed, and which show the truly remarkable apparatus we have constructed, you will realize that we have inaugurated an entirely new era in the development of hillside vineyards.

I must begin at the beginning. You will remember that a week ago tonight Gadget

(Continued on Page 141)

Would You Put a 20-Story Building on a 10-Story Foundation?

FACTS INSTEAD OF GUESSES



NO CAR IS FACTORY EQUIPPED WITH LEE of Conshohocken TIRES, ALTHOUGH THE LOCAL AUTOMOBILE DEALER IS USUALLY WILLING TO GET THEM FOR YOU. ANY LEE of Conshohocken DEALER WILL MAKE YOU A GENEROUS ALLOWANCE ON YOUR NEW OR USED TIRES OF ANY MAKE, WHEN EXCHANGED FOR A SET OF THESE LEE of Conshohocken DE LUXE MASTERPIECES.

TIRES, like buildings, require adequate foundations.

Rigid tests prove that the wide, thick treads of LEE of Conshohocken tires have an adequate foundation of cord fabric made from specially selected long staple cotton, carefully impregnated with pure rubber compound by the most modern methods.

Our carcass-testing machine, illustrated above, is similar to those used by the U. S. Bureau of Standards. Through its use, both the material and workmanship of all leading tires, including our own tires, are tested far more severely than the hardest driving on the roughest roads. Big steel cleats, bolted to the rim of the fast revolving wheel, strike and flex the tire more destructively than any road, and heat it to the weakening point.

We have found no tire at any price, size for size, that will last as long on any road as LEE De Luxe tires.

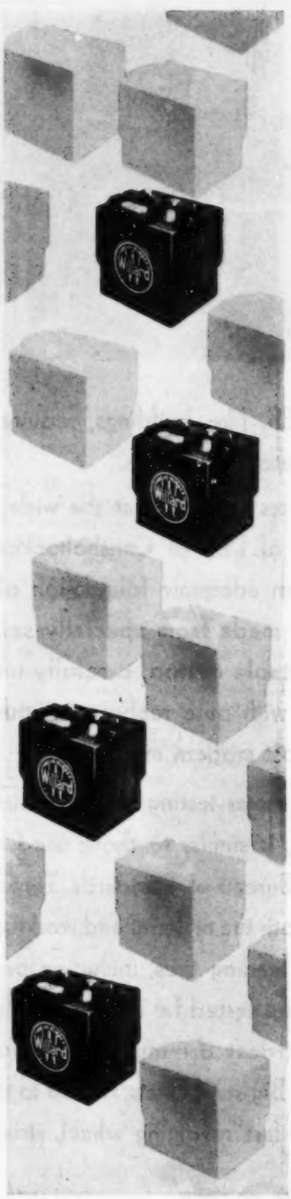
Such findings, combined with our regular exhaustive road tests, are additional convincing proof that all LEE of Conshohocken tires are built to LEE standards. For longer mileage, greater safety and comfort and tire economy, ride on LEE of Conshohocken tires . . . the tires with a super foundation.

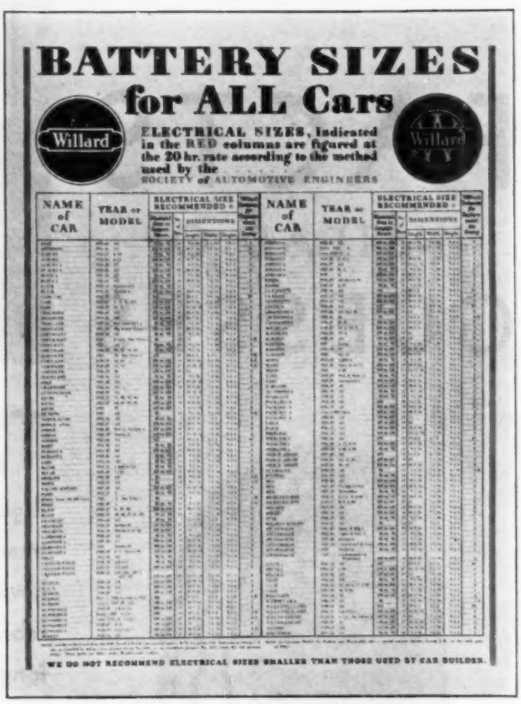
Every known process which is necessary to produce tires of the highest quality, is in use in the LEE of Conshohocken plant.

LEE of Conshohocken

GENERAL OFFICES: CONSHOHOCKEN, PA., U. S. A. FACTORIES: CONSHOHOCKEN, PA. and YOUNGSTOWN, OHIO

You must know *electrical size* as well as quality to measure battery value




BATTERY SIZES
for ALL Cars
Willard
ELECTRICAL SIZES, indicated in the RED columns are figured at the 20 hr. rate according to the method used by the SOCIETY of AUTOMOTIVE ENGINEERS
NAME of CAR
YEAR or MODEL
ELECTRICAL SIZE RECOMMENDED
DIMENSIONS
NAME of CAR
YEAR or MODEL
ELECTRICAL SIZE RECOMMENDED
DIMENSIONS
WE DO NOT RECOMMEND ELECTRICAL SIZES SMALLER THAN THOSE USED BY CAR BUILDERS.

AN automobile storage battery has an internal dimension, electrical size, that is second in importance only to quality in determining its value to you.

This is not an arbitrary standard. Testing engineers take sample batteries from the factory production lines and discharge them at a definite rate, under conditions specified by the Society of Automotive Engineers. Their results tell them how much work a battery *can* do, as accurately as the dynamometer tells how much work a motor can do.

Car manufacturers, in turn, measure the electrical requirements of each automobile model they build. They put cars into service and find out how much the average driver uses his battery. Their results tell them how much work the battery *must* do. They write the answer in certain terms—electrical size, or ampere-hour capacity needed, and in the quality of the product which they O. K.

The electrical size requirements of the car you drive, as recommended by the manufacturer's own engineers, is shown on the battery size chart that hangs on your Willard dealer's wall. The battery he will sell you to meet that important requirement has its electrical size plainly branded on the case, together with the trade-mark of the maker, which is your guarantee of quality. You can always make sure, wherever you buy a Willard Battery, that it has ample capacity to perform efficiently, that its life need not be shortened by overloading.

STORAGE BATTERIES

Willard

CLEVELAND·OHIO

THREAD-RUBBER INSULATION FOR HARD DRIVERS

The Willard wood-insulated battery is a sound value for the average driver.

People who drive hard, who require extra durability in their batteries, will find extra value in the Willard Thread-Rubber Battery.

Don't confuse Thread-Rubber with perforated rubber sheets. The Willard Thread-Rubber Battery eliminates wood entirely from its construction.

(Continued from Page 138)

and I went to bed weary and discouraged. We seemed to be licked. But after a splendid night's rest we awoke refreshed, and with a feeling of new hope. Before we had even got out of bed a great idea suddenly broke upon our minds. And it broke upon us simultaneously—such is the psychic interaction in our two minds.

"I know what we can do," said Gadget. "We can rig up an aerial cable railway like the one up the mountain over here. With that we can move the tractor to any level in the vineyard we want."

"The same thought had just occurred to me," I said. "We can buy up the abandoned railroad that is beside the new one."

"Splendid!" said Gadget. "That was my idea exactly."

"Let's go," I said.

We arose. We dressed. We grabbed a quick breakfast. We rushed over to the foot of the cable railroad. We inspected the abandoned equipment. The motors and winches had been removed, and nothing remained but the cables and the two little cars, but these were all we wanted. The cables were old and rusty; they were no longer strong enough to carry heavy loads up and down a three-thousand-foot mountain, but they were obviously all right to carry a small Earthworm tractor over five hundred feet of orchard.

We rushed back to town; we called on the owner of the property, and Gadget told him that if he would pay us a thousand lire we would cart away the old cables and cars for him—thus cleaning up the landscape and making a more pleasing and artistic view for his passengers. To this he replied that he would sell us the stuff for twenty thousand lire. Whereupon we walked right out on him, and he chased after us and said he would make it ten thousand. So we went back, and after about half an hour we bought his old railroad—which was, of course, worth nothing to him—for a thousand lire, or about fifty-five dollars.

Then we put in one week of the hardest work I have ever experienced, all of which—in order not to be tedious—I will describe only in the briefest way.

We transported the materials with the tractor and a farm wagon borrowed from Schloss Ramsburg. And Gadget persuaded a bunch of the peasants at the Schloss to help us with the heavy part of the work. We ran a section of the big cable through a loophole in the twelve-foot-thick wall of the great donjon tower, and out another loophole. We carried the ends down the hill and anchored them around a jutting ledge of rock at the bottom of the vineyard; stretching them with a block and tackle hitched on to the tractor. This stretching pulled them up into the air until they were at most places forty or fifty feet above the vineyard. We mounted the two cars on these two lines of heavy cable, and connected them up with a length of the lighter cable which passed through a couple of pulleys attached to the donjon tower. This caused the two cars to balance; when one went up the other went down. Then we fastened heavy blocks and tackles, which I borrowed from the castle stable man, to the bottom of each car. And the job was done.

As I read over the above description, it sounds very simple and easy. But it was not. When you try to manipulate over a thousand feet of heavy steel cable, you find you have a real job. The cars were harder to handle than a couple of grand pianos. And there were other problems too numerous to mention. It was indeed a titanic task which we performed, and now that it is done we want you to know that Gadget and I both feel very proud.

Tomorrow morning the count and the countess are due to arrive from Vienna. And tomorrow night I hope to write you that this excellent nobleman has bought the tractor and paid for the cost of installing the cable railroad.

We are now going down to the Kurhaus to have a cup of tea and listen to the music.

Most sincerely,

ALEXANDER BOTTS.

ALEXANDER BOTTS
EUROPEAN REPRESENTATIVE
FOR THE
EARTHWORM TRACTOR

MERANO, ITALY,
Friday Evening,
March 30, 1928.

MR. GILBERT HENDERSON,
EARTHWORM TRACTOR COMPANY,
EARTHWORM CITY, ILLINOIS.

DEAR HENDERSON: The count got back this morning, and we have demonstrated the tractor and the aerial railway. And as the results have been a bit curious and unexpected, I will have to give you a complete narrative of what happened.

Gadget and I met the count and the countess at the station right after breakfast, and the count was kind enough to invite us to ride up to the castle with him in his carriage. We all climbed aboard, and I wish to state that this ride gave me a feeling of aristocratic exclusiveness that would be hard to beat. The carriage was one of those open affairs known as a victoria. It was polished up like an old-fashioned barroom, and was pulled by two beautifully groomed hackney horses—the high-stepping kind. On the seat in front were a coachman and a footman—both in some sort of uniforms like naval officers. Of course, I usually prefer machinery to horses, but I will have to admit that there was an old-fashioned elegance and *je ne sais quoi* to this equipage that you could never get in a mere automobile, no matter how expensive.

When we came in sight of Schloss Ramsburg, and the count got his first distant view of the great aerial railroad, he acted surprised and not entirely enthusiastic. Even after Gadget had attempted to explain that the railroad would solve all his problems, he still appeared doubtful, and said he was afraid it would spoil the looks of the place. Gadget very wisely refrained from arguing this point with him, merely remarking that she thought the cables added to the picturesqueness of the place, and certainly were no worse than the decorated clothesline and the manure pile in the courtyard.

To this Count Hasendorf made no reply, maintaining a thoughtful silence for the rest of the ride. The countess, as usual, had nothing at all to say.

When we arrived at the castle I proceeded to put on a demonstration—one of the finest tractor demonstrations ever seen in this or any other country. I cranked the machine, drove it through the small gate onto the upper terrace of the vineyard, and stopped underneath Car Number 1, which was suspended from its cable about forty feet above me, Car Number 2 being on the other cable at the bottom of the hill. I looped a couple of logging chains around the hook of the pulley block which hung within reach. I fastened the ends of one chain to the drawbar and the ends of the other around the front part of the main frame of the tractor. Then I attached the end of the tackle rope to a winch drum which I had previously installed on the power take-off shaft on the rear of the tractor transmission case. And finally I let in the power clutch—thus setting the winch in motion—and the tractor began rising majestically into the air.

Meanwhile Gadget—who had followed along with the count and countess—was explaining what it was all about. "You will observe," she said, "that the little cable railway car up there is held in place by a sort of brake which grips the large cable like a vise. The power of the tractor is used only to work the block and tackle and get the machine into the air. When Mr. Botts is ready to go down the hill he will partially release the brake, which is controlled by those two small ropes you see hanging from the car. This will let him roll down along the cable until he is over whatever terrace he wishes to land on. Then he will set the brake, and let himself down to terra firma with the block and tackle. Most of the energy is thus supplied by utilizing the force of gravity. In other

LOOK FOR THE NAME BLUE GOOSE *right on the skins when you buy oranges and grapefruit—a guarantee of unequalled juiciness and flavor.*

THIS SPRING
select the best . . sight unseen

Fruits and vegetables easy to choose when Blue Goose guides your purchase

YOU CAN TELL *tender asparagus at a glance if you look for the Blue Goose wrapper—a good tip to follow when you try tomatoes, too.*

SIMPLE, time-saving, money-saving—this modern Blue Goose method of marketing. Even sight unseen, you can always be assured the finest products of garden, grove or orchard if you will but remember two easy words—BLUE GOOSE.

Like the sterling mark on silver, this Blue Goose mark on the skins of oranges and grapefruit, and on the wrapper, box, barrel, and crate of apples and all other fruits and vegetables, guarantees goodness.

The American Fruit Growers have set this mark aside to identify only the cream of any crop. No higher symbol of quality exists. No surer guide to the most and best for your market money can greet your eyes when you do your marketing.

Try some Blue Goose oranges, apples, asparagus, and tomatoes this week. Don't pick and choose. Just say BLUE GOOSE. We'll wager you'll never go back to old hit-and-miss methods of marketing.

BLUE GOOSE IS BRINGING *plenty of cooking and eating apples to your market right now. Even their names are appetite-tempting—Baldwin, Yellow Newton, Winesap.*

Buying Guide Free—Would you like to know the shopping secrets our own experts use in selecting the finest fruits and vegetables? They are yours if you write for "Blue Goose Buying Guide." Compiled by Colonel L. Brown, formerly of the U. S. Dept. of Agriculture. More than 90 illustrations. Free. Address American Fruit Growers Inc., Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

BLUE GOOSE

The highest mark of excellence of the American Fruit Growers

Press the Trigger and Saw Ten Times Faster

Skilsaw, the portable electric hand saw, puts the speed and power of a table saw right in your hand. Connect it to the nearest light socket and use it anywhere. Mechanically accurate, easy to handle, and safe to use, Skilsaw saves labor, saves time, and saves money. In every industry there's a place for this remarkable tool. A demonstration in your own plant will cost you nothing. Use the coupon.

$60

Skilsaw is made in 4 sizes for every sawing need. This is the compact, sturdy, 10 lb. machine for cutting up to 2" lumber.

1 **PRODUCTION.** There are thousands of these electric saws doing a portable cutting job on the production line from the accurate trimming of aeroplane wings to the tough job of cutting lead covered cable.

2 **MAINTENANCE.** Whether maintenance work is a steady job or an occasional necessity, your carpenter can repair worn floors, build shelving or partitions and do a hundred other odd jobs *ten times faster* with Skilsaw.

3 **SHIPPING ROOM.** Skilsaw will open boxes, salvage the wood and leave the contents undamaged. You can use Skilsaw to resize boxes or pick it up and take it to the loading platform for bracing freight car shipments or to the lumber pile for cutting crating lumber.

SKILSAW INC

3317 Elston Ave., Chicago. 4834 Grand Central Terminal Bldg., New York. 313 S. Omar Avenue, Los Angeles. 83 Deloraine Ave., Toronto, Ontario.

SKILSAW, Inc., 3317 Elston Ave., Chicago, Illinois
☐ We would like to see a demonstration of Skilsaw.
☐ Please send us your latest catalog.

Name.....

Address.....

words, we let Sir Isaac Newton do the work. A very clever arrangement, do you not think so?"

To this question the count made no reply.

By this time I was about thirty feet in the air, and close enough to the car so that there would be no excessive swinging about of the tractor when the car moved. I shut off the power and applied the brake which was attached to the winch. So far everything had gone beautifully, but as I looked about me I will have to admit that I suddenly had a sickening feeling of doubt. I seemed to be so high up. And the big cable, which had been so heavy to move around, now looked like a mere thread from a spider web. Furthermore, this cable had been discarded as unsafe by the proprietors of the funicular railway. What if it should break? What if the block and tackle or the chains around the tractor should give way? I was only thirty feet above the upper terrace, but that is a long way to drop with a tractor.

And that wasn't the worst of it. The cable went down the hill at an angle of about forty-five degrees. If the brake failed to hold, I would go coasting down that fearful slope at the speed of a cannon ball. Far away and at an incredible distance below me, I could see the jagged rocky ledge where I would end up. My gaze wandered to the distant city of Merano and to the snowy peaks rising in splendor and beauty across the valley. When I had first seen this view from the castle I had been filled with admiration. But now I couldn't seem to get much enjoyment out of it.

I glanced down at the people on the upper terrace. The snowy whiskers of the count were waving and rippling gently in the breeze. I noticed how stylish Gadget looked in her neat little coat and close-fitting hat, and I was glad she was standing a little to one side, so she wouldn't get squashed in case the tractor and I busted loose.

Then all at once it occurred to me I was getting foolish in my old age. I told myself that never before had Alexander Botts weakened in the presence of danger. He would not do so now! Resolutely, but cautiously, I pulled the brake rope. The car began to move. And slowly and smoothly it rolled down the cable until we were over the second terrace from the top. At once I set the cable brake, then slipped the winch brake, and descended to the ground. I threw off the chains, hooked onto a light harrow I had carried down there the day before, and dragged it up to the end of the terrace and back, cultivating the ground between the vines.

After this I took off again—this time with much greater confidence—and gracefully descended the hill. As the car I was using went down, the other car, of course, came rolling up the other cable. In the course of my descent I landed at several different levels, just to show how easy it was. Gadget and the count and countess followed, walking down the little flights of steps, and they caught up with me soon after I had come gently to rest beside the rocks at the extreme bottom of the vineyard. By this time a dozen or more peasants had arrived. They had been attracted by my spectacular demonstration, and were now standing around gazing at me with respectful admiration.

While I was taking the chains off the tractor, Gadget explained to the count that if we wanted to take the machine back into the vineyard again, it would be necessary to drive it around and up to the castle by the road, hoist it up under Car Number 2—which was now at the top—and repeat the process we had just been through with Car Number 1.

"Any such repetition, however," said Gadget, "would be unnecessary at this time. I feel that we have already proved to you that you can use our Earthworm tractor in your vineyard with the greatest ease."

While Gadget was speaking I was observing the count very closely, and I began to be a little worried. Apparently he was not very enthusiastic. And when he looked at the tractor, it was with an expression of considerable distaste.

"You will have to admit," continued Gadget, "that we have solved practically all your problems. The only remaining difficulty is that your mule, Brunhilde, is still marooned up there. We are going to get busy at once, however, and rescue this excellent, but unfortunate, creature. And then you can go ahead and operate your vineyard on a completely motorized basis."

Without waiting for a reply from the count, Gadget turned to the peasants who were standing around, and asked if they would be so kind as to assist us. They said they would, so I had them take hold of the end of the tackle rope which went through the pulley blocks on the bottom of the car, and carry it up the stone steps into the vineyard. I led the way up from one terrace to another, and they followed after, dragging the rope and thus pulling the car along. As this car was very nicely balanced against the other car, it rolled up the cable with the greatest ease. When we had reached Terrace Number 12, I grabbed the little brake rope and set the brake.

Then Gadget and I went into the tent and led out Brunhilde. While Gadget held the patient creature's head, I quickly strapped about her body a neat, close-fitting jacket, or brassière, of stout canvas, which we had manufactured the day before. On the top of this garment we had fastened a couple of loops of rope; it was but the work of a moment to slip these loops through the hook on the pulley block suspended from the car. Gadget then gave the high sign to our sturdy Tyrolean peasants; they heaved on the rope, and Brunhilde was swung high in the air. I will never forget the expression which suddenly appeared on the poor animal's face—pained surprise, coupled with a look of philosophic resignation which indicated great strength of character.

When we had ascended to a height of thirty or forty feet, I eased off on the brake. As the car gently rolled down the cable, the rest of us followed down the steps, holding on to the rope so as to keep Brunhilde clear of the ground. When the car reached the bottom, we landed our passenger neatly and quietly, and I removed the canvas union suit.

"Well, count," said Gadget, "what do you say now?"

"Wonderful! Wonderful!" he replied. He was more enthusiastic than I had believed possible. "You don't know how much you have helped me. Brunhilde is the finest mule in my stable. I had supposed she was destined to spend the rest of her life up there on that terrace. And now you have rescued her. And not only that—you have solved the problem of cultivating the vineyard."

"Well, count," said Gadget, "we're certainly glad you are pleased with what we have done."

"I am overjoyed. What can I ever do to repay you?"

"The answer to that," said Gadget, "is easy. First of all, you can pay the somewhat modest cost of the cable railway—a thousand lire plus a few extras."

"Gladly!" said the count. "But that is not enough. I must beg you each to accept at least another thousand for the time you have put in. Let us say three thousand lire altogether. And is there nothing else I can do?"

"There sure is. You can buy the tractor."

"Buy the tractor?"

"Yes."

"But I would have no use for it."

"No use for it? Why, you can't get along without it, count. You'll need it to cultivate your grapes."

"Oh, no. Now that you have shown me how to get mules around the vineyard, I can cultivate with them, just as I did in the good old days."

"You mean you don't want our tractor?"

"Of course not. The only reason I ever considered a tractor was because I thought there was no other way I could manage. Certainly no man in his right mind would ever put into his vineyard one of those horrible, poisonous machines if it were in any way possible to do the work as the Lord intended, by horses or mules. And that is why I am so grateful to you, my dear children."

"Oh! You feel grateful to us?"

"Believe me, I do." The count became quite affectionate. "I sent for you as a last resort. And you, in your clever American way, have done far better than I ever expected. I had feared I would be compelled to use a tractor. You have shown me that a tractor is unnecessary. You are wonderful. I hope you will both stay for dinner."

"Thanks," said Gadget. "We will."

We stayed for dinner. It was a swell meal, with wine from the famous Schloss Ramsburg cellars. But, although Gadget talked as cleverly and persuasively as she knew how, and although the count was most courteous and friendly, it was impossible to get him to take the slightest interest in even considering the possibility of buying such a hideous and immoral contraption as a tractor.

In the end I couldn't help but admire him. A splendid old gentleman, and an independent thinker.

He paid us three thousand lire for the cable railroad, so we made a profit on that anyway. When we finally left, he and the countess bade us a most affectionate farewell.

"I cannot tell you," said the count, "how surprised I was at the result of your week's work here."

"Well," said Gadget, "the result was something of a surprise to us too."

Most sincerely,

ALEXANDER BOTTS.

Rimed Reviews

The Abstract of Philosophy

COME, sit and chat of Socrates,
Spinoza, Plato, Aristotle,
And other prodigies like these
Who clutched all Knowledge by the throttle!

The Greeks were mostly pretty shrewd;
They mapped their world and cured their phthisics,
But left to our incertitude
The misty maze of metaphysics.

For through the ages muddled Man
Must seek for Truth and talk about it,
Must brood upon the Cosmic Plan,
Proclaim a theory and flout it.

Each sage, in language aught but terse,
Expounds a System, cute and cunning,
"My Scheme to Run the Universe"—
And that's the way the thing is running!

With mental cobwebs finely wrought,
Portentous terms and solemn patter,
One proves that Nothing is but Though't,
A coarser one that All is Matter.

The Scholiasts, disputing, "What
Angelic hosts could stand, my masters,
Upon a needle's point?" were not
The only futile logicasters.

Has Kant or Spencer higher claims
To rank as Learning's fairest flower?
Then what of Nietzsche, Hegel, James,
Democritus and Schopenhauer?

You take your choice, as I'll take mine,
And hold it while your faith abets it.
Each philosophic system's fine
Until a later one upsets it!

—*Arthur Guiterman.*

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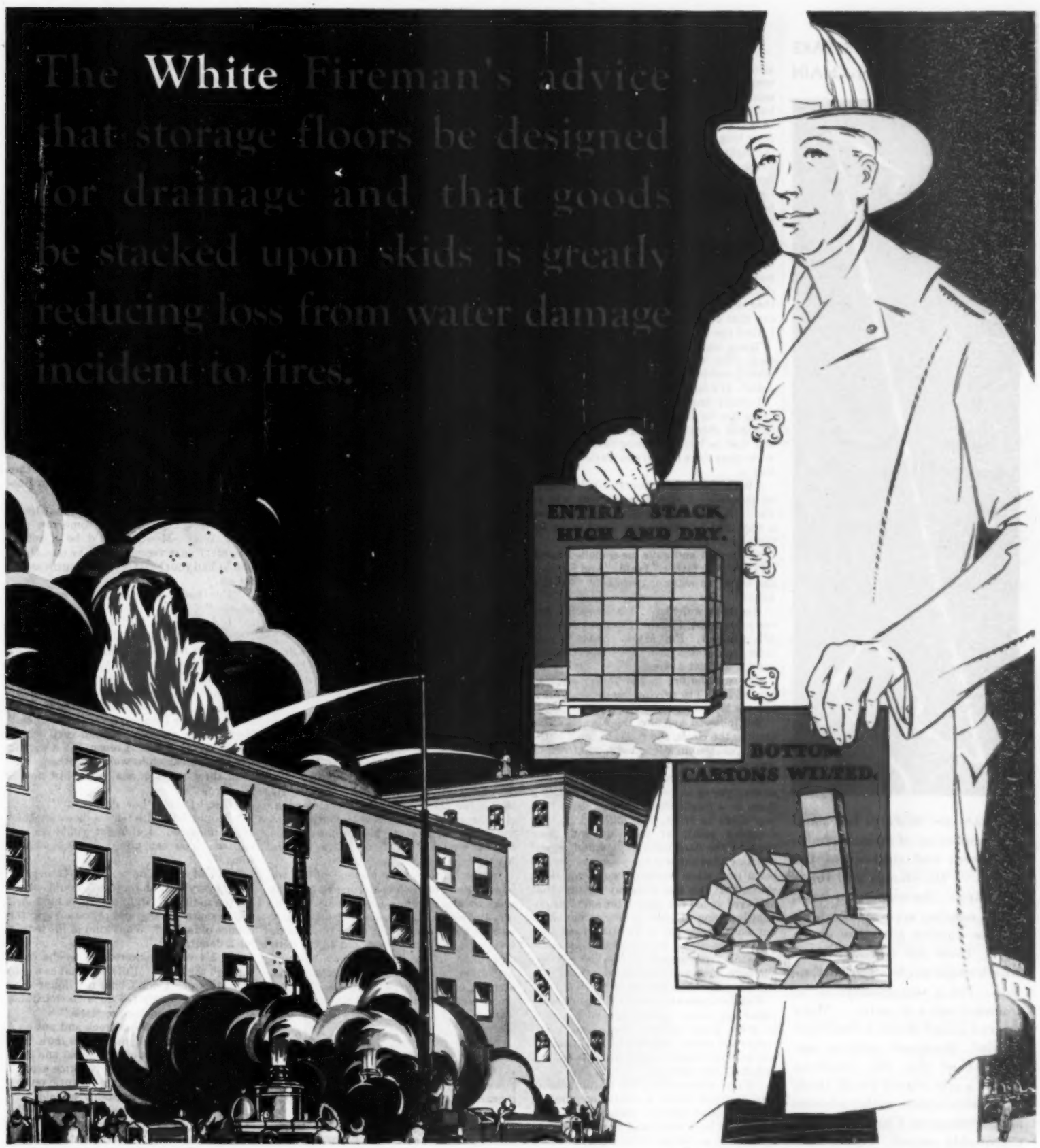

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SIMMONS CHAINS

The swivel says
It's a Simmons

THE LONG CHANCE

(Continued from Page 13)

always been in our hedge. I stood on the veranda, realizing more poignantly still how much was lost to me. The valley of Webersham was very cold. A faint dry snow began to fall; it would not last in this biting wind. How long I stood there I did not know, but the lights on the lower floor of Cynthia's house went out. Then there was a light in her bedroom, and I turned more bitter still. I went in and threw fresh birch logs on my fire. The library filled with thin shadows and glancing lights.

I made an attempt to read. My eyes took in nothing and Cynthia was always between them and the page. I could remember so much! And so much defeat. A clock struck midnight, then the half hour, then one o'clock. I went to a window and saw that no light was burning in her house. I filled the fireplace with more logs.

There was a sudden hammering at the door. The voice of my nephew set up a roaring outside: "Don't bring a gun, Uncle John! It's me! With a guest!"

I could imagine no reason that might bring him to Webersham at such an hour. He came shouting through the door, and I saw that he was in evening clothes. A girl in an opera cloak of gold and scarlet followed him in.

"We've been riding round, Uncle John!" he shouted. A strong excitement was on him. "We ran into the ditch down the road a way, and I thought you'd put us up for the night. This is Miss Edgell."

She smiled and gave me a chilled hand. "I know your father," I said. "And Fletcher has written a ream or two about Christine Edgell."

Her smile widened. "You're such a rotten polygamist, Fletch. I'm not Christine, Mr. Marriot; I'm Myra. She's a year older, and Fletch hasn't been insane about her for at least a week."

She saw the fire in the library and ran toward it. "Try driving hundreds of miles in a roadster on a night like this."

We followed her into the library. Discarding the cloak, she stood in front of the blaze, revealed in a long vermilion frock. I was provoked to a reluctant admiration. She made the room vividly alive. She was so very young and so very pretty, standing there in a fragile flame-colored dress that was short in front, but billowed in long drooping points at the side and quite touched the floor behind. I found myself thinking that she was too young to remember a time when women always wore long skirts, that this was probably the first that had ever veiled her legs. Her hair was obviously trying to grow as long as her skirt, but only succeeded in twisting itself into enchanting curls. With a sigh of pleasure, she sank cross-legged on the floor, giving her bare back and shoulders gratefully to the warmth. A charming child!

Fletcher meanwhile was bustling excitedly round the room, chattering and laughing in great good humor. He found a decanter and siphon, mixed a highball, offered one to Myra Edgell, which she refused, and talked all the time.

"We've been opening the Boston season. The Dobrees broke a bottle on another hope. These Dobree daughters! Last year's had buck teeth and this one is cockeyed. But an honest million goes in every package. A vile party to offer Harvard men, Uncle John. Oh, ghastly! Champagne two months from an apple orchard, caviar straight from the shot tower. We gave the orchestra its chance and then Myra screamed in pain and we fled. Later we found that it wasn't my roadster. Just as well. It's in the ditch. . . . The way to love life is to leave a Dobree ball. You can become an optimist by merely lighting out. The farther we got away the sweeter the world looked. Then somehow we were in the ditch and I realized we were near you."

"We thought you wouldn't want us to ride thirty miles in a milk train in evening clothes," the blond child said, shivering luxuriously at the fire. "Will you put us up, Mr. Marriot?"

"Of course."

"That's swell," she said, in the debutante manner. "Then maybe you won't mind—I ruined my slippers walking in from the car, and I broke through a crust of ice."

She slipped out of the red satin slippers, which were indeed ruined, and with deft gestures stripped off her fragile stockings. She extended her legs as near the fire as she could. Fletcher, sprawling in a deep chair, whooped enjoyably.

"What a scandal for a bachelor's house, Myra!" He gestured toward jeweled garters which sparkled in the firelight on the hearth.

"I don't think it's compromising to help the distressed and thaw the frozen, is it?" she asked me gravely. "Honestly, I'd like to undress some more. Have you got something woolly?"

I stood up. "I'll show you your room. You can put on a dressing gown of mine. Also, I'm afraid my pajamas ——"

"I hope they're flannel. Don't show me up yet. It's not bedtime till you're sleepy. I'll find something."

She went out, barefooted and swift, and ran up the dim stairs. Fletcher looked after her. "Isn't she glorious?" he asked.

"Charming. But you should have warned me that your deathless devotion to Christine had flickered out."

"Like that," he said solemnly, and snapped his fingers. "I've known Myra for years. Gone on Christine all the while. Then one day I looked at Myra and saw her. Shot down on the wing. Both barrels."

A gloomy drought settled on me. "She'll have to telephone home that she's staying the night," I said heavily.

"Queen Mary stuff!" he jeered. "Oh, if you say so." His prowling had taken him as far as my desk. "Oh, you were writing to me? I'm a honey at taking advice if it includes a loan."

"Open it."

The check tumbled into his hand and he beamed at me. "Run for senator, Uncle John! Enter a contest for Miss America! Do something so that I can work for you. As one Marriot to another, thanks!" He thrust the check into a waistcoat pocket. His face sobered, but his eyes continued to burn with excitement. He sat down at the fire, but was up again at once. "Uncle John, Myra and I want to get married."

It was clear now what excitement had animated them and what fervor had brought them driving through thirty miles of winter. In a warm awareness of each other, they had left the dance, to drive anywhere, to be together anywhere. Then, out of the fictitious magic of this nearness, a discovery of each other, an awed exchange of revelations. Fletcher had been very happy tonight. Depression grew on me. I fought it back; there was no need to touch him with my own failures.

"You're very lucky," I said. "Luckier than most of the Marriots."

I gave him my hand, which he squeezed powerfully. Then he was moving about the room again. "Then you'll give us a leg up?"

"How?"

"Why," he explained, "help us to get married tomorrow."

My first thought was that Massachusetts had done very wisely in requiring a five days' notice of intention. Much precipitate folly had been prevented. And yet I didn't understand precisely what was in his mind.

"Don't be absurd," I said. "You can't marry while you're still at Harvard. After you've been at the law school for a year or two, perhaps."

"To hell with the law school," Fletcher said. "I'm quitting. Flat."

I stared at a flushed young man in a tailed coat, with the shock one feels when a familiar object has suddenly turned strange. I was thinking of the structure I had painstakingly reared for him. The law school, the greatly to be desired place with the proper firm, and the knowledge that he would go on and on. I was not a fool, and the wisdom of all my years had gone into it. And he was waving it away as less than nothing.

"You mean," I said slowly, "that you want to give up your future?"

He nodded. "Too long, Uncle John. We can't wait."

"Meanwhile what do you expect to do? Do you think, perhaps, that Myra's father will look out for you?"

"T. Blaisdel Edgell? Not bloody likely! I thought you knew him."

"What, then?"

He was solemn now, and his chin had become formidable. He sat down. "We've thought it out." I could fancy how much thinking had been done in those thirty miles. "I could do what you've planned for me. Six months more at Harvard, three years at law school, three years as a law clerk, ten years of little cases, ten years of bigger stuff—by the time I die I'll be a partner in this sacred firm."

"Precisely," I said. "It's failure-proof."

"And meanwhile what happens? I've got—how much from dad's estate?—twelve hundred a year? Myra comes high. Twelve hundred wouldn't keep her in underclothes in Boston. Well, we're not staying in Boston. We're going West."

I was completely amazed. "What for?"

"We're getting married tomorrow and going West—Montana. I'd be a rotten lawyer. I've never wanted to be one. Only, you've had your heart set on seeing me safely set up."

"I've had too poignant an experience of ——"

"I don't want it!" he said furiously. "What am I good for? Darned little. But I do know ranching." Against my will, I conceded that this might be true. I had sent him West every summer since his twelfth birthday. He had all but grown up on a ranch. "If you hadn't wanted to make a lawyer of me I'd always wanted to ranch." He stood up, very earnest and very young. "And Myra's for it. I mean, it's a way to live, and meanwhile we're together. Not after three years or ten years, but now—tomorrow."

"But," I said, "how do I fit in?"

"People fail with cattle because they aren't financed. I thought you'd see me started. You can afford it. It's what I want."

"And Myra? You're willing to deprive her of everything she enjoys? You'll expose her to crudity and dullness and ennui? Ask her to share anxiety and privation and the chance of failure? What kind of life is that for a debutante?"

Myra's voice answered me as she came through the door: "I'm not so hot as a deb, Mr. Marriot. I don't hold my liquor very well, and I'm easily fed up with charitable activities in the picture sections."

She had taken off her frock and put on a silk dressing robe of mine. Its dark blue stripes piquantly set off her throat and face, and she had belted it nearly twice around her. My felt slippers were gigantic on her feet. She looked a scant ten years old.

"These little intimacies, Fletch!" she said. "I'm sure it's scandalous. What couldn't a newspaper do with this setting?"

She shuffled the slippers toward the fireplace. She and Fletcher looked at each other, and I was older still, for between them was something electrical. They saw each other and were alive.

"Is he being elderly?" she asked, even her voice a caress.

Fletcher burst out, "He's being a fool!"

"Oh, no!" She smiled at him and her nose wrinkled—the world held two women whose nostrils could dilate. She turned to me, the smile fading. "You see, I want Fletcher, and I'm a perfect hellion when I get possessive. But the point is—my father. It's shocking, but the Edgells have

(Continued on Page 149)

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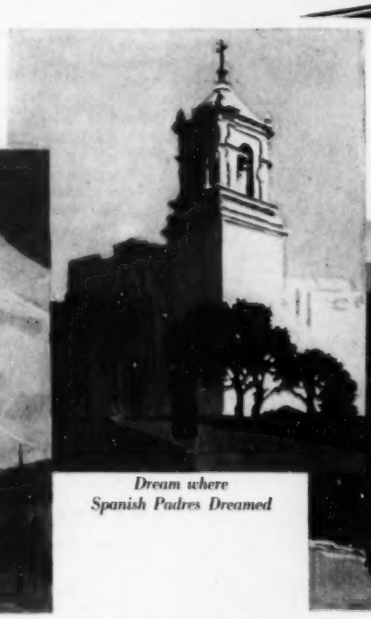
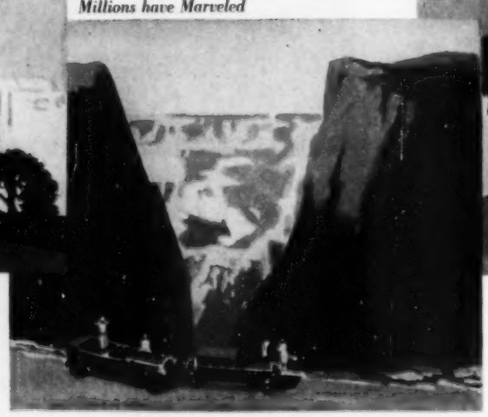


Dream where Spanish Padres Dreamed

Marvel where Millions have Marveled



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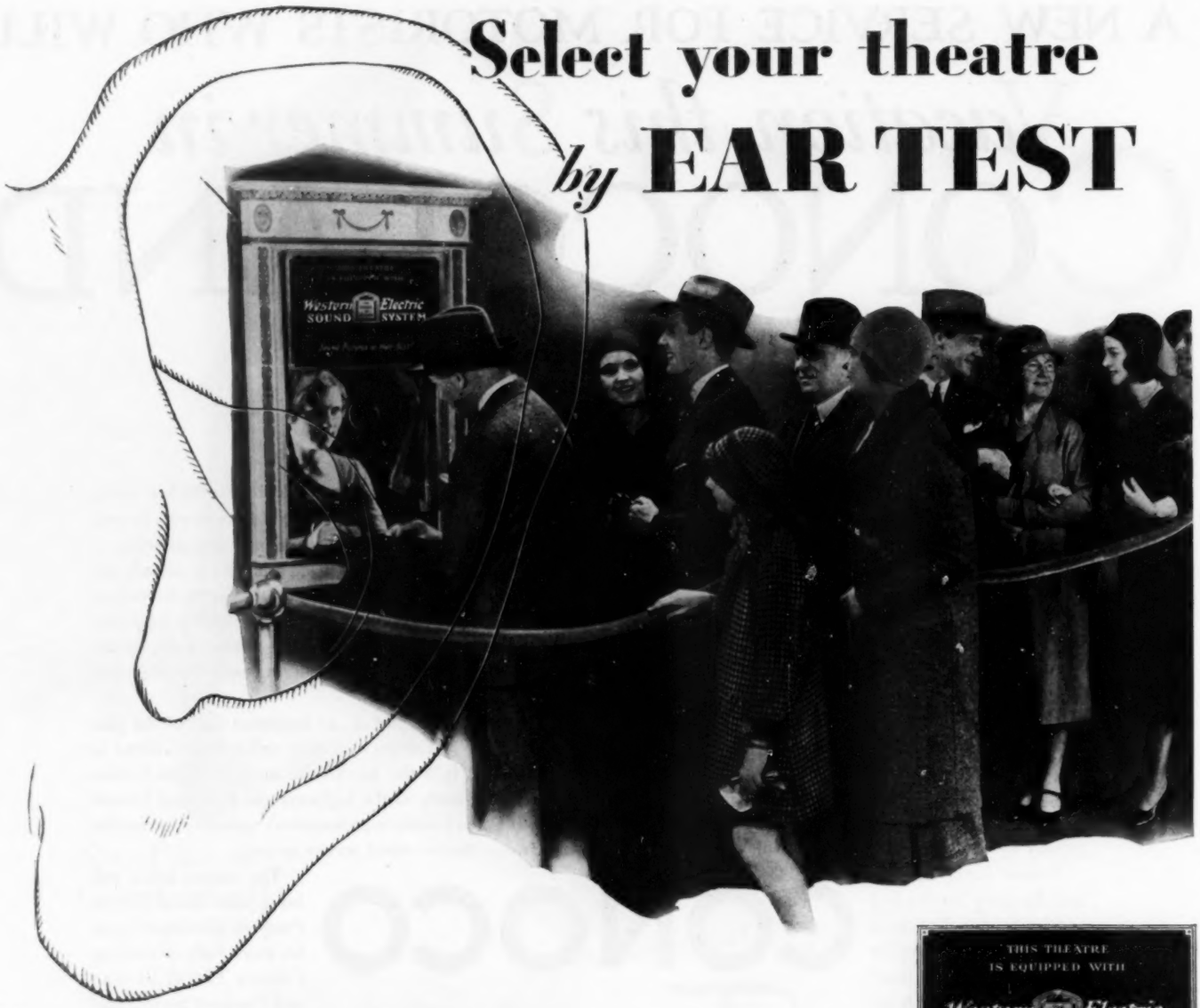

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(Continued from Page 144)

been outsiders for a hundred years. They don't belong. But we've at last got one foot through the door—since my father jammed himself into the chairmanship of the Coastline Trust Company and since my oldest sister married into the very heart of Beacon Hill and Pride's Crossing. The local fashion in vulgarity, you know. And Christine is the sort who will take care to marry right—someone with the right clubs, a stutter, freckles and a place on the best boards."

I gasped, but she went serenely on: "All the prerequisites. That leaves me, and if I marry right the Edgells will be safe in harbor at last. And, of course, Fletch is awfully wrong. He hasn't an ancestor to his name—he doesn't even stutter. My poor dad will simply shatter his arteries. He's one of these ambitious characters, you know."

"You admit that your family would oppose ——"

"I could swing it," she said nonchalantly. "If we wait and wait I can throw tempers and get nervous and threaten various scandals and lose weight and take up with the radicals—I can do the whole loathsome job. And in about a year the family will consent. But that's a year!" she flamed. "A year—and we want now. I won't wait. I'm going to marry Fletch tomorrow."

She sat on the arm of a chair. She was trembling a little, for all her nonchalance. One slim leg escaped from the striped robe and caught the glow of the fire. "My father will be what he thinks Bostonian." She made her forehead the caricature of a scowl. "'The young fool has made her choice; let her stick to it!' He doesn't have ideas, you know—only by-laws. So, of course, he won't let me have a cent. Not for years. I've calculated that my third baby will bring him round. That's a long way off," the blond child said, sitting there pensively, swinging a bare leg and looking ten years old. "We've settled that. For three years, no babies. Then three, two years apart."

I slapped my hand against my knee. "You seem to have settled the whole order of the universe. It comes down to this, doesn't it: If you wait a year, everyone will approve?"

"Oh, yes," she assented very mildly.

I saw with bewilderment that her deep eyes held something of regret and commiseration for me. Why did all women pity me? Why should this child join hands with all her sisters and find me regrettable? She had come heedlessly into my life and with the touch of her foot had toppled over the whole structure of my planning. Looking at me, her eyes slowly lost that softened concern. They grew determined, and her cheeks warmed too.

She stood up. "Yes, we're talking about a year. One year. If we wait a year everybody will be—well, fat and satisfied and wise. It's easy to ask. What is a year of ours to you? We're young; we can wait." Her voice was deep with scorn. "You take a year of ours—Fletch's and mine—and ask us to throw it away. Well, we won't! How many years are there, that we should waste them?"

I had had, I thought, a singularly unfortunate experience with women. Always I was in the wrong; always my sincerest designs ended by provoking their ridicule and contempt. But while she challenged me there was again a knocking at the door. On the way to answer it, I saw that the clock was marking half-past three. I opened the door and found Cynthia. At sight of her, all the resentment the night had heaped up became urgent in me.

"Beat me if you like, John," she said calmly, "but don't expose me to pneumonia. Insomnia explains this call, and curiosity about the lights in your house at such a reckless hour."

She brushed past me into the library. Fletcher smiled at her widely and murmured Myra's name. She threw off the black fur coat, revealing a negligee so feminine that I was dazzled. She kicked off galoshes and displayed wanton mules of satin and feathers. Myra was looking at her with curiosity and antagonism.

The child's lips curled a little, and she said, "I'm sorry—perhaps I'm wearing your things."

"No!" Fletcher shouted frantically. "Myra, for Pete's sake ——"

Cynthia smiled enchantingly and sat down beside the fire. "My child," she said, "what a gorgeously romantic conception of John's character!"

The girl flushed. "Oh, I am sorry! But he's so calculating and commercial. He simply doesn't understand emotions. He's exactly the sort of man who would ——"

Cynthia's laughter chimed in the room. "I'll love you forever! My dear, how rapidly you learn to read! But"—she seemed radiant in the deep chair—"but this is an elopement, isn't it? You're running off, aren't you? And John is honorably striving to save you from folly?"

For a moment the two of them looked incredulously at Cynthia, and then both of them began to pour out to her the whole story. They were eager and impassioned, interrupting each other, drawing nearer to her chair as the tale hurried on. They described Fletcher's naïve plan, which was to solve all problems and endow them with happiness everlasting. I did not expect Cynthia to call it folly. She nodded. Yes, Fletcher had always wanted that sort of thing; he knew the work; it was up his alley.

"It's crude to remember practical things, no doubt," I interrupted. "Unquestionably, I'm calculating and cynical. But look at it. A stable place in life. An assured career without anxiety or heartbreak, with a security and stability such as I've had to struggle for all my life ——"

Cynthia's lips curled. "Security, stability, safety—at least you have desired those things, haven't you, John? Suppose Fletcher doesn't want that sort of life?"

"Be honest and tell me whether it matters what one wants," I said, bitterness strong in me. "This ranching ——" My hands went out in a gesture that began as denunciation and ended as a plea. "I know it. I've sold it under the hammer for clients a dozen times. Drought years, Texas fever, plague, vermin, falling markets. You're constantly at the breaking point. You wear yourself out for a narrow chance. You're at the limit of endurance, in physical labor and in worry about your future ——"

"You mean it's a hazardous life, John," Cynthia said. "You're not making it very repellent." She turned to Myra: "You won't be highly competent at helping calves into the world. There'll be no debutantes in Montana, my child, and you'll have no use for giddy frocks. Your hair will bleach out and your complexion will go to pot. There'll be a notable lack of Europe and yacht clubs and opera and Southern beaches in your life. How about it?"

"If it's what Fletch wants, it's all I'm good for," the child said. Her arms shot out of the gaping sleeves in a quick gesture. "I'm a deb, all right. I like my life soft. But if I've got to wait a year for it—or if it jams Fletch up—I won't. It won't be so bad. I won't have to sleep on the ground and bear children under a sheep wagon. But what if I did? If that's the risk we have to run, what of it?"

Cynthia was suddenly isolated from us all, and suddenly pale. Her eyes were preoccupied with the fire. There was a curious brightness in them, as of tears involuntarily risen but suppressed. She stood up slowly and put on her coat and galoshes.

"It was silly and prying of me to come," she said. "I've no right to share your secrets." A kind of tenderness softened her. "Take what you want. Oh, be quite sure that it's folly and madness. Take it. It won't be anything at all like what you expect so confidently. Take it." Her eyes were very kind. "Take it at whatever price you're asked to pay for it. But don't"—she glanced at me and quickly away from me—"don't expect understanding from John Marriot. He's without madness, folly and desires. One year? He threw away six years—he threw away ten years. And he doesn't want anything."

She moved round the chair and down the wall of books. I thought she hesitated for a moment, but I was too dispirited to notice. Then she was gone, and Fletcher had put on his overcoat and hurried after her. Her corrosive words remained. I was looking at a failing fire, and at more truth about myself than I could bear. The blond child came slowly across the room and sat down opposite me. She was trembling again, but not, I thought, with cold. She, too, stared into the fire.

After a while she yawned, widely and whole-heartedly; then she yawned again. "I'm so villainously sleepy!" she said.

I didn't, I realized, resent her any longer. "It's the reaction," I said. "So many emotions. Even at your age they rub you out."

"I'm sunk. I'm dead."

I put two more logs on the fire and went out to the pantry. Cook and housekeeper would denounce me tomorrow, but I didn't care. I beat up eggs and milk, and added brandy to them. I found little cakes and cheese and a jar of *foie gras*. I made up a tray and took it in to her, drowsy and rapt before the fire.

She smiled. "Does being in love make people hungry?"

She began to eat with a frankness that I found admirable. She was one more woman who had negligently overturned my plans, but that didn't matter.

Then Fletcher was back. She jumped up and put her hands on his shoulders. "Go upstairs and go to bed," she said. "You're sunk."

"Let's fight it out on this line," he said.

"No! Go to bed! There's nothing to fight out. We'll get married tomorrow. I promise. Go to bed."

She held him to her, then fairly pushed him out of the room, closed the door after him, and came back to the fire.

"I wanted to say one thing," she said, curled up in the chair. "Things have developed so that you're the one that can give us our year. Well, you won't be risking anything. Even if my father is a worse fool than I expect. My grandmother left money for me in trust, and I'll get it when I'm twenty-five. I haven't told Fletch. I'm afraid he'd be stiff-necked and upright and get ideas, the way men do. But you'll only be making a loan. You're only risking it for six years."

It was a singularly unfortunate period to mention. "Damnation!" I cried. "You know the money's nothing ——"

"Yes, I know," she said quietly.

Her clear candid eyes held mine, and I saw the depth of them. "Is there anything on earth you wouldn't do to get that one year?" I asked.

"Not one thing!" Her chin rose. "I'm no fonder of scandals than you are, but a scandal wouldn't be much of a price. I'd do anything."

There could be no doubt that she would. She sat there slim and small in a big chair, splashed with firelight, my blue robe loose on shoulders that seemed fragile. Shadows had appeared beneath her eyes.

She was studying me. "Is it true—what Mrs. Fallon said? Haven't you ever wanted anything, Mr. Marriot?"

"Nothing that was worth the wanting," I said. Then, with a quick surge of bitterness, I loathed myself. "I'm lying. What's true is that I've never wanted anything I've had, nor had anything, anything at all, that I wanted." My voice had risen sharply. Suddenly I touched her hand and asked with an earnestness that surprised me, "What is it like to have wanted something for only a week?"

She smiled and took my hand. She was younger than ever, but she knew what I was beginning to perceive. "It's less than that. A week ago I was only Christine's sister and Fletch was that big oaf who talked about horses. But tonight—heavens, last night!—we looked at each other ——" She paused. Her eyes became inattentive and color stained her cheeks.

(Continued on Page 151)

Select Appliances equipped with this

Unbreakable Plug

IT PAYS to look at the plug when you buy an appliance. Old fashioned plugs, molded of breakable materials, cause annoyance and delay that is now unnecessary.

Today, the Belden Soft Rubber Plug —*The Plug Unbreakable for Things Electrical*—is standard equipment on many of the finer radios, washing machines, refrigerators, adding machines, flat irons, and electrical tools.

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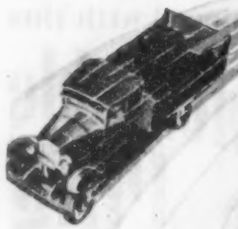

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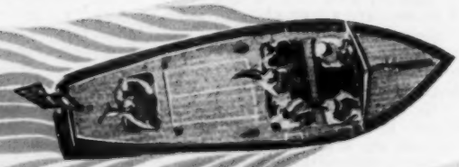

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IN the chill of upper air . . . across surfaces of many waters . . . along broad highways and busy streets, modern motors whir more smoothly with GULF SUPREME MOTOR OIL to business or to pleasure.

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1. Rich, heat-resisting lubricating film	This should spread rapidly to all moving parts	Required for proper lubrication
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Gulf Engineers have combined scientifically all these qualities in GULF SUPREME MOTOR OIL. *Get Gulf and Get Better Lubrication.*

At All Gulf Service Stations, and Dealers, at the Sign of the Orange Disc

GULF REFINING COMPANY

(Continued from Page 149)

When she looked at me again, I was a century old.

"It was getting pretty bad on the way to the Dobrees'. It got awful in the hour we were there. Then we were dancing and Fletch said, 'Let's get out of here.' And I said, 'If we take the stairs down, I can wait to kiss you till the first landing.' But I couldn't, and I didn't." She stood up, her hands thrust out. "Oh, I know. Don't think I don't know. We may smash all—all to hell. We may be driving straight on the rocks. I'm not a fool! I may regret this like the very devil. What's worse, so may Fletch."

The last thought made her close her eyes. "That's the chance we've got to take!" she cried passionately. "If we do crash, we've had what we wanted. This year and all. We'll have had our desire. Would you want us to be afraid to make a start because there's a chance we may fail?"

There was no withstanding her eyes. A log fell apart and renewed flames chattered in the chimney. I could hear a wind outside, cold and malicious, the voice of November. But I could recognize courage when I saw it.

"Make your start," I said. "There's no foreseeing how you'll end. You're altogether mad, but run your chance. There's been no chance taking or madness or satisfaction in my life, and I can't know how to help you—but count on me."

Strength went out of her. "Yes," she said, "I've known we could all along."

She came toward me, unsteadily, and put her arms round me, drawing my lips down to hers. Then she leaned against me, drooping with weariness. Her eyes closed and she was gratefully relaxed for a long moment.

"Why did you count on me?" I asked.

She smiled mistily. "I felt so sorry for you."

She stirred in my arms and the robe fell open, disclosing brief enchanting garments. I closed it and retied the belt. "Perhaps it's wise to send you West," I said. "Eccentric nudes hardly fit in with our proprieties."

Her smile grew drowsier still. "I can't be bothered with proprieties. Perhaps you've noticed." She stood away from me, leaned against a table and yawned, stretching her arms hugely. "I'm going to bed, now you're settled. Don't call me till noon." Another yawn made her mouth immense. "Noon on my wedding day!"

She stood there, and it was a moment of flowering. She was no longer ten years old. She had no age at all.

"Don't go for a moment," I said. "I want to give you something."

She paused and I fumbled among the objects on the cabinet. I lifted them all without finding it. "Never mind," I said. "It has been mislaid. And you've no need for it. I'll give you something else for your wedding day."

"A bagful of clothes would be about right. But what was it?"

"A love charm," I said. "It contains a drug that creates the illusion of happiness."

"I don't need a charm," she said, "as much as you do. I'm going to bed now. I'm sunk. I'm dead. I'm talking in my sleep. But I'll tell you something. I was nineteen years, four months, and twenty-four days old the day I was married. I was a rickety young pup and I didn't know much, Uncle John. Only, I did know one thing. When something I wanted seemed to be passing me by, I knew enough to get out and run like hell after it."

Then she was gone, on shuffling slippers, out of the room and up the stairs.

I knew how tired she was. I sat down in the chair that had held her, and my very soul crumpled with weariness. Was I nineteen years, four months, and twenty-four days old, that I could endure successive failures and could face the knowledge that I had come into tonight? I threw another log on the fire and sat there staring into its flames.

How long, I do not know. Only, all that time I saw myself in a cold and concentrated light. I had lacked courage, all my life, and so I had lacked everything else. I had never, in all my life, been nineteen years, four months, and twenty-four days old. The clock striking six roused me from an introspection more bitter than I had ever known before, who had not been unacquainted with bitterness. I went to my desk, not knowing why. I sat down there and after a while I saw the letter I had written to the Harvard art museum, giving away my Gauguin.

I took it up and ripped it to shreds. I did not know precisely why, but I dropped the fragments into the wastebasket with a quickening satisfaction. Then I was at the cabinet, searching hurriedly for something that was lost. The little pouch was not there. I went on my knees, closely scrutinizing the floor, the lower bookshelves. It was not there. Excitement grew on me.

I went into the hall and suddenly caught sight of myself in a mirror. My shirt front was grotesquely bent and mottled with cigarette ashes. Not this way! Not in a dinner jacket in a winter dawn! I tiptoed upstairs and crossed to my room. But, softly opening the door, I saw that it was the one Myra had chosen. She was sleeping in my bed, one arm thrown out across the pillow, her hair tumbled in the faint gray light. She looked ten years old. I stepped back, closing the door, and stood irresolute, my spirits failing. I could not go out in dinner clothes!

Then suddenly I cursed myself for a fool. "Will you wait to change your clothes when you are setting out to run after your desire?" I fled downstairs again and out of doors. Over the eastern hills the sun was a scarlet ball hanging in mist. My breath swirled vaporously as I ran through the gap in the hedge. In a sort of wild calm I saw movement in her kitchen and guessed that her cook was stirring. I took the back steps in one leap and banged through into the presence of an elderly woman who shrieked and raised her hands. I heard her asking if someone was dead as I rushed past her.

"No, you fool!" I roared. "Get out of my way!" My feet were noisy on bare boards as I went thudding up the staircase.

I burst through the door of Cynthia's room. She was sitting up in bed, sleep still half present in her eyes. She was lovelier than I had ever coldly known. Alarm and amazement were in her face at sight of me.

"What's happened?" she cried.

But I had her in my arms and I was talking with a furious intensity. I was telling her that no notice of intention was required in New York and that we could be married by noon and sail for Tahiti by midnight. There was no way of knowing whence came the resolution of this climax. And, I discovered, there was no need. For her arms were tight behind my head and, after ten years, I had kissed Cynthia, not in despair.

She moved away and found the negligee she had worn at my house. Her eyes—but they were Cynthia's eyes, and I had known her since childhood without ever before seeing them as they were now. Deep with laughter, bright with tears, alive with such a tenderness as I had never believed in.

She wrapped herself in the negligee. "These little intimacies, John!" she said. "Now I'll have to marry you, for the cook's sake. But, my dear, how do you dare to come charging into a woman's bedroom at dawn? By any stretch of the imagination can that be called stable and secure? These reckless ecstasies—the world hasn't room for them, John."

"What," I demanded—"what did you do with the love charm, Cynthia?"

She took it from beneath the pillow and kept out of reach. "I came back at half-past three to steal it. Twice yesterday you raised your arms to me, John. I have just so much scornful pride, my dear, and then I'm helpless. I hoped it might produce—well, the illusion of madness."

There was no doubt now about the tears in her eyes. "I've seen you wasting so many years," she said, and came within reach again.

After a while she said, inconsequently: "If we're assisting at an elopement, you'd better wake them up and offer them transportation to New York. Our elderly recklessness owes them that much. And perhaps you'd better pause to reassure the cook."

PHOTO. BY H. ARMSTRONG ROBERTS. FROM UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD

A Scene in the Cumberland Mountains, Near Pineville, Kentucky

KEEPING FIT

MAN is adaptable. Given fresh air, sunlight and pure water he can live at the poles or equator—on a diet of straight vegetables or on nothing but meat. But man has not yet adapted himself wholly to the stress of modern civilization, to absence of sunshine, to a refined diet deficient in essential mineral salts.

His important requirement is a natural water amply supplied with those minerals which will assist him in keeping fit—will offset the penalties that modern man and woman too often pay. Hot Springs, Arkansas, has for generations been famous for just such a water. Mountain Valley Mineral Water, containing essential minerals, Nature's own eliminant, is highly recommended by physicians everywhere as a sane step toward the keen vitality which is everyone's right. Its delightful live taste and progressive physiological effects will surprise and please you.

"Nature Intended" is the title of an important booklet, now ready—which tells "how to help the body rid itself of conditions that invite and intensify disease." Write to Mountain Valley Springs Company, Hot Springs, Arkansas, or telephone the Mountain Valley Water Company in your city.

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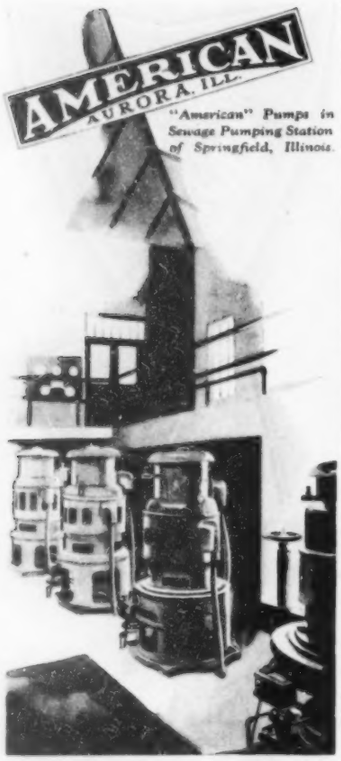

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RAILROAD STATIONS

(Continued from Page 20)

When the news of this remarkable performance on the part of an American locomotive was wafted overseas, the English refused to believe it true. It just could not be done. But a little later—in 1839—Norris sent one of his engines over to the Birmingham and Gloucester Railway, and upon its steep and far-famed Lickey Plane the triumph of the George Washington was repeated. The cables on the plane were immediately ordered abandoned and the stock of the company went up twenty-five dollars a share, while Norris' fame at once became international. In the following two years he sold more than 170 locomotives to France, Germany, Prussia, Austria, Belgium, Italy and Saxony. Some of them may still be in service. They hate to scrap locomotives over there. I have lately seen on the Paris-Orleans Line one copper-boilered engine dated 1853.

Monuments to the Railroad

Inclined planes were immensely popular among our earliest railroad builders here in America. They fairly abounded in the newly opened coal districts of Northeastern Pennsylvania. One of the most famous of them is the one at Mauch Chunk, first opened in 1827, and, although many years ago abandoned for coal haulage, is still in joyous use by thousands of excursionists each summer. When the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad first was planned its directors were skeptical of steam as a motive power, and they decided to use horses for hauling their cars to the Ohio, 300 miles distant. They planned to conquer the high Alleghanies by building not less than 200 of these endless-cable planes, which, in turn, were to be horse operated.

I have drifted afar from the topic of early railroad stations.

That first Baltimore and Ohio, which was planned from the outset in a rather pretentious way, at the beginning built for itself a modest brick building at Mount Clare, then on the very outskirts of Baltimore, as a terminal for its trains. That structure still is in use for railroad purposes, although it has been many years since a passenger has crossed its threshold. Baltimore, like Philadelphia and New York, had the passenger cars for the trains hauled one by one by horses from a downtown station; in this case, up to Mount Clare, where the horses were taken off, the cars assembled and the steam locomotive—the Baltimore and Ohio directors having early changed their momentous decision not to use steam—attached. At Ellicott's Mills, fourteen miles distant, and at Frederick, up in Maryland hills, the directors of the road planned and built substantial stone station houses. The one at Frederick was torn down a few years ago, but that at Ellicott's is still in its original use. We climbed up into its belfry two or three years ago and found hanging there from the rafters the original bell which once upon a time summoned folk to the departure of the cars for Baltimore. Like the bell of the old Frederick station, it is now treasured among the road's collection of early railroad relics.

Washington, as the capital of the nation, was entitled to a regular depot, when, in 1835, the iron horse first poked his nose through to that point. It came, in the form of two small brick dwellings at the rear of the Capitol, at Pennsylvania Avenue and Second Street, which were thrown together and a train shed erected at their rear. Years afterward, James G. Berrett, an early mayor of Washington, was to recall that first station and the little one-car passenger train that ran between it and Baltimore. Mr. Berrett wrote:

"We approached the depot, which was formed of a dwelling house, which had been utilized for the purpose by removing the interior up to the second story. The engine brought us within a short distance of this old house, and we were pushed into it by the engine switching down and driving at the other end." Near that early depot Mr. Berrett must also have noticed the barber shop of William Washington—no relative of George. Mr. Washington was advertising in the current prints that "Gentlemen having five minutes to spare before the departure of the cars for Baltimore may be shaved and dressed immediately."

It was in New England that the American railroad first flowered most magnificently, and Boston was the early center of its pretenses. Many railroads ran out from the Hub, and the most of these prospered from the outset. The neighboring country was well populated and there were many passenger trains. The Boston and Worcester—now the eastern end of the Boston and Albany, and the first railroad to operate trains in New England—was one of the earliest roads to make definite provision for these. It put up a train house at Albany and Beach streets in 1836, and sometime thereafter the famed Henry Williams, whose tremendous voice attracted the attention of William Dean Howells, who promptly proceeded to immortalize him, began announcing the departure of the trains.

Yet this first Albany depot in Boston was presently outshadowed by the commodious new station of the Boston and Maine over in Haymarket Square, which was opened in July, 1845, and which had two tracks running under the entire length of its long roof; the one for incoming trains and the other for departing. I have a dim memory myself of that old station, which continued in very active use until 1894 and the opening of the first North Station. It was a fearfully grimy and overcrowded place. And quickly it was overshadowed by the splendiferous new Fitchburg Station near by.

Now, here was a monument to the railroad. Built of enduring granite, it was, when first opened, in August, 1848, not only the largest building in Boston but one of the largest in all of these United States. It had tall fortresslike turrets at its corners and a bronze model of a locomotive suspended up over its door. Like its neighbor over in Haymarket Square, two tracks ran its length, although at a somewhat later day a third was squeezed alongside for the small locals of the Watertown branch, which then made frequent trips back and forth throughout the day.

The Famous Fitchburg Depot

But the great triumph of the Fitchburg Depot lay in the fact that underneath its high-pitched roof and over the train shed was the most ample concert hall that Boston had ever seen. Seating more than 2000 folk, it quickly became a fashionable mecca for the Bostonians. Jenny Lind sang there, and so did many another distinguished visitor to the center of American culture of that day. Gradually, however, this hall fell into disuse. Sometimes a diva would object to her pianissimo passages being blocked out by the crescendo of the arrival of the 9:15 evening express on the lower floor. But the fundamental idea of that hall could not have been such a bad one. For the new North Station, completed last summer on that same site, has a huge hall, or arena, on its upper floor, which is now in pretty constant use.

The fame of the Fitchburg Depot spread all over the East. And soon every large town in Massachusetts was demanding something of the same sort. Also built of enduring granite, the grim and fortresslike station of the erstwhile Eastern Railroad, at Salem—1848—fairly challenged the imagination with its elaborate front. It still is in use. Most of the others of that day and age are gone. Gone are the large stations that the end of the 40's and the beginning of the 50's saw arising in Providence and Hartford and Springfield; this last one serving a quality of pie in its long and smoky train house that excited the joy of all travelers. New Haven had a station, long since gone, in Chapel Street, noted for its subterranean passages and surmounted by a most curious Oriental sort of temple as a superstructure. Even Vermont had its big stations—at Rutland, at Burlington and at St. Albans. Of these, only the one at St. Albans has survived until this day. It is one of the quaintest bits of Americana left in all this land and it is to be hoped that it will be spared for many years yet to come.

The feature of this old, old station is its train shed. Four arched doorways at either end give the trains entrance and exit to this vaulted apartment, whose stout wood trusses bear the burden of eighty long years seemingly without any effort whatsoever. The head offices of the Central Vermont Railroad have always been a part of the building and from it trains have gone, north, east, south, west, since the days of the old wood burners. But the builders of the early station builded, perhaps, better than they knew. For its arched entrances still are ample for the modern cars and their locomotives. And St. Albans remains the most interesting stopping place on the important railroad that retains its headquarters there.

An Old-Timer Still in Use

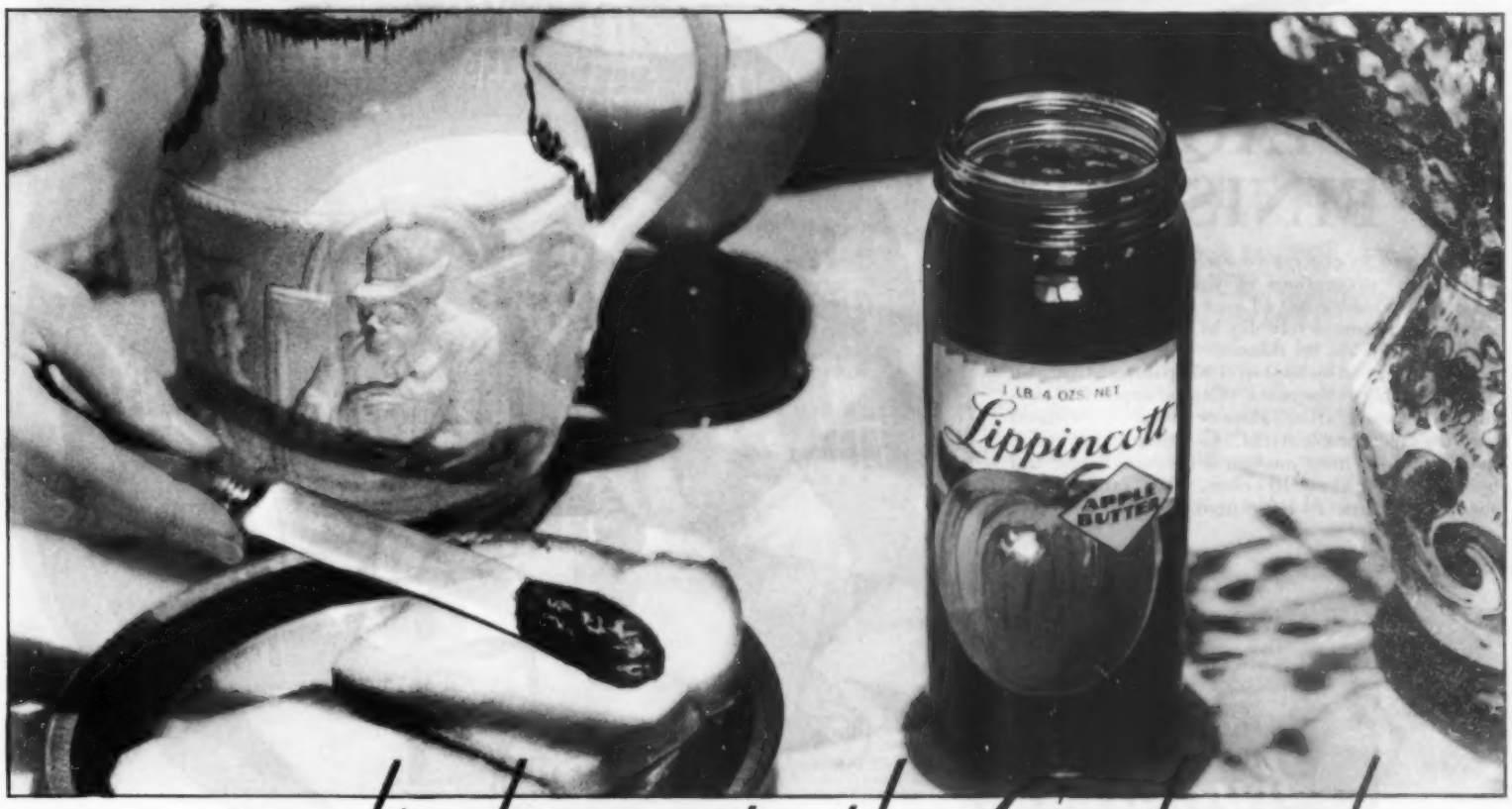
A few of the very oldtime stations still remain in the South, although those at Atlanta and at Columbus, in Georgia, recently have disappeared in the steady march of time. But the old shed at Chattanooga, with the famous old wartime locomotive, General, is still a mecca for folk interested in early railroad days, and it bears upon the inner wall of its train house a great stone tablet testifying that 1848 was the year that saw its birth and that John Lyons was the man who fabricated it. There also stands—or stood at least until recently—a very ancient covered passenger station in Savannah, the property of the Central of Georgia Railroad.

Baltimore boasts at least two of the oldtimers—Calvert and Camden stations. The seal of doom already is set upon ancient Calvert, at one time the head and front of the old Northern Central, but in recent years reduced to somewhat occasional suburban trains of the Pennsylvania, its successor. It is neither worn-out nor dilapidated. The great stone pillars that hold the wood-trussed roof of its old shed are as staunch and as stable as in that year of '48, when first they were set in place. The second Washington station—the one in New Jersey Avenue that in a single memorable spring saw Lincoln slip quietly in and the Seventh Regiment of New York come boldly marching into the capital—was built in the same way. Older folk still remember it as a substantial and handsome station, only abandoned because long since it had ceased to be large enough for the traffic it was to bear.

But Camden Station, Baltimore, seems fit for many years of use. It is not old—for 1853 is only a yesterday in our national life—and it is commodious. Time was when, even in the Monumental City, it was itself regarded as monumental; a town sight second only to that of the great shaft bearing the figure of the Father of His Country which stands in Mount Vernon Square. Its first planners were ambitious. They schemed to fashion their new depot precisely after the fashion of the new Smithsonian Institution over in Washington—that is, as to the exterior. Times having turned a little hard, however, for the young Baltimore and Ohio, Camden Station was made rather more simple. A ball-belfried tower, like that of some New England meetinghouse, was substituted for the Gothic spire, and for many years this tower looked gravely down upon the roofs of the little brick houses of Baltimore. Finally it became weakened by

(Continued on Page 157)

When Young Master Hubbard . . .



. . . climbs up to the Cupboard

HA! His freckled, snub nose sniffs the smell of cider, sniffs the smell of spices, sniffs the smell of ripe and juicy apples mingled with the cider and the spices . . .

Whoopla! Master Peter Hubbard jumps off the chair with a big, tall jar in his hand and on the label of the jar is a big, red apple . . .

Now, a big piece of bread with a little bit of butter . . . then Peter Hubbard spreads on thick a layer of that chocolate-colored lusciousness . . . for Peter, he just *loves* that Lippincott Apple Butter.

So smooth and soft it is, it just melts on his tongue, so spicy and zestful it sharpens his hunger . . . and so wholesome and energizing that, as he eats it, he feels himself growing every minute bigger and stronger.

"You're an apple butter hound," says Peter's father, for Peter gobbles Lippincott Apple Butter for his breakfast and his luncheon and his dinner . . . and, whenever he can get it, so does Peter's father!

All the Hubbards big and little relish Lippincott Apple Butter as a wonderful new seasoning *baked into* meats and as a condiment served with cold cuts . . . as well as in pie-fillings and all sorts of unusual, delicious desserts.

That's why Mrs. Hubbard is so careful that *her* cupboard is never bare of Lippincott Apple Butter. As soon as one jar gets low, she telephones to her grocer for another.

THE LIPPINCOTT COMPANY · *Cincinnati, Ohio*

Lippincott Apple Butter Goodies for Mumsy to Make

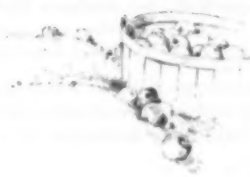
LIPPINCOTT APPLE BUTTER TARTS

Line muffin-pan with pie-crust (very short). Fill with the following mixture—and bake in a moderate oven. (This makes 12 tarts.)

1 cup Lippincott Apple Butter
½ cup brown sugar
1 tablespoon of molasses—Dark Karo
½ tablespoon flour

LIPPINCOTT APPLE BUTTER BETTY

Butter a baking-dish and arrange first a layer of either white or whole wheat bread-crumbs. Then add a layer of Lippincott Apple Butter—sprinkled with brown sugar—then a layer of bread-crumbs. Repeat until the dish is nearly full—have crumbs on top layer. Pour over 3 tablespoons of water mixed with ½ cup of molasses—1 cup seeded and chopped raisins—and bake in a slow oven 40 minutes.



Lippincott Apple Butter

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Permits you to express yourself—in color, in form and in the decorations of your home. Kyanize Lustaquik Finish is not a lacquer, yet dries dust free in one hour, completely dry in four. No offensive odor and requires no thinner. Has great covering capacity and can be used over old paint and varnish without lifting other coats. Can be applied to anything . . . wood, stone, glass or metal . . . without showing lap or brush marks. Comes in 16 beautiful, lively colors to meet modern decoration needs, and by intermixing these 16 colors, many intermediate shades and tints can be secured.

reduces painting to a minimum of brushing . . and Dries in 4 Hours

Look Around Your Home— Your Guests Do!

For $1.00—A delightful Kyanize Experience

Send $1.00 and name of your paint dealer and receive a full-pint can Kyanize Lustaquik Finish, a good brush and the new book "The Colorful Home." Mention color of Finish wanted. See names below. Or, if you prefer, just send ten cents for the book.

You will find that "there's room for beauty in every room." Try looking around, it's well worth the effort. See your home as others see it. Look around your home now. How about the bathroom? the kitchen? the living room? the bedrooms? How about that furniture? Or that floor? Or those walls? Are they as gay and cheerful as they might be?

With a few cans of Kyanize Lustaquik Finish you can have all the thrill of new rooms and new furniture in four hours—you can make the home you love a thing of beauty and charm.

A wonder-working enamel is this new quick-drying product, Kyanize Lustaquik Finish. Full of delightful possibilities for home-loving folks. It brushes on so easily, just flows from the brush, levels itself out to perfect smoothness and dries hard—in four short hours—think of it.

For furniture, woodwork and all interior surfaces, Kyanize Lustaquik Finish offers every opportunity to express personal taste. Dainty tints and smart voguish colors, sixteen of them, allow imagination to have full sway. Try it today—just say Lustaquik to your paint dealer—it's a Kyanize product and guaranteed to satisfy.

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Put Beauty in Every Room

..positively different, easy to do and lots of fun to create New Decorative Floors

Use Kyanize too, For Beautiful Floors!

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FLOOR ENAMEL

Yes, you may now use your imagination and express yourself in your floors. Think of the effect of attractive floors on your guests—you know folks who visit look over everything in your home.

KYANIZE Floor Enamel can be obtained from your dealer in 12 attractive solid colors. Any of these colors will mix with any other, making possible an infinite number of "in between" shades. Kyanize Floor Enamel is a tough, durable, handsome finish that can be applied with equal success to wood or cement floors, inside or out. It is acid-proof, sanitary, easily cleaned, and durable. Dries in six hours.

For years Kyanize Floor Enamel has been the chosen finish for all kinds of floors. It's so easy to apply—leaves no brush mark or ridge, dries hard in a few hours, and the colors—twelve of the smartest shades imaginable! It is no longer difficult or even expensive to have appealing floors, decorated exactly in accordance with your ideas.

But now—think of it—with Kyanize Floor Enamel and the new ROLDART Decorating System you can achieve in no time, with ease and joy, not only beautiful floors at a trifling cost, but, what has never been possible before, the opportunity to create exquisite color harmonies that fit your own individual taste and needs,—enhancing the attractiveness of your home.

The application of Kyanize Floor Enamel and Kyanize ROLDART designs is made possible by the use of ROLDART cut outs or stencils thru which the paint is applied with an exclusive but simple rolling application. No previous system of floor decorating has ever given such a wide range of decorative color schemes, as does Kyanize ROLDART.

A remarkable book on the subject of decorating your floors is yours for the asking.

BOSTON VARNISH COMPANY, 360 EVERETT STA. BOSTON, MASS.

INVEST $1.00 IN NEW FLOOR JOY

JUST send us name of your paint dealer, and enclose $1.00 and receive a full-pint can Kyanize Floor Enamel (see colors below), a copy of the new book "Dream Floors," illustrated in colors, and describing the wonderful ROLDART system of decorating floors.

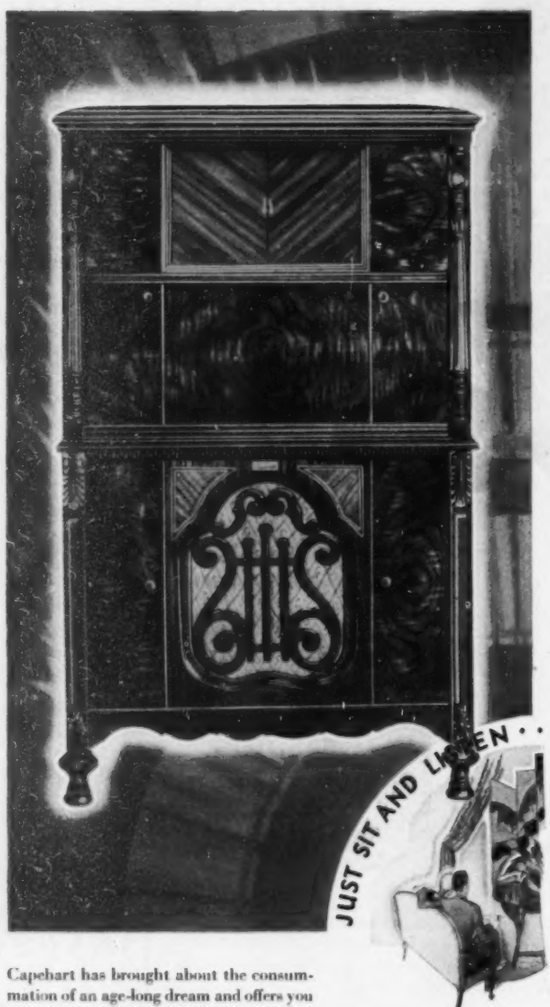
DUST DRAB · RICH RED · BUFF · DEEP ORANGE · NAVY GRAY · TILE GREEN · GOLDEN BROWN · HUDSON BLUE · DARK YELLOW

AMPERION

by CAPEHART

A NEW WONDER IN MUSIC FOR THE HOME

TURNS *and* CHANGES RECORDS *Like* UNSEEN HANDS



Capehart has brought about the consummation of an age-long dream and offers you the convenience of the radio, the marvel of the all electric phonograph PLUS an almost mystifying mechanism that turns and changes records like unseen hands

Without moving from your chair, without so much as the turning of a dial, you may enjoy a continuous program of your own selection

Electrically Reproduces *Programs of Your Own Selection . . .* WITHOUT ATTENTION

RADIO in Combination If You Wish

The CAPEHART AMPERION is a revelation in musical entertainment for the home . . . a combination unprecedented in the world of song and harmony . . . bringing to you, in your own drawing room, the *kind* of music you desire to hear—*when* you want to hear it—for as *long* as you care to listen!

Perfect in modulation, pure in tone, The Capehart Amperion brings to you an unlimited program of your own standard records *without interruption*; or if it pleases your mood, dynamic reproduction of radio to hear the best that's on the air.

Whatever suits your fancy: operas or the symphonies, ballads of delicate feeling, the chromatic rhythms of modern jazz—YOU may make the choice, and by the pressure of a finger enjoy a continuous program in the comfort of your drawing room.

Music dealers will be pleased to demonstrate this virtuoso among fine instruments. They will play for you a continuous program of your favorite records; and then, at a touch, switch over to radio. You will be amazed at the tonal splendor of this new wonder in music and the beauty of its modern cabinet design.

To homes of happiness and culture everywhere, The Capehart Amperion adds the magic touch of programmatic music

Capehart AMPERION

THE CAPEHART CORPORATION, FT. WAYNE, IND.

(Continued from Page 152)

old age and it was torn down, to be replaced by the present much more modest belfry. Similarly, the present train shed is comparatively modern. The old one disappeared many years ago.

Nearly twenty years of American life and activity went by. Two more important stations were to be added to the railroad roster here. There came, at the beginning of the decade of the 70's, the magnificent Park Square Terminal, in Boston, of the highly prosperous Boston and Providence Railroad, and, at about the same moment, the first Grand Central Depot in Forty-second Street, in the city of New York. Each in its architecture was ambitious—extremely ambitious. The Park Square structure in Boston thrust a tall clock tower up into the heavens, and for more than twenty years this was a landmark of the Hub. This handsome Boston station was fitted in a way much more complete than any that had gone before.

The First Grand Central

The first Grand Central was a far larger affair. It was a pet project of Commodore Vanderbilt and he owned two of the three roads that it served. It had no tall steeple-like tower, but its Forty-second Street front consisted in large part of three huge pavilions, each surmounted by a heavy mansard roof. The entire façade was supposed to be copied from the Tuileries in Paris, and it might have been; although even the Tuileries did not have so much architecture in so compact a space. At the top of the center pavilion was a niche, reserved for a statue of the Commodore. There was some precedent for this. The first of the Vanderbilt dynasty had only a short time before finished a freight house for the railroad down in what had once been St. John's Park, on the lower West Side of Manhattan, and here his friends had erected a huge monument to him and to his achievements. This took the form of an allegorical bronze, 150 feet in length and thirty feet in height. It embraced all the sculpture in the world, from reclining gods and goddesses, to early steamboats and railroad trains and, in the center of all, a heroic figure of the Commodore in a fur-lined overcoat, extremely well done. The dedication of this memorial to the railroad king, still living, was an event of 1867. There were bunting and flags upon the City Hall and the Post Office, and many other lesser buildings, as well as upon the ships in the harbor and the locomotives of the Commodore's railroads. His favorite pastor made a prayer and a young poet wrote an ode to the new freight house. The Commodore's statue was never placed in front of that first Grand Central Depot, but a year or two ago the bronze bas-relief of the old freight house at St. John's Park was taken down and the handsome statue from its center was carried uptown and placed upon a pedestal in front of the present Grand Central Terminal, where it now stands; the shrewd and kindly eyes gazing down into Park Avenue traffic.

The distinctive feature of that first Grand Central was its train shed. It was the first really huge shed of that sort ever put up in America—at that time the largest in the world—and when the workmen and their cranes began first to fabricate its giant, spreading arches they looked down upon the roof tops of the brownstone houses of the New York of the late 60's. That spacious apartment housed twelve tracks and their platforms. It was 200 feet wide and 600 feet long and, at its center, it rose 150 feet from the ground to the roof. It was a really superb room. As a boy I can remember coming into it for the first time and being tremendously impressed by the lofty ceiling, the clustered gas lamps hanging from it and, high up against the end wall of the room, remember seeing a tiny cabin with a bay window where the station master sat and directed all the movements of the trains. These came and went most silently. In order to keep the entire place as free from locomotive smoke and gases as possible, the engines of incoming trains were detached and swung ahead onto outside sidings, while nervous and energetic brakemen manned the hand brakes and brought the engineless trains to a slow and dignified stop within the shed. These were called the "flying switches," and in modern railroad practice they would be reckoned as very hazardous, and so, not permitted. But there is no record of any accident having happened by them, although in after years, in the station that succeeded the first depot, a whole engine and train ran past the bumper block and imbedded itself in the waiting room.

From the beginning, the Grand Central was a triumph. To be sure there were serious drawbacks in its practical arrangements. Just north of the train shed there were crosstown streets, already growing busy with traffic, which crossed all the twelve platform tracks, and more, at grade. To walk across Forty-fifth or Forty-sixth or Forty-seventh street at the hour of the "flying switches" and get across unscathed was an achievement. A number of people failed to achieve it. There were many accidents and a great public outcry that presently resulted in the first real grade-crossing separation in the United States—the placing of the four main-stem tracks that served the station under practically the entire length of Park Avenue. There also was complaint about the arrangement of the station itself. The three roads that shared it—the New Haven, the Harlem and the New York Central—had separate waiting rooms and other station conveniences, and there was no communication between these except by going outside upon the street. This was rectified in the second Grand Central—within sixty years there have been three upon the same site. But the chief outcry that came up from the dear old public was due to a European notion that the Commodore had imported for his new depot. This was the placing of ticket takers at the doors to the train platforms and making folk show their pasteboards before they could even go out upon the platforms. In this way the railroad could be sure of getting its proper revenues! Its conductors were not always above guile. The gentlemen hired for this heroic task at the train gates were adamant. They did not even quail before President Grant.

The Show Place of New York

It seems that the general was bound, with a retinue of eighteen other men, to the Peace Jubilee under way over in Boston. He had no tickets. In those days he never had any tickets. And there was no railroad conductor in the entire U. S. A. who would ever have the effrontery to ask for them from him. But the ticket collector for the New Haven in the new Grand Central Depot was of sterner mold. He was Spartan. He had his orders and he proposed to follow them. The general was far too good a soldier not to realize that orders are orders, and he retreated—to the ticket window. When he returned it was with nineteen full-fare tickets, and a noble battle had been won—for the railroad. It should have been set down that the stern-visaged ticket collector was immediately made superintendent of the road. But he was not.

Despite a few drawbacks of this sort, however, the red-brick and white-iron Grand Central Depot was, for a time, next to the Capitol at Washington, the grandest building in all the land. Folk traveled to New York just to gaze upon it, and then to go home and talk about it. It was not until a full decade afterward that it had a serious rival, and then, in 1881, the Pennsylvania built Broad Street Station in the very heart of Philadelphia and not far from the original passenger terminal of the Columbia and Philadelphia.

In intervening years the chief terminal of the Pennsylvania in that city had been upon the west bank of the Schuylkill River at Market Street, to which point it is now about to return.

This really handsome passenger station was modeled closely, inside and out, upon a historic English station, St. Pancras, in London, which for many years has been the starting point in that city of the Midland System. St. Pancras was, and still is, a notable station. From it, Commodore Vanderbilt caught the idea of the train shed of his beloved Grand Central; and from it, the Pennsylvania took the entire scope and fine flavor of Broad Street, which, incidentally, soon outgrew its original size and developed to its present proportions.

Bigger and Better Stations

That, up till now, has been the great problem with all our American railroad stations—keeping up with the growth of the land, the great cities, and the traffic. Broad Street Station, once enlarged to keep pace with the business that flowed through it, is now soon to be demolished—its suburban traffic will be taken care of in a sizable subterranean station underneath the present site—and replaced by a huge new structure in West Philadelphia. The Baltimore and Ohio is planning to erect a large station just across the Schuylkill from this. The Pennsylvania Station in New York, which, when it was built, a little less than a quarter of a century ago, was criticized by many wiseacres as "a white elephant," already is seriously overcrowded. It is a real problem for it to handle the suburban business that the affiliated Long Island pours into it each morning, and eventually it may become necessary to bring all the suburban trains of this latter road into some great new terminal on the Long Island side of the East River. Some roads are seeking to ease this serious terminal situation by turning over short local branches within the metropolitan areas to the local rapid-transit systems. Already this has been done in Boston and in Chicago, and eventually it will have to be done in New York, where there are a number of excellent opportunities.

The other method is to enlarge or to replace the original station; not always easy in the congested hearts of large cities. St. Louis, along with the demolition of its great train shed, is putting in ten more platform tracks, each capable of holding much longer trains than it was possible hitherto to accommodate. No tracks will be added at South Station, Boston. Wedged as it is between a broad street and an arm of the harbor, it is difficult to see how more could possibly be added to the main level; although when the station was first built, in 1896, provision was made for suburban loop tracks in a lower level. But the use of these was predicated upon some future electrification plan, and the roads coming into Boston have not as yet given much consideration to this form of motive power at that city. As a matter of fact, there is not much need of more tracks in Boston terminal stations these days. For today there actually are less trains entering and leaving both of them than there were ten years ago. Count that for the competition of the motor vehicle. On the other hand, there has been a steady increase of trains in and out of the St. Louis station in the course of the past decade. It is the short-run, or suburban, train that has fallen before the onslaughts of its new competitor; on long-distance trains the railroads have steadily increased their mileage. And the St. Louis station is one given over almost exclusively to long-distance trains of some nineteen different roads.

Perhaps the most striking illustration of this inability of even the wisest and most farseeing of railroaders to prejudge the future growth of the communities they attempt to serve is in the case of the three successive Grand Centrals, in New York. Respectively, these have been the Grand Central Depot, the Grand Central Station, and the Grand Central Terminal—the name has grown more comprehensive with the development of the station. Originally opened October 9, 1871, on the site of the former locomotive woodpiles for the Harlem

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SAVABRUSH

and the New Haven roads, with a service all that time of 104 trains daily, and planned for at least half a century to come, it became inadequate to the demands upon it within a dozen years. An annex station with six platform tracks, used for incoming trains, was put up beside it. Within a short time this, too, was inadequate, and so were the separate waiting rooms, ticket offices, and the like, of the three roads that used the station. In 1902 it was all gutted, and what was practically a new structure—the Grand Central Station—replaced it. The graceful main train shed was, however, permitted to remain. It disappeared about ten years ago, when the entire structure was torn completely down, and, in three years and without serious delay to any train, replaced by the present huge affair, with fifty-nine platform tracks—in two levels to avoid the expense of the acquisition of any large additional amount of high-priced real estate—and the grandiloquent name of Terminal.

In ten years this third station has again come to the point of congestion—with some 600 trains daily. Plans already are being considered for its radical rearrangement and enlargement.

The Popular Stop-Over at Chicago

Chicago is another city where the passenger-terminal situation is far from solved. Boston has reconstructed or rebuilt both its North and South stations and is in good shape for some time to come. Cleveland and Cincinnati and Pittsburgh have the problem in hand, but Chicago is far from solution. She has, in her new Union Station, one important and magnificent passenger terminal, and in the La Salle Street and the Northwestern, two fairly modern and highly efficient ones. The Baltimore and Ohio owns a handsome station. But the other roads are not so fortunate. The Illinois Central plans, however, to build a huge new station on the lake shore at Roosevelt Drive, which will match the Field Museum architecturally, and should be completed for the opening of the World's Fair of 1933. When it is done, there will probably be a considerable rearrangement of terminal facilities on the part of many of the railroads entering the city.

The entire matter is now in delicate adjustment. The railroaders themselves hate changes of this sort. Status quo, from their point of view, is always the safest policy. They lay stress—perhaps too much stress—upon the value of important connecting roads coming into the same stations. As a matter of fact, a good many folk who pass through Chicago on through trips prefer to break their journeys there for a day or two, or even for a few hours. That is possibly one explanation why there has been no large demand for a through train from the Atlantic Coast to the Pacific, without more than a brief stop at Chicago or St. Louis. It also accounts for the fact that many transcontinental passengers prefer to go via Chicago rather than St. Louis, where there is every facility for quick transfer in a single great station serving all the railroads that enter the city.

This unending change in railroad-station types and architecture is by no means confined to this country. Toronto, after many years of vexatious delays, has just finished a handsome new station, and Montreal is about to start out upon one. In the first instance, the terminal is a genuine union one, but in the second, the Canadian National will go it alone, to the tune of $50,000,000 or more; since the Canadian Pacific has firmly refused to be shaken out of its commodious and modern Windsor Station.

Overseas, a great new station, about the size of the Pennsylvania in New York, with twenty-six platform tracks, built by American contractors and under American methods, is being finished in Milan, where conditions in the old have become almost intolerable. The historic Gare de Strasbourg of the Eastern Railway at Paris has been doubled in size—there are now fifty platform tracks—without changing the handsome architectural treatment of the whole façade. Even London has begun to move. The equally historic Paddington, scene of the opening chapter of many and many a British novel, is about to be completely remodeled and made much more usable than ever before. Paddington was built in 1854 by that greatest of English engineers, Isambard Kingdom Brunel, and it has undergone very little change since that day. With the demands made upon it today, it has become a little awkward both from the point of view of the passengers and the officers of the Great Western Railway, which owns it. An American architectural firm, which has specialized in several new stations in this country, was called in and under their direction a radical reconstruction of the terminal is about to begin.

In general, it may be said that European railway stations are vastly inferior to ours in waiting rooms and similar arrangements, and somewhat superior in their platform equipment. Their platforms are wider and much less obstructed and have far better protection from the elements of the weather. In England, in Holland and in many parts of Germany they are at high level—even with the floors of cars—which makes the loading and unloading of trains a swift and an easy matter. In this country the high-level platform is coming into use surely, but very slowly. A good many of the old-time railroaders have a prejudice against it. But it has long since been used in the great terminals upon Manhattan Island and in some few other cities. But it was, notably, omitted from the fine new Union Station in Chicago.

An outstanding platform feature of some of our fine American railroad stations, notably the Michigan Central Terminal in Detroit, Windsor Station in Montreal, and the Northwestern Station in Chicago, is the substitution of a flat, slotted roof for a high train shed. This was first invented and put in use when the Lackawanna rebuilt its terminals in Hoboken, New Jersey, twenty-odd years ago. In many ways it forms the ideal method of train-shed covering. The long slots that run parallel to each track are just large enough to receive the stacks of the locomotives and so carry away all smoke and gases, and yet they are narrow enough to keep out bad weather from both tracks and platforms. The remarkable new Union Station in Chicago also has this type of train-shed roof, and it is to be hoped that it will be used in many other places in this country. In England and on the Continent it has made no headway at all.

Travel Made Easy

A feature of railway stations in England, however, which endears them to most travelers, especially those traveling with heavy luggage, is the common practice of placing a carriageway close beside and parallel with the platforms at which arrive the incoming trains. A line of taxis stands upon the carriageway. It is but a step from the car to a taxi. Today, in the United States, some 95 per cent of train travelers do not carry checked baggage. These would welcome some device of this sort. Yet the only place where I know it to be in effect in this country is at Jersey City, where the Baltimore and Ohio uses it to speed the transfer between its trains and its motor busses. There are many folk, old or infirm, to whom the long trip up narrow train platforms, often rendered still narrower by baggage handling, and then up or down long and narrow stairs, is a disagreeable accompaniment of rail travel.

Yet, when all is said and done, the railroad passenger station in America yields to none in the general comfort and superiority of its accommodations. Each is apt to represent some very considerable improvement upon its predecessors. Kansas City was an improvement on Washington, and the Chicago Union Station on Kansas City. The new terminal station now building in Cleveland will cost, with its approach tracks, close to $100,000,000. The Central Station recently completed in Buffalo was far less expensive, but it is a model of its sort and the first railroad station in the United States to be built in our American type of architecture. It houses more than 3000 railroad employes—an army in itself. Ground is being broken for a much-needed union station in Cincinnati, and plans prepared for one in Syracuse. These, with the ones about to be started in Philadelphia and in Pittsburgh, will give wide range for the skill and good taste of both architect and engineer. When they are finished there will come the problem of their organization; the assembling and training of the operating staff. Redcaps will have to be drilled. Theirs is a profession of their own. The men who form the redcap staffs of our great terminals are chosen carefully for moral and physical fiber. They are not, in most instances, paid directly by the railroads. Instead, they must themselves expend from twelve dollars to fifteen dollars apiece for proper uniforms, which must be kept neat and clean at all times. They are amenable to discipline, and it is apt to be sharp discipline.

Redcap and Ticket Agent

Yet, despite all this, there are always many applications to join the corps. For the business is not an unprofitable one—for the redcap. The amount of his earnings depends, to no small extent, upon his wit and his willingness. In the course of time many of these men acquire regular clients. There are redcaps in the Chicago stations to whom Western patrons wire to secure tickets and Pullman reservations. The railroads extend credit to these. When the man comes in from the West he pays for his sheaf of tickets and the redcap gets the change; oftimes no small amount of it. Incidentally, Chicago is one of the few large cities in the country where there are no Negro redcaps. There the valise is the white man's burden, literally. And at least one of the roads there is making a policy of advancing its redcaps to the posts of passenger solicitors—salesmen of its transportation.

In similar fashion, the entire staff of the modern station in America is chosen and constantly inspected and drilled. Ticket clerks are important contact points with a whimsical public, and so are the doormen who inspect your tickets before you go aboard the cars. Each man must be alert, well dressed and agreeable. The ticket clerks must play straight with the public. Time was—and this time not so long ago—when there was much duplicity in the matter of sleeping-car and parlor-car ticket sales and reservations. It seemingly was easy enough for a clerk to fill his Pullman diagrams with names, real or fictitious, and then, if pressed, exhibit this card as a prima-facie evidence of "no space available"; and then, if further and properly pressed, find some way of selling one of these reserved spaces. This practice came to its height in the days of the World War, when both train and Pullman service was much curtailed. It now exists in spots, but not with the knowledge or the connivance of the railroads. They have made their selling agents both honest and obliging. It is one of the fruits of our competitive system. You will find nothing like it overseas. Over there the railroad servant not only accepts but ofttimes practically demands a tip. This is particularly true upon the Continent, where there is many times a shortage of sleeping-car service. Then you do business with the ticket agent practically upon his own terms. And if for any reason you find it impossible at the last minute to use your sleeping-car space, you will find it extremely difficult to get your money back. In Italy, a railroad ticket, bought and not used as planned, may be extended for forty-eight days. But it will not be redeemed for money. And the Italian ticket agent will refuse to change sizable bills for you. He will tell you that he is not a bank of exchange, and then he will refer you to one, which will break your bill for you for a consideration.

As *SILENTLY* as nature makes ice

Electrolux not only is noiseless when you buy it, but noiseless forever after

In some ways Electrolux even improves on nature's freezing method. It is just as noiseless. Almost as simple. And a whole lot more dependable.

Open the door any hour of the day or night and you'll find crisp steady cold, pure sparkling ice cubes, always inside, but you'll never hear a sound.

A tiny gas flame about the size of a pilot light and a trickle of water are the secret of this refrigerator's silent, sure, low-cost operation. These two things take the place of all machinery. They circulate the vital cold-producing refrigerant—a refrigerant that is sealed in rigid steel and never needs renewal.

You know how relatively cheap gas and water are. And Electrolux uses only a small quantity of each. That's why it costs so little to run . . . only 25 to 70 cents a week, less than you probably now pay for ice.

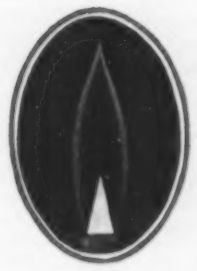
There is not a single moving part to Electrolux. Not a speck of machinery. And hence no chance for noise to develop. No vibration. No wear. No trouble. Nothing to fuss with. Think what such perfect simplicity means to you as time goes on.

Even the tiny gas flame in Electrolux is safe-guarded. Should the flame ever go out for any reason, the gas automatically shuts off until you light it again.

Don't fail to see Electrolux at the nearest display room of your gas company or other distributor. Many sizes and models in white and colors. Prices about the same as other makes—$195 to $430 at the factory, with liberal purchase terms. For complete illustrated information by mail, write Electrolux Refrigerator Sales, Inc., Evansville, Indiana.

ELECTROLUX

THE *Gas* REFRIGERATOR



A tiny gas flame takes the place of all moving parts

Hostess Model Electrolux shown above has five cubic feet of food space and makes 45 large ice cubes.

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Bates

WITHOUT RECOURSE

(Continued from Page 23)

"Um-hum—the Foster house, it's called around here, after the man that built it long ago. My father owns that house, and he told me the other day he'd give it to me, now, any time I wanted it. He means, of course, for my own home. It's rented. It's a big house, but I like it. We'd just use the downstairs at first. I've got my grandmother's furniture—bedding and feather beds, and two four-posters, and two chests, and a sofa, and some other things. And her silver and pewter and dishes. The dishes are lovely, Paul—brown and ivory. I'd have to get things for my kitchen—an ice box and a range and pots and pans. Oh, Paul, doesn't it sound nice—pots and pans? I've got money saved up of my own for that. I could go to housekeeping tomorrow. I know just how I'd fix those downstairs rooms. We could live in them for several years before we moved into the whole house. I'd not have time to take care of all of it, anyhow, if I were working. I love a big house, Paul. It seems so kind."

He was silent. She held his hand tightly and went on, after a minute:

"I'd stay home every other morning, to keep my house sweet and clean. I've always worked irregularly anyhow. Dad gives me twenty dollars a week and a commission on the new and used cars I sell. Five per cent of the cash, just like a regular salesman gets. Sometimes I have a big week, Paul. I've given mother five dollars out of my pay every week, just as the boys did when they worked. I'd save that much. And we could come home nights, together, to our own house."

She faltered away into silence. She could not say any more. She had no false modesty, but it was impossible for her to urge the marriage against his instincts. After a little time, when he said nothing, she broke out in a kind of wail:

"Oh, I'm so crazy about you, Paul. We ought to be married right away while we feel like this, and not let our love grow stale, become a habit. I couldn't be engaged for four years. I haven't the patience. I don't believe in long engagements."

"It wouldn't be that long," he said. "If I work hard, if I have good luck, I might reduce my indebtedness this next year down to where I could carry it and an establishment, a home, as well."

"But a year or more ——"

"I know. But it seems to me —— Oh, Joan, sweetheart, I wouldn't say a word against your father giving you a house if he wanted to, or your using your grandmother's things, or buying your own pots and pans. I don't want to be selfish or extreme. But I don't want you to work, Joan, after we are married. And to be working for your father—to be selling in competition with me—it seems all wrong. Don't you see, Joan, I want to take care of you? What I want is my home and my darling girl in it. I want to feel the burden on myself. Oh, I should have thought of all these things before I asked you to promise me. It isn't as though selling cars for your father was a life work for you. I wouldn't ask you to give up something you wanted to do terribly. But home making is your job—the children and me and the house. Isn't it?"

"Yes," she said. "Yes, that's what I want. I only want to work to help you to get started."

"But, Joan, it's the best of me—this instinct I have to take care of you, not to take you until I can provide for you and protect you and establish you. Supposing that you had your house all furnished; even so, it would cost us more than it does for me to live as I do now, and I would not be able to buy you pretty things. I'd have all the advantages and you would have all the disadvantages of such an arrangement."

"As though I care!" she said hotly.

They were silent, and then he said, very softly:

"I can't do it. I'm sorry. But it would be going against what's strongest in me to do it. I'm only human. I'm like other men. Why, I might come to depend on your working. I might cease to feel the way I do now—fierce—about you, to look after you. I don't think you ought to go against this feeling in me, Joan. It's for your happiness. Perhaps it's the secret of married love—a home, and children and a wife in it, and a man out in the world, getting the living—and all that comes with such an arrangement."

They kissed each other blindly, for both faces were wet with tears.

"I've said my say," she told him. "I'll never say it again."

"We can wait," he answered. "We'll get a good break."

But they were forlorn as they made their way down the hill and parted at the door. Paul left her, feeling that he had disappointed her, perhaps wounded her feminine pride. She was complex and mysterious to him, for all that she was such a natural, straightforward sort of girl. He knew that it had cost her much to make the offer she had made. And he had refused it. But she knew it was not for lack of love, even though she thought he was stiff-necked and stubborn. And perhaps he was. Certainly there were plenty of girls and fellows married, and both of them working. Perhaps, if it were in order to save for their own home or to buy furniture, but to pay a debt he had made before he knew Joan —— No, that wasn't right. No good could come of that. And to have his wife working in competition with him! After they were married her instinct would be to help her husband. She would not be whole-souled in her father's interests. Yet it hurt him immeasurably to have refused her, to have seemed to rebuff her.

He sat on the side of his bed in his shirt sleeves, with one untied shoe still on, and wondered if he might be wrong. But a dismal picture rose before his mind—of Joan, tired and shabby and patient, of stoves with no coal in them, or of himself and Joan comfortable, and his uncle, unpaid, never mentioning it, but thinking that his sister's son had welshed his debt. He didn't want marriage on a half portion. He would like to do everything for Joan—give her a fur of her own and lovely gifts, a generous allowance for the house, and have her say, "I'd like a new fur coat," and be able to reply, "Go get it, honey. We can afford it."

But that was out of the question for a while. If he gave up his little business, as it seemed increasingly he would have to do, and they went to the city, they still would be under financial limitations. It would be difficult to save. It seemed to him that so many fellows he knew had had sickness the first year and had dropped away from all their old haunts. Hospital bills, and sometimes, if children came, a man had to pay for protracted nursing and specialists. And he and Joan both wanted a family. They'd talked about that. It was half the fun of being married. He couldn't imagine Joan without children.

Yet now—right now—she was so young and fresh, and so desirable. Her eyes were soft and shining. She was twenty years old, and he was twenty-six. The thought that she might look at him with different eyes when the time came that his financial affairs permitted marriage struck him like a blow.

Afterward they might be sorry and look back and say, "Oh, if we'd only married then, other things would have taken care of themselves. What fools we were to wait to pay a debt!"

He would stick it out this summer. It was the good time for business. And in the fall they'd be married, and he'd go back to Mortimer's if he couldn't see his way clear here. He could sell cars to Eskimos after this year of training down here in the country.

It was sometime in the night when Mrs. Ferguson shook him awake.

"Paul, Joan telephoned. Her father's awfully ill. She wants you to come right over there. Are you awake?"

He sat up dazedly, thinking at first that it was part of his painful dream of losing Joan.

"Cap'n Fox sick?" It was hard to believe. The big old man had not missed a day from business for forty years. But Paul remembered Joan had urged her father to eat, at the dinner table, and he had been silent and unwontedly preoccupied. Paul got into some clothes and ran across to Fox's and went right into the house. He called, and Joan came down to him, a blue silk lounging coat over her pajamas, her narrow, arched feet bare on the polished floor. Her eyes were wide and dark, and she was pale but composed.

"Doctor Lockerbie has sent for a nurse, Paul. Mamma is beside herself. All the boys are away. I just felt that we needed you, Paul."

"Of course," he said. He kissed her gently. "What's the matter with him, Joan?"

"We think he's had a stroke, Paul. Mother woke up and heard him breathing unnaturally, and she turned on the light and called me. We thought"—her lips quivered—"we thought he was dying. He doesn't know a thing. The doctor says he will either get better, or go, in a few days. But it's his left side—the heart, Paul."

They went up the stairs, tiptoeing. In the upper hall Mrs. Fox met them. She had been weeping, and she laid her head down on Paul's shoulder and he comforted her. He went in to see Cap'n Fox and the doctor, who told him quietly that he thought the cap'n would rally in a few days. Paul helped the doctor to turn the big old man in his bed. He got the Fox Spate out of their garage and drove across town and wakened the druggist in his home. The doctor wanted another vial of digitalis, he explained. Returning, he built up a fire in the fireplace, for the spring night was cool. He put on the kettle and fetched and carried and made himself generally useful. Joan was steady. She was like her father in her character, Paul thought. But Mrs. Fox had gone to pieces rather badly. She was past sixty. Joan was the youngest member of her numerous family of children, and the mother was not strong. Joan coaxed her mother to go to bed in the guest room, and Joan and Paul sat with the father until morning, when the nurse arrived.

Paul was in and out of the house a great deal during the next two days, and Joan told him, the third day, that her father was conscious but could not speak. Paul went up to see him. Letters had been sent off to all the brothers. Mrs. Fox had protested at the suggestion of telegrams. It seemed like admitting the worst, she said. So Joan had written to each one. They were all married and away from home, busy with their own established lives, except John, who was a senior in the university, with only the last term of work between him and graduation.

Paul met Cap'n Fox's eyes when he went into the room, with a queer feeling that Joan's father was trying to communicate with him about something.

"Father, here's Paul come to see you. Do you hear me, dear?"

Cap'n Fox moved his eyes slowly from Paul's face to Joan's, and then back again. He looked at Paul steadily. Paul reached down and took the stricken man's hand.

"How are you, cap'n?" he asked. "I'm mighty glad to see that you are better today. You gave us a scare a day or two ago." Both the young people instinctively spoke in loud clear voices, although the sick man evidently had no trouble hearing them. Joan looked at her father.

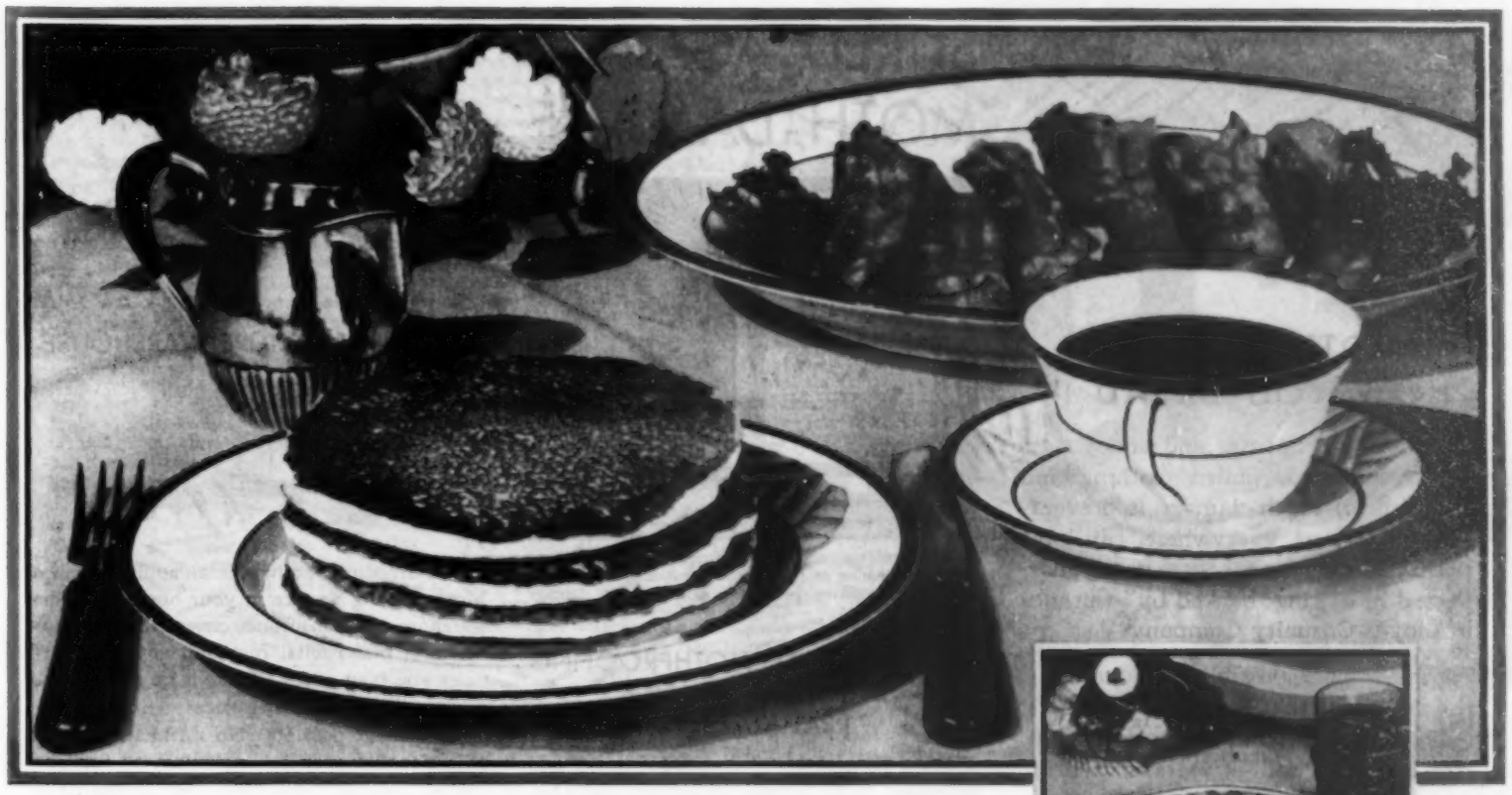
"I think he wants to tell you something, Paul," she whispered.

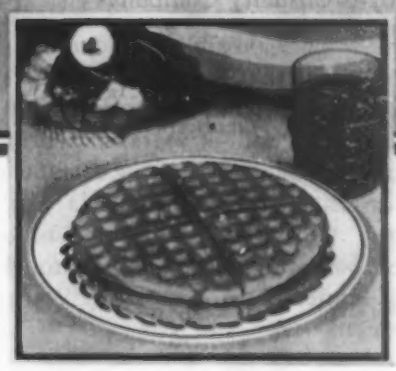
"Do you want me to do something for you?" asked Paul. The eyes affirmed this.

(Continued on Page 163)

Breakfast should be good news as well as good food

try this modern kind of pancake!





Good for waffles, too!

NOWADAYS we're apt to take breakfast too much for granted. It's good food and all that, but nothing exciting. We eat it because it's there—and half the time we don't know and don't care what we're eating.

That's no way to start a day. If any meal of the three should really be interesting it's breakfast. It's good to have our spirits jogged up a bit in the morning. Breakfast should be good news as well as good food. For instance, try pancakes—especially this modern kind, made with the new Pillsbury's Pancake Flour. Serve them—watch a man's eye light up. Watch the grin of delight on a youngster's face. That pleasure is precious. It's really important to good health, good digestion, good living—just as important as proper nourishment.

You'll find this new kind of pancake a real improvement. Pillsbury has made a discovery—Pillsbury's Pancake Flour contains a new type of flour, unusually soft, fine and delicate. It makes lighter pancakes, more tender, more delicious, easy to digest. Much better than the old-fashioned kind—truly *modern* pancakes. They're made in a minute—simply add water or milk to Pillsbury's Pancake Flour and bake on a hot griddle.

Here's the way to lift breakfast out of the rut—Pillsbury's pancakes, the perfect combination of nourishment and real pleasure. There's ample fuel for the busy morning in school or on the job—in a warm, light, quickly digestible form. And there's real zest—a breakfast that starts us off for the day with a new interest in life!

THE RECIPE IS SIMPLE

Made in a minute and ready to bake—simply add the liquid gradually to Pillsbury's Pancake Flour and stir. You can use only water and make a delicious pancake. Or, if you have been mixing your own batter with milk or eggs, use the same liquids with Pillsbury's Pancake Flour—we believe you'll like these pancakes better than the home-mixed kind.

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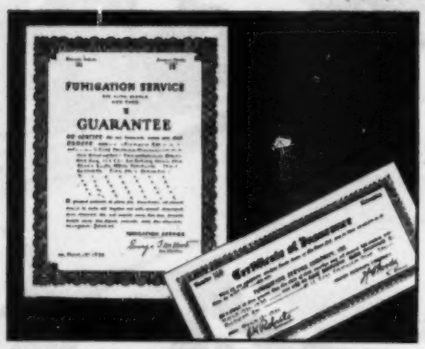
GONE are expenses and annoyances from moth-riddled clothing and furnishings! Moth-damage is preventable! Everyone, everywhere, can have positive protection for three years, guaranteed in writing; backed by insurance in Lloyds Casualty Company.

All this is made possible by Konate . . . the solution that penetrates fabrics, making them unfit for moth food. Konate is the result of years of scientific research and uncompromising test at the Mellon Institute of Industrial Research . . . it is now part of Konate Mothproofing Service available through Dry Cleaners and Furniture Warehousemen.

AT YOUR DRY CLEANER'S

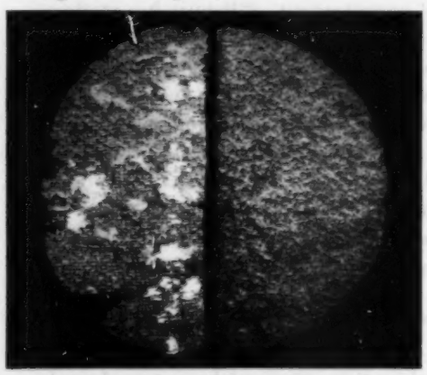
Without the slightest injury, fine household woolens, draperies, upholstered furniture, rugs and carpets, and of course, clothing for the entire family, can be protected against moth-damage. Your favorite Dry Cleaner can return them, Konated, to you, with his own written guarantee backed by Lloyds Casualty Company. And you have no further thought about moths for three years.



This is a specimen of the Insurance Certificate that the Dry Cleaner or the Warehouseman gives to you. It is your positive guarantee against moth-damage for 3 years.

WHAT KONATE MOTHPROOFING SERVICE INSURANCE REALLY MEANS

There is no greater freedom from worry and work over moth-damage prevention than that provided by Konate Mothproofing Service. Konate is harmless to everything except moth worms. It is applied by reputable local men. They provide you with their own written guarantee, backed by insurance, against moth-damage for three years.



24 moth larvae were kept for 6 months on this piece of fabric . . . then they died without having touched the part at the right, which is Konated.

AT YOUR FURNITURE WAREHOUSEMAN'S, TOO

Your Furniture Warehouseman applies Konate Mothproofing Service in your home or at his warehouse, and insurance covers Konated upholstery, piano felts, rugs and any other articles you may select. There is no moth-damage possible to Konated pieces; neither is any other damage possible. No shrinkage . . . no objectionable odor . . . no injury to fugitive colors; you can't tell that your things have been Konated; but the moth worms know! They cannot eat Konated cloth—a fact proved by more than 100,000 Konated articles.

KONATE MOTHPROOFING SERVICE

Konate Mothproofing Service is right at your telephone. If you cannot get prompt action, locally, please drop us a line mentioning Dry Cleaner's or Warehouseman's name. Konate is manufactured by one of America's largest producers of Industrial Chemicals, a $50,000,000 corporation. We will be glad to serve you for we know Konate Mothproofing Service is invaluable to America's homes.

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DRY CLEANERS

Konate Mothproofing Service is a valuable asset for your business. If you are not familiar with Konate and with the Konate franchise, ask us about it. The facts will be given to you without obligating you in any way.

Konate

FURNITURE WAREHOUSEMEN

Konate Mothproofing Service is a valuable asset for your business. If you are not familiar with Konate and with the Konate franchise, ask us about it. The facts will be given to you without obligating you in any way.

A NEW SERVICE FOR GUARANTEED MOTH PROTECTION

(Continued from Page 160)

With a great effort, the stricken man made a motion of writing with the fingers of his right hand. It was slight but clear. He made some indistinct sound, which was distressing to Paul and Joan.

"You want me to write something?"

No, that wasn't it.

"You want something that's been written? Something at your office?"

The round eyes gleamed with intelligence at this, and Joan said:

"Go have a look, Paul. Go through everything, and see if you can find something that needs to be done. I can't leave mother. She's not well at all today."

Paul went to cap'n's garage, and gingerly—for it seemed a thing he had no right to do—he went through the things on cap'n's desk. He found nothing, at first, that was not in the usual routine of car buying and selling, nothing that could not wait for Joan's attention. Lew, very grave and concerned about the cap'n, came in and gave Paul some help.

"Cap'n sat in here and worried over something all afternoon the day he took sick. Just sat here—wasn't himself at all. 'Course, maybe he didn't feel just right then, but he's got a private folder in the desk drawer—something was bothering him."

Paul found the folder. There was a letter from the cap'n's oldest son, there was his bank book and deposit slips, and below them a notice from the bank. Paul examined it. It informed him that Cap'n Fox had indorsed a note for nine thousand dollars for his good friend, Henry Townsend, and the note was past due. Paul knew of the quiet life-long friendship between Townsend, the jeweler, and Cap'n Fox. He put this note in his pocket and took it up to Joan's house. He showed it to the cap'n.

"Is this what you want?"

The eyes answered him. Paul asked, "Do you want it paid?"

This was something that it took more than the gleam of intelligence to answer. Paul remembered something he had read somewhere, and he took the cap'n's right hand.

"If you want it paid squeeze my hand, won't you, Cap'n Fox?"

Faintly the pressure came. Paul went in search of Joan. She was very grave about it.

"If he wants it paid we'll pay it. He thinks he's going to die, Paul. I know he does. But there won't be much left when it's paid. He's got that amount, and little more, in the bank. He was expecting to use it for his June shipment of cars. He's had some bad luck lately, with one thing and another, and he loaned my oldest brother money when his wife was in hospital this winter, and then, it costs a lot to keep John in the university, and we aren't an economical family. Cap'n never denies anyone anything. The business is at a stand-still, with neither cap'n nor I down there. I don't know just how we'll manage, but if he wants it paid I'll pay it. He mustn't worry over it, and I can't bother mother about it. She's got a temperature right now."

"Don't you think I'd better see Mr. Townsend?"

"You might try, though he wouldn't have left it for dad if he could meet it. He's quite old and frail and forgetful, but he'll make it good for dad in time. I remember about it now. He had to have the money for the wholesale houses or he was going to lose his store."

Paul could not find Mr. Townsend. He was gone away. His store had not been opened for a week. He was a widower and lived alone. Paul went to the bank. Mr. Wiggins was distressed about it.

"Never mind. Cap'n wants it paid. How shall we do it?"

"Joan frequently signs checks for him. We'll honor her signature," Mr. Wiggins assured him, and added: "About six years ago Mr. Townsend put a mortgage on his store to secure a note for Cap'n Fox, when he needed it. They have always stood by each other."

Paul drove to Fox's and brought Joan back downtown. Without even looking concerned, she signed away all her father's available cash. Of course there was the business and the garage, the home they lived in, and several other good properties, but like many another man, Cap'n Fox's reputation for being well fixed meant that he always paid his debts and said little about money. He had educated four sons, and helped each of them to get established. So that Joan, with one of her parents in grave danger of his life, the other ill with anxiety, had unlimited credit but no ready money, and a business which would, in a very short time, become an expense instead of an asset.

Paul went to the Spate garage and asked Lew how things were going.

"Two men were in, and I showed them cars, but I didn't know whether to go ahead or not. I finished up a job I was doing and delivered it, but I didn't collect. I've got some work on the floor now."

"You make any sale you can make and collect for all your work. Joan will give you title for cars, and she needs money now," said Paul. He stood on the walk for some minutes, thinking; then, with a gesture of resolution, he went to the courthouse. Afterward he ate a hasty supper and returned to Fox's. He found Joan in tears at last. She was so pale and tired that Paul's heart ached.

"Mother's sick, Paul. It isn't just worry. The nurse thinks it may be pneumonia!"

Paul was comforting and gentle. When Joan had cried, and been properly kissed and coaxed to smile, he said to her:

"I've decided that the thing for us to do is to get married, Joan. I've got the license—got into the clerk's office just before he left. We'll go and get married, and then I can stay here with you for the present and look after you. I can't bear to leave you here alone at night."

"I've written to my brothers for money," she said. "Oh, it would be nice to have you here, but it hardly seems the time to think of that, Paul. I know my brothers will help me, though John has only six weeks more of school, and he has the promise of a fine job, which he probably won't get unless he graduates and gets his degree. And Arthur's wife is always under the doctor's care. I don't think he could come. And Pete—he's the one that lives in New York—they have four children, and of course he can't leave his job, without it's a matter of life and death, which it isn't just now. And I don't suppose he'll have any money. They're always behind. And Ralph—that's the one that teaches school downstate—his wife doesn't like for him to come home. She wants her own family put first always, which I can understand. Oh, Paul, I'm so worried. It just seems as though everything is crumbling away from me."

"Don't you think it would be better if we were married?"

"But ——"

"But me no buts. I'll have my bride," he said, smiling. "I'm the one to look after you and your parents, too, and the businesses downtown—yours and mine. I'll be able to look after things as cap'n's son-in-law. Let's ask him what he thinks, Joan."

Cap'n thought well of it. His eyes rested on Paul with real affection. Paul felt again the faint reassuring pressure of cap'n's hand. They left him and went into Mrs. Fox, who lay, flushed with fever, but with a clear mind.

Mrs. Fox drew Paul down and kissed him. "You must decide what to do," she said. "We have confidence in both of you." Joan hardly had time or spirit to pretty herself, but as they stood, with her dearest friend and with Walnut, in the minister's small study, it seemed to Paul, whose throat was tight with some queer pain, that the Blessed Damozel of whom he had read in school could never have been so beautiful, leaning from the gold bar of heaven. Joan's very pallor and weariness, the starlike

(Continued on Page 165)

623

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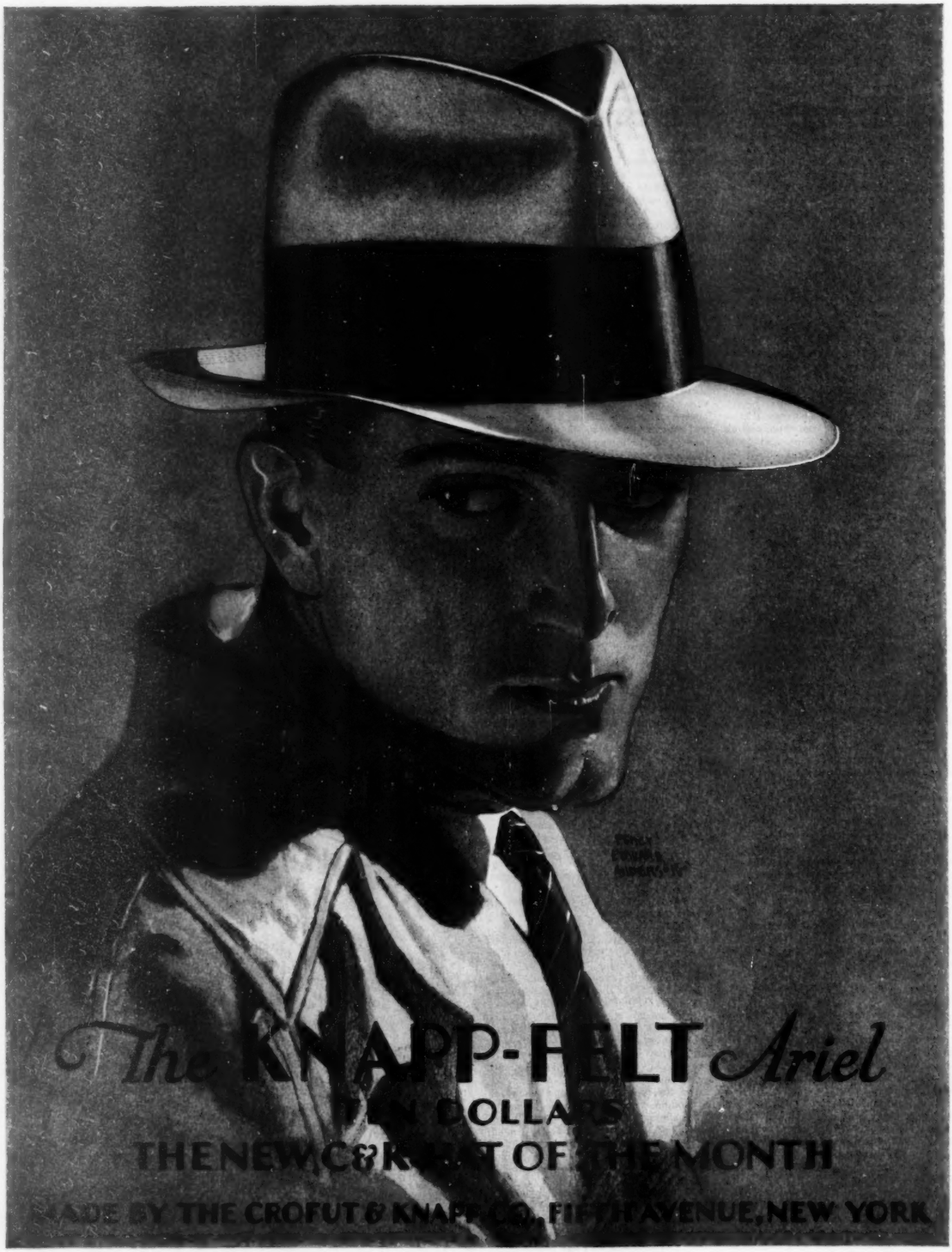
The KNAPP-FELT Ariel
OLLA
THE NEW C&K HAT OF THE MONTH
MADE BY THE CROFUT & KNAPP CO., FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

(Continued from Page 163)

beauty of her eyes, the unselfishness of her anxiety, and her dependence on him gave her a radiance in her young husband's eyes that was of another and more beautiful world, with which the young automobile dealer had only the briefest and most disturbing contacts.

That evening, sitting with cap'n, Paul wrote to his mother and sister, and to his uncle, and told them all about it. He explained to them that he had intended to wait until he was out of debt, but his girl's father was very ill and they were in trouble and needed him. He would pay back every cent, but he might be slow.

The next morning Doctor Lockerbie said he thought Mrs. Fox would not have anything more than a severe attack of bronchitis. She would be all right, in Joan's care, if instructions were followed carefully. Paul went downtown, and went into session with Walnut.

"I'm going to get a salesman for the Spate Garage. Even if Cap'n Fox gets better he won't be able to work for months—maybe never again—and the business must be kept going, to provide an income for them. Do you know anyone, Walnut?"

"What's the matter with Lew, their mechanic?" said Walnut. "He knows everyone, and he knows their cars. You can get someone else to do the service work, with him bossing the job. Lew's a good guy. I think he'd do more for cap'n and Joan than anyone else would do."

"You think a mechanic could sell?" asked Paul, another idea in his mind.

"Yes, I do. Why not? He knows the cars, he knows the talk. He demonstrates well, and that's a real job. If anything's wrong he knows what it is and what to do about it. You can't fool him on trade-ins. Lots of dealers were once mechanics, and then got their own garages, and then a car agency."

"Do you think you could sell Grovers?"

Walnut's narrow face shone through the grease on it. "I know I could, Blondy."

"All right. You're hired. Can you get a good mechanic to carry on here?"

"You know that guy Whitey Anderson, from Sugar Ridge? He bought that repossessed Grover of Fry's from us. He's a good mechanic, and he's crazy about our cars. He's not working full time over there. He's planting tobacco for his uncle two days a week. He'd like a steady job."

"Can you get him on the phone?"

"I think so."

"All right. Hire him. What will you have to pay him?"

They talked prices for Whitey and Lew and Walnut, and then Paul told Walnut what he had in mind.

"Thought I could organize a used-car sales company, to handle the used cars from both garages. I'm going to see Mr. Wiggins about that lot the bank owns, just off the square by the flivver garage—we might get the flivver cars too. Put them all out there, and put signs on the windshields, like they do in the cities, and I'd take that over myself for the present and get our used stuff out. Cap'n and I are both overstocked with it. I could keep the books for both places, and look after things, then, if you and Lew were out selling."

Walnut was impressed with the idea, and the two went across to see Lew, who tried in vain to conceal his pleasure with the plans. It seemed that Lew had a nephew that was pretty good as a mechanic, if someone checked up on him. And Lew could do that.

"All right, get him," said Paul. "And get a boy for the telephone and the pumps, and to help wash or do anything else that's needed. You should be able to get a high-school boy to start now, and give full time when school is out in a few weeks. You've got the place to run now, Lew. You've got to make money for yourself and your help, and Cap'n and Mrs. Fox too."

Walnut had disappeared, and he came back presently in a blue serge suit, his face unnaturally clean above a clean blue shirt. His black bow tie gave him a strange dignity, and his eyes were glittering. He and Lew were at once involved in a terrific rivalry. That afternoon Paul began the arrangements for the used-car sales company, and he sold an old flivver trade-in for seventy-five dollars in cash. He took the money home to his wife. It was all in small bills, and he stuffed her hands with it.

"This will do for a few days," he said, elaborately careless. It gave him a great thrill of pride. Joan looked decidedly less worried and more happy. Paul was as full of business as any captain of industry. He took turns that night with Joan, sitting up with her mother, giving her her medicine, watching that she didn't choke, relieving the nurse who had charge of cap'n. In the morning he was downtown early, leaning hard on Walnut and Whitey, hurrying the wash boy, getting everyone organized. He sent Walnut out to see two men that he had canvassed in the fall, and who had promised to buy cars from him that spring. Walnut, a little dazed with his good fortune, came back and reported that both prospects would be in tomorrow—one of them to take delivery, the other to talk it over further. Paul began to see how business rolled up and accumulated. He began to understand Joan's feeling that he must stay with it. The worst was already behind him. And he would be able to close deals where Walnut did the missionary work, and Walnut would close some of his hard ones.

The days passed in a whirl of work and responsibility. The new used-car company, with the cars right out by the street, attracted attention. The cap'n gradually began to regain strength and motion. Mrs. Fox passed the climax of her illness and was out of danger. One afternoon, about a week after he was married, Paul received a letter from his uncle. His mother had already wired him her felicitations.

I am certainly glad that you did not let your indebtedness to me stand in the way of your marriage. You are a great deal better risk with a wife than without one. Of course I shall expect you to pay me. That is only right. But I am crediting you with the amount you sent for interest, against the total amount of your debt. As I told you before, I do not believe in usury between blood relations. You will have the same privilege of helping some other youngster some day. I am in no special need of the money, and if you pay me a few hundred dollars every year, it will soon be paid. Time passes quickly at your age. What I want now is an invitation to come and visit you as soon as you are settled.

Paul took the letter home to Joan, his heart light. Her face reflected a deep and exquisite happiness. She had now heard from each brother. Pete had sent her a hundred dollars, and would send more next month. Arthur had sent ten, and the promise of ten every week as long as she needed it. He was sorry he couldn't come. John had moved out of his fraternity house for the last few weeks of school, and had taken a room in town, where it wouldn't cost him much to live. He had sold his raccoon coat and his tennis rackets and lacrosse stick for enough to live on the rest of the term, and could do without any more money from home. Ralph and his wife were coming to Hilltown as soon as his school was out, and would stay with the old folks all summer, so that Joan and Paul could go to housekeeping. The world had ceased to crumble away from Joan.

It was nine o'clock that night, when Paul and Joan were finishing the dishes in the Fox kitchen, that it came to Paul, like the rush of Niagara Falls, that he was really married forever. He looked at Joan, who was reaching up to a high shelf, and the gesture, always beautiful, seemed to him especially so in that moment. He caught her and turned her around and kissed her.

"Do you know you're a married woman now?" he demanded, and she flushed and laughed up at him.

"Joan," he said, "this is what marriage is—work, and debts, and sickness, and responsibility, and worries, and seeing your wife reach up to put a cup on a shelf, and thinking how lovely she is. It isn't a kind of glorified engagement, like I pictured it, with dates every night, and luxury to accompany it. But how much nicer it is! A man can't send his wife back to her father if he can't keep her. He has to take marriage without recourse."

"I believe," she said softly, "that when you get to heaven, Blondy, you'll ask about the parking places, and question Saint Peter about financing arrangements."

"Why not?" he demanded. "It would be what interests me in heaven. And what are words for, if not to say what you mean? Anyhow, I don't need to think about heaven. You're here on earth, and you're sweet enough for me!"

DRAWN BY ROBERT L. DICKEY

"Mother, Jammy Spitz Has a New Kennel!" "Never Mind, Son. I Know Them When They Had Scarcely a Bone in Their Back Yard"

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2

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there's a radiator that says..."This building is modern"

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If you are planning a building for sale or rental, or a new residence for yourself, consider the Herman Nelson Invisible Radiator—from the standpoints of effective heating, saving of space, beauty, and security of your investment. Consult your architect, heating engineer or our nearest sales office (see list below illustration). If you prefer, write for our descriptive catalogue.

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*Makers of the *Herman Nelson Invisible Radiator*, for residences, apartments, hotels, offices, and monumental structures—the *Univent*, for the ventilation of schools, offices, churches and all buildings having an acute ventilating problem—the *Herman Nelson hiJet Heater*, for economical distribution of heat in factories, mills, garages, warehouses, and smaller buildings.

DETECTIVES IN ART

(Continued from Page 21)

The poor little pictures which my father had so long cherished as antiques were my first victims. I well remember a cathedral scene, an interior so dark it was impossible to make out the colors. I went to work with an alcohol-and-turpentine mixture, a supply of cotton and a great deal of energy. Frightened at first, I rubbed the canvas very gently. Gradually through the dirt and varnish there began to appear before my excited eyes, almost like a mirage, the form and design of the pillars, figures kneeling, all in a beautiful silvery tone, a Flemish seventeenth-century picture. I thought of my father, the surprise and pleasure that would be his when I showed him his little picture, fresh as it had left the artist's easel. Then suddenly, without warning, the forms began to blur, then disappeared. I can still feel the shock.

Frightened, I ran out of the house as fast as I could through the winding streets of Weimar to my teacher's studio. He was a professor of the *Hofschule*, and I knew he would be the man to advise me. He shook his head when I showed him the spotty canvas, and looked at me with disgust.

"A little knowledge is a dangerous thing!" he murmured.

Nothing could be done. Moral cowardice assailed me. It ended with my repainting the canvas as well as I could and smearing it with brown varnish. Then I rehung it in a dark hall. Years later, when I returned home, I was tremendously amused to find it still hanging there.

Not long after this experience I chanced to read that during the 1860's the Bavarian Government had named a commission to investigate the pictures of the National Gallery in Munich, which were reported to be in bad condition. The board examined them and found that, due to neglect, they were on their way to rapid destruction. Some were under a permanent sort of fog; others rough and blotchy.

All local influences were analyzed. Connecting these with the condition of the paintings, some definite deductions were made. To test these, the same influences which presumably had been at work were artificially produced and a modern painting was subjected to an artificial aging process. In a short time it was covered with a thick haze. It was believed the obscuring process in both cases was identical.

Pictures Befogged

I read this report, greatly interested. The film that had been produced was then removed. Then from the lumber room of the museum old paintings abandoned as valueless were procured. On these the experiments were continued. Among them was a panel. Nobody knew what it was. Anyway, nothing could be lost experimenting with it. The surface was dark, as rough as a nutmeg grater. Application of this new method brought forth a green landscape with delicate tints of sky, absolutely unimpaired. The process was then tried with a Rembrandt, a small panel picture representing the raising of Lazarus. It, with two clouded Van der Meers, had been put aside in the Royal Collection at Schleissheim Castle as unredeemable. With complete success the colors appeared in their pristine beauty.

These paintings were foggy primarily because of the deterioration of the varnish which covered them. The restoration process was simple. A picture was placed within an airtight box, and suspended from the top so that it did not touch the floor of the box, which had been lined with felt soaked in alcohol. The alcohol fumes softened the varnish, cleared and freshened it. When the box was opened the picture appeared as though it had been newly varnished. The simplicity of this method interested me so much that I made myself such a box and started to regenerate my own and my friends' pictures that were blurred. I was successful without realizing the advantages and disadvantages of this method. But I was still curious. I began to ask myself questions. Why? How? I suddenly decided that the restoration of painting was not so simple as it appeared, that it couldn't be learned from books.

Now I went to work seriously to study the technic and chemistry of paint. Luckily, at this time the *Hofschule*, modernizing itself, established a chemical laboratory for this kind of research work. At the conclusion of the course I went to Paris, where I continued my studies as an artist but spent every spare moment in experimenting with pigments and varnishes. In the Hôtel Drouot I used to pick up old pictures for a few francs, valueless paintings except for my purpose. I practiced on them.

Paint That Never Dries

There are meticulous people who insist upon cleaning their pictures as often and as thoroughly as they clean house. The years pass and their paintings fade and dull, showing wear and tear. They will call upon an artist friend to patch up the paint and varnish them, or send them regularly to restorers to be cleaned. Paintings are like human beings. Some start life with strong constitutions, others are sickly almost from the moment of their creation. Some require more attention than others.

There are pictures which leave the artist's studio with the germ of death already in them, due perhaps to faulty technic. Many of the bad mixtures, such as vermilions, chrome yellows or cadmiums or lead white, are bound to turn dark in a comparatively short time without any remedy to stop them. In the latter part of the eighteenth century painters began to diverge from the traditional paths and aimlessly experimented with new colors. Even one of the most famous, Sir Joshua Reynolds, tried out effects that were not always consistent with his knowledge. A contemporary once remarked, "'Tis a marvel that Joshua's pictures do not crack beneath the brush!" Sometimes he mixed varnish lavishly with his paints because the immediate effect gave a bright and agreeable porcelain appearance. This was a period when artists began to think more about momentary effects and forgot to consider the future.

One popular color, a warm brown, called mummy paint, which today is known as asphaltum or bitumen, did a lot of damage. After the artist had sketched his subject on the canvas he proceeded first to paint it in, that is, to underpaint it with this new discovery because of its beautiful tone. It was difficult to get, which made it even more desirable. Mummy paint is a rich color composed of white pitch, myrrh and the flesh scraped from ancient mummies—and today it is very rare. But whether it came from an Egyptian mummy or the embalmed bodies of either Jews or Christians, which the druggists of the Levant later palmed off on unsuspecting Europeans, it should not have been used. It never dries. Consequently the paint on top of it is in continual movement, causing enormous cracks impossible to restore. It is like a coat of paint on a tarred roof.

For this reason many of the masterpieces of the nineteenth century are suffering. Even Ingres, the great French painter, was not immune from this new fashion. His glorious canvas, La Muse, in the Louvre, is an example. It is a portrait of Cherubini, the composer, with the classic figure of a woman behind him. Ingres underpainted her head and hand with mummy paint and today they are both riddled with ever-widening cracks and blotches like tiny islands.

Equally serious is the mistake of mixing varnish in the paint, or varnishing an oil painting before it is completely dry. But this unfortunately has been a practice followed by many artists. Varnish darkens considerably with age.

Several years ago, while working on a well-known collection in this country, the owner was surprised that I thought it inadvisable to touch a certain Whistler, which he had purchased about forty years ago directly from the artist. He recalled its delicate silvery appearance. Now it was almost black, and it took great effort to discern even the outlines of the subject—an evening effect of a landscape. He asked me why I did not restore it.

"Impossible," I replied, to his great sorrow. "The varnish can't be removed because it is mixed in the paint. That is why it is getting blacker every day. Look well at it now, because in the near future you won't be able to see it at all."

There is a popular belief that old paintings are more difficult to clean than the modern ones. It is quite the contrary. The old masters produced healthy paintings. Through the ages the knowledge of technic, paint and media was transmitted from master to pupil. The young boy started as an apprentice, and his first years were spent in taking care of his master's tools and grinding his colors and preparing varnishes. He learned the *métier* thoroughly. It is interesting to see how the modern artist profited through the errors of the nineteenth century. Chemical research and new discoveries as well have led to a saner technic.

Even though a painting has been created with a sane, healthy technic, its long future is not necessarily guaranteed. The moment it leaves the studio it runs the risk of falling upon evil days in the hands of barbarians, people who take a fiendish delight in varnishing, and, to coin a word, devarnishing. Necessary as a thin coat of varnish is to protect a picture, too much is a curse. Some unfortunate paintings, when they change ownership or go to exhibitions, are constantly varnished so that they will be refreshed. They are brilliant for a short time, then darken more than ever.

Soap-and-Water Restoration

I have known people to rub a painting with petrolatum as though it were a machine to be oiled, even to cover it with lard or white of egg—not to forget poppy oil, very popular in this country. The innocent potato is also used as a cleanser. But more often when a picture is dirty plain soap and water are resorted to. What a terrible tool in the hands of an amateur! The soap penetrates the pores of the picture and no rewashing with plain water will ever take it out. It contributes to the decomposition of the existing varnish and affects a later coat as well. Although there have been more paintings ruined with soap and water than in any other way, it is an efficacious method in the hands of an experienced restorer.

Not long ago the portrait of the Honorable James Perkins, of Boston, by Gilbert Stuart, was sent to me. The picture, representing a little fortune, has always been in the Perkins family and was never tampered with. No duster or cloth had touched it. For over fifty years it had hung on the same wall. Naturally it was veiled in black, years of city smoke and grime. The owner, the grandson of Mr. Perkins, suggested that it might be advisable to remove the varnish in order to restore its brilliancy. After examining it I concluded the dirt was only on top of the original varnish, which after so many years still remained in excellent condition. The dirt had actually protected the varnish—a most unusual case. Here soap and water alone did the trick and removed the dirt. After reviving the varnish the beautiful portrait appeared for us again as Gilbert Stuart had last seen it.

No picture should be restored unless it is actually threatened with deterioration. Then restorations should be reduced to a minimum. But sometimes pictures are neglected and the damage allowed to go too far.

(Continued on Page 169)

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To produce these, Captain Ford started The Michigan Alkali Company and its associate, The J. B. Ford Company, at Wyandotte. Today the Wyandotte Indian, symbol of Wyandotte products, is familiar in every part of the globe . . . in Singapore and in Havana . . . in England, Denmark, Java . . . at the tip of South Africa and the Andean capitals of South America. It is known in every land—and every industry.

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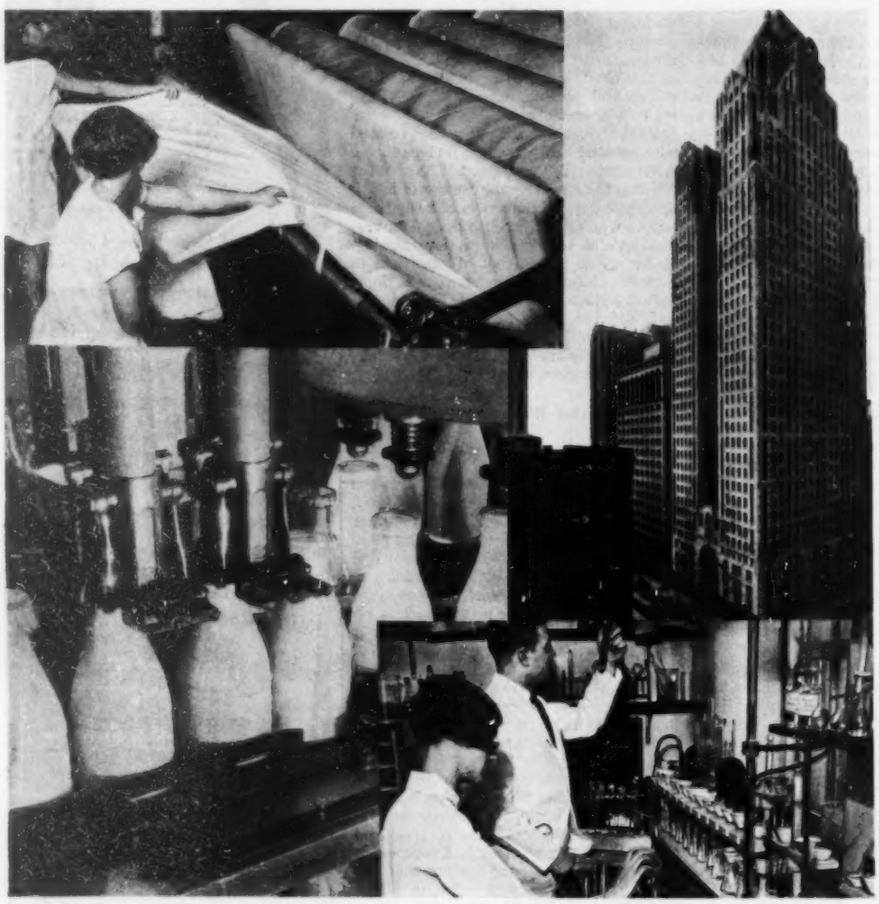

Even the bottles in which your milk is delivered are made spotless and sparkling with Wyandotte. So are the dairies . . . and the creameries. ■ *In hospitals, where cleanliness is of the greatest concern, Wyandotte products are almost invariably used . . . in laboratories and lobbies, in operating rooms and kitchens.*

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The dairy industry needed a product which would quickly and thoroughly clean bottles and milk cans. Wyandotte produced it. Laundries wanted something that would wash clothes, clean and soft, without injuring them. Textile manufacturers asked for a product which would scour wool and still preserve the natural life, luster and elasticity of the fiber. In each case, Wyandotte filled the demand.

So it goes through every industry. Tanners and meat packers . . . bakers and metal makers . . . all look to Wyandotte for cleanliness. And through its 36 branches—its 387 service representatives—its 2835 sales agents—Wyandotte carries its message of health and cleanliness to the world.

The Wyandotte service representatives are practical men. They are out in the field with their sleeves rolled up, ready and willing to tackle any and all cleaning jobs. Why not let them help you with yours? Telephone our nearest branch, or write us direct. The J. B. Ford Company, Wyandotte, Michigan.

WYANDOTTE

Trade Mark

CLEANS THE WORLD

(Continued from Page 167)

When pictures are actually invisible due to many coats of varnish, one over the other, each partly decomposed, they should be handled with the greatest precaution. They are like pearls, and each layer must be taken off separately, skinned carefully, one at a time, as a valuable pearl is treated. If this is done properly it is possible to leave the thinnest, the lowest layer, and there is no fear of endangering the glaze placed there by the master.

After the pictures of the Frans Hals museum in Haarlem had been cleaned by the eminent director, Doctor Gratama, a great howl went up. His critics accused him of having removed part of the paint in the process. But Doctor Gratama was clever. He had foreseen this usual criticism and had protected himself and his reputation. He had asked the noted Dutch chemist, Dr. G. Van der Sleen, to watch his work and to analyze the cotton with which he removed the varnish. The report made stated that no trace of paint was found on the cotton or in the removed varnish. They had even taken some of the removed varnish, placed it on a thin glass slide and had held it over that part of a painting from which it had been taken. It corresponded exactly in tone with the part not yet touched. Public opinion was satisfied. Doctor Gratama was vindicated.

The removal of varnish without touching the paint is one of the most difficult things to do in restoration and requires great skill and untiring patience. It is accomplished with various solvents, such as alcohol, turpentine, ammonia and many petroleum products, mixed in different proportions. Each restorer has his own method, depending upon the analysis of the painting.

A picture by the American artist, Ranger, was brought to me recently by an art dealer, who complained that a restorer to whom he had given it had removed a part of the paint as well as the varnish. I surmised he had worked with an alcohol-turpentine solution, used by most restorers, but had neglected to analyze the painting beforehand. If he had done so the poor man would have known that Ranger used wax in his colors and that naturally turpentine would dissolve and remove them.

Wrong Methods

The most dangerous, and if I may say the most criminal and, unfortunately, a much-used method of removing varnish, is rubbing. The canvas is placed upon a table and the restorer proceeds to rub the surface again and again with his finger tips until the varnish breaks into a dust of tiny crystals. Off the varnish rolls, while the crystals, acting like sandpaper, carry away at the same time the precious glazes of the original. In the creases and cavities where the fingers fail to penetrate the brown varnish remains, making the picture spotty and dirty.

When once the varnish is properly removed the picture tells a story. Sometimes whole parts of the original are painted over by a former restorer. It may look at first as though these parts were missing but when this later paint is removed it may be discovered much to everyone's surprise that only a very tiny part needs retouching. The former restorer, not being able to match the old paint, found it expedient to cover the whole part with a new color, the nearest one he could match. When parts are missing, they alone should be retouched. Nor should this be done with oil paints, because they inevitably darken as they dry and are then out of harmony with the original. One of the methods is for the artist-workman to grind his pigments in rosin and turpentine himself. It takes twenty-four hours for this paint to dry, and in that time it is easy for him to correct his mistakes. As this mixture is very difficult to handle, he will not be tempted to paint more than is absolutely necessary.

It is generally believed that paintings should never be hung full in the sunlight. Yet sometimes the sun's rays help to revive a picture that has hung too long in the dark. Oil becomes yellow in the darkness and bleaches in the light. Varnishes remain light in the darkness, but darken in the light. If a picture is hung against an ordinary light, oil-painted wall you will notice when you remove it some time later, that the space hidden by the picture becomes dark. Then if you leave it uncovered the dark spot will eventually lighten by itself, and again harmonize with the wall. On the other hand, if you hang the picture on a gray wall that has been varnished and exposed to strong light, that part will grow light and the rest of the wall after some time will change almost to a brown. This can never be lightened again. It follows that if pictures were kept in complete darkness the varnish would remain perpetually clear, but the oils would darken to a disagreeable yellowish hue. In an intense light the oils would bleach and the varnishes darken. Consequently pictures should hang in a medium light and be varnished as thinly as possible. Rubens observed this phenomenon of oil losing its clarity in the darkness. He wrote in 1638 to a friend, Sustermans, at Florence, about his The Allegory of War, which hangs in the Pitti Palace. The translation says:

"I fear that the flesh tints and whites may have become a little yellow in consequence of the picture having been packed up while it was fresh. If that should be the case it may be exposed to the sun at intervals to remedy the defect."

Sun-Ray Treatment for Pictures

And again, in a letter to Peiresc, he wrote that he wished "the case containing his portrait, if still at Antwerp, to be opened and the picture to be exposed to the sun from time to time until the superfluity of oil is dissipated. And if at any time it should become brown, it should again be exposed to the solar rays, which are the only antidote for this disease of the heart."

If a canvas has been damaged in the course of its existence or if the paint is peeling off, it is generally necessary to reline the entire picture. This means that the old canvas has to be reënforced with an entirely new back. For this purpose a new piece of canvas is placed on a strong stretcher, and the old one is detached from its stretcher. The face of the painting is protected with sheets of paper and the back smeared with a specially prepared, slow-drying glue. This is done to the new canvas too. They are then stuck together and at intervals, for many days, pressed with not too hot ordinary flatirons over the face of the protected painting to flatten it onto the new canvas. As simple as this process sounds it requires skill and experience. Some restorers use presses instead of irons, but this is not a good method to pursue; it flattens the paint and alters the character of the brush strokes. A great number of famous paintings in museums all over the world have had to be relined. This does not detract from the value of the picture.

In some cases the picture is in such poor condition that the paint has to be removed from the canvas or from the wood, if it is painted on a panel, and placed onto a new canvas. This process, called transferring, is one of the most difficult and tedious operations in the restorer's repertoire.

When Napoleon returned from his victories in Italy he brought back to France amongst other souvenirs, Titian's *chef-d'œuvre*, The Assassination of Pietro Dominico. Painted on a panel, it had hung for many years in the church of SS. Giovanni and Paolo in Venice. It was brought to the Louvre in such bad condition that complete deterioration was feared. Warped, worm-eaten, the paint seemed about to part from the panel. To save it, it had to be transferred immediately. Napoleon sent for a celebrated Italian restorer and nominated a commission to record every step of his work.

First of all, several layers of thin paper were pasted to the face of the panel, which was further strengthened with canvas. This

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*Chart based on study of thousands of cases, showing prevalence of common colds during Spring and early Summer.

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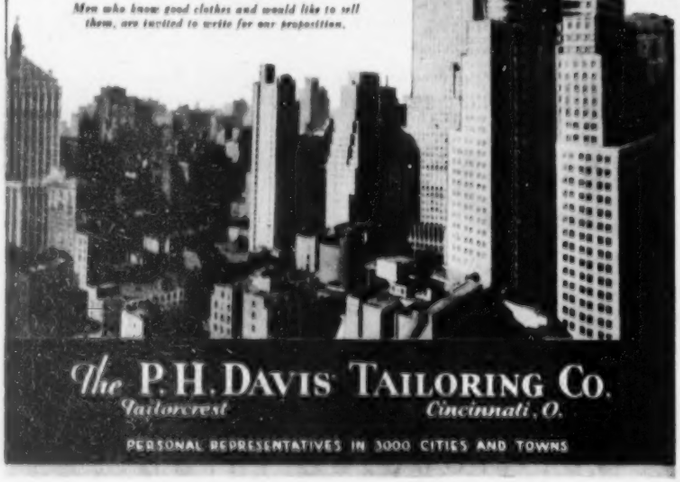

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PERSONAL REPRESENTATIVES IN 3000 CITIES AND TOWNS

done, the panel had to be flattened from the back by dampness and gradual pressure. Then it was planed down until the *gesso* preparation—a layer of plaster and glue—was exposed. Directly below this the priceless film of paint lay. The decomposed *gesso* was removed bit by bit and to the great amazement and joy of the French commission the artist showed them the entire picture, in reverse, but in all its beauty, attached firmly to its paper and canvas foundation. The rest was child's play for the restorer. A new preparation was applied, a coat of paste on top, and the whole affixed to new canvas specially woven for this purpose. *Voilà!* Titian's masterpiece was safe for the Louvre! Transferring is still done in the same way.

Masterpiece or Copy?

Unfortunately, the climate here is very unkind to pictures, more particularly wooden panels brought from abroad. Although they may be in perfect condition on their arrival, within a few years they buckle, shrink, warp and even crack. To protect them, a device known as cradling is used. A series of narrow wooden strips is firmly glued to the back of the panel running with the grain of the wood. Through them are placed other narrower strips, crosswise, that hold the panel in shape. They are not glued, which allows the expansion and contraction of the panel as the change of atmosphere demands. Cradling requires little beyond fine and accurate cabinet work.

"Is this picture genuine or a copy?" This question is asked the restorer oftener than any other. As pictures rise in value, attempts will always be made to substitute for originals, to manufacture fakes to be palmed off on the public. Varnish is the faker's great ally.

There are three types of fakes. First, the more or less clever copy of the original. I cannot forget an experience I had one day last year. The bell of my studio rang and when my man went to the door a footman in livery stood there, saying that he had something of great value for me. He ran quickly down the steps and opened the door of a beautiful limousine. There, under the watchful eye of a middle-aged woman, he reverently lifted a fair-sized package from the car and brought it into my studio. She soon followed. Looking about my workroom, she asked nervously, "Will this be safe here? Have you a vault?"

"What is it?" I inquired curiously. Without replying she unwrapped many layers of tissue paper. Finally, in an excited voice, as she held up a canvas, she whispered, "Here is a Canaletto!"

I saw the picture of a regatta on the Grand Canal in Venice, and waited. She said it had been in her family since her childhood, admired by many artists and critics. While she talked I recognized it in a moment as a copy, a very clever one, hidden under coats and coats of brown varnish. An artist friend, she continued, had recommended having it cleaned and had sent her to me.

I was in a most difficult position. The possession of what she thought was a genuine Canaletto seemed to give her intense pleasure. I tried to influence her against having it cleaned. If she did not know the truth I figured she would remain happy. Suddenly she looked at me suspiciously.

"Do you mean that you do not want to clean it because ——"

"Because," I told her, "it is not a real Canaletto! It's a modern copy." Disappointed, she started to wrap up this fake, then thought better of it.

"How do you know?" she asked, suddenly belligerent.

"Madam," I replied, "if you receive a letter from your husband you recognize his handwriting on the envelope, don't you? You do not need to see the signature inside. So it is with paintings. To the experienced eye the artist's brush strokes, dots, lines, the surety of his design, in short, the handwriting of the artist is known. If I were to imitate your husband's hand I might fool some people, but not you! An expert who has seen many Canalettos could not be fooled. Besides, my own experience as a restorer tells me that these cracks"—they covered the canvas—"have been made artificially in the varnish and are not the result of age in the painting. The paint underneath shows no sign of age. But if you wish, I will give your picture the benefit of the doubt, and presume it has been relined, badly restored, and completely overpainted and revarnished many times. If this is the case, when the varnish and paint are removed we will find the original underneath. The solvent I will use is so mild that it will remove the varnish and recent paint, but cannot attack paint more than a hundred years old, which through age gets to be like an enamel."

With some cotton and solvent I began carefully to remove the varnish of the left-hand corner of the sky, and, as I suspected, varnish and paint vanished immediately, leaving a blank canvas underneath.

Her eyes flashed in disdain. She motioned to the footman, who reflected her annoyance.

"Here, John," she commanded bitterly, "take this trash away!"

This experience reminds me of the late Hammond Smith, famous restorer of the Metropolitan Museum in New York. He was a gentle soul, and hated to hurt anyone even with the truth. One day a banker brought him a picture to clean. He said proudly it was a Reynolds, a bargain for which he had paid only $45,000. Mr. Smith examined it and advised him it would be better to leave it as it was. But he gave no explanation. The banker pursued him for weeks. Finally and regretfully he had to tell him the truth. If he had cleaned the "Reynolds" it would have disappeared. It was a modern fake.

Well-Varnished Chromos

The second type of fake is the picture with a forged signature. In museums you often see pictures that are tagged "attributed" to So-and-So, attributed, for instance, to Rembrandt or Holbein. This means the picture might have been painted by the artist or one of his pupils who acquired the style of the great master. To these more or less successful pictures fakers often forge the master's name in order to sell them at a high price. Fortunately they are easy to detect and no expert can be taken in by them. Forged signatures are mostly affixed to nineteenth-century paintings. But signatures do not give necessarily authenticity to the picture, and many of the great masterpieces are unsigned.

The cleverest and least recognized forgery is the third type, for which gullible buyers fall daily. They are the ordinary overpainted chromos and prints. Several weeks ago a number of pictures were sent to me from a home where fine taste and the means to gratify it have accumulated a great number of masterpieces of all schools and epochs.

Among them was a Corot that seemed to have lost its silvery tone through the application of numerous coats of varnish. The owner wanted them removed. Now this picture has been seen and praised by hundreds of lovers of Corot. I myself had often stopped before it when visiting the private gallery where it hung. But when it was brought into my workroom, and I placed it on my easel to examine it, for the first time a queer feeling of doubt passed over me. Then I was so startled I felt that I could not believe my eyes. Here before me was another fake, a very clever one, indeed a wonderful piece of work.

Now this was not a copy, it was the very handwriting of Corot, mechanically duplicated. One of those remarkable fakes with which this country and Europe abound. Carloads of them have been sold. It is in this simple manner that such a fake is created: A chromo of a certain masterpiece printed on paper is pasted on an old canvas. Then it is glazed over to cover up the mechanical impression. Here and there some

(Continued on Page 172)

If you were a child again and had to play on the FLOOR

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GLOVER'S IMPERIAL DOG MEDICINES

(Continued from Page 170)

outstanding forms are repainted with heavy brush strokes to raise the paint. Over the whole picture numberless coats of brown varnish follow, in which cracks are made artificially. The faker goes still further: He damages the canvas slightly with a small hole or tear, relines the entire picture, smearing the back of the canvas with tobacco juice to give the impression that not even the relining is new, restores the damage, varnishes once more, and behold!—the world is offered a genuine painting that seems to have suffered a slight damage, which has been restored.

It is not difficult to detect these chromo fakes, once your suspicion is awakened. Just remove the picture from the frame. You will find a narrow binding overlapping the border. Bindings are usually affixed by the reliner to protect the edges of the old canvas where they are attached to the new one. Take away a small portion of this protection and lift the edge with a needle. You will quickly see whether this binding has shielded the edge of the old canvas alone or is hiding the paper border of the chromo.

These pictures are unloaded on bargain hunters and also come into circulation through the inexperienced small art dealers, who themselves are fooled. Throughout my career I have never seen it proved that a reputable art dealer sold any of these fakes. For this reason great collectors and art lovers feel safe when they go to them, even though they have to pay their larger prices.

Art lovers owe much to Doctor Röntgen. His great invention, the X ray, has opened new avenues of research.

Too Pretty to be True

A portrait of a woman was purchased about three years ago for the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York City. Mr. Bryson Burroughs, the distinguished curator of pictures there, believed it to be the work of the Dutch painter, Frans Pourbus, the younger. His style was recognized from the picture's general appearance and the manner in which the collar was painted. But the most important part of the portrait did not correspond to the rest of the work. The face was too fresh, too pretty, too vacuous for the epoch. Briefly, it looked like an old portrait with a new face. It had been "overpainted," probably to make it more salable to some nouveau-riche nineteenth-century buyer! The question which arose was this: If the new face were "lifted," would the old one still be there? Or had it been completely damaged and destroyed through some accident?

At the Fogg Museum of Harvard University, Mr. Edward W. Forbes had been conducting experiments with the X ray, and he was asked to diagnose this portrait. The X ray mechanically distinguishes between old paint, which intercepts it to a noticeable degree, and new paint, which it passes through more freely. The thickness of several pigments which an artist may use appears on the X-ray film in well defined shadows. Anyone with an experienced eye can determine the facts. In the case of the Pourbus portrait the suspicions of Mr. Burroughs were verified, and the report was favorable. Under the new face lay the original, almost intact. The top layer of paint was removed under the vigilant eye of Mr. Burroughs. A less beautiful but far more interesting face showed. It had the strength of feature that characterized that period and proved absolutely the authenticity of the painting.

The X-Ray Test

With the help of the X ray you can study an artist's preparatory work which lies beneath his finished surface. You can see his tricks of style, his approach, almost the way he thought out his work. The most skillful painters often changed their minds while working, and painted one figure over another, trying different effects until they were satisfied with the results. An imitator or forger doesn't suspect the underpaint and believes he is perfectly safe if he copies the picture perfectly. He doesn't dream that changes in underpaint are an indication of originality, or that the hidden work must agree in style with that on the surface.

Several seasons ago the beautiful Mars and Venus by Veronese, at the Metropolitan, was X-rayed as a final criticism of its authenticity. A replica that had been discovered elsewhere? Questions might have been raised. The X-ray pictures showed that Veronese had changed his work constantly. The head of Venus, the line of her neck, the plane of her shoulders, and the hang of her necklace had been painted again and again! Further, Veronese had begun his masterpiece in the mood for a classical theme, then rushed into realism, and after its burst was over settled down to a more or less restrained spirit. Here the X ray helped to decide the question of authorship. No copyist would have bothered to experiment so with the composition.

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ARE MANNERS CONSTITUTIONAL?

(Continued from Page 33)

look elsewhere for our solution, for we are no longer a people of patriarchal pioneers.

It has already been suggested that open-heartedness and cordiality may be part of our national ideal. If we failed to develop any one outstanding figure like Chesterfield or Bayard, America did make one contribution to the history of manners. We long ago created the "hail-fellow-well-met." When we had the time to give to him and when he was really sincere, we all liked him. He illustrated some of the principles of the Declaration of Independence, but more often he overdid them. He was not only free, he was free and easy; and even if he had only met you once before, he treated you not only like an equal but like a playmate. It was quite delightful, when you were on holiday, carefree and feeling fit as a fiddle, to have such an acquaintance step up from behind and slap you on the back or grab you by the arm. But when you had had a hard day of it at the office, or when you were tired and harassed, it was different. This breezy, pleased-to-meet-you fellow had not learned one thing that is highly important in this matter of manners. The same man is not always the same, and such everlastingly hale Americans failed to realize that, to be cordial enough, one must not always be too cordial. It is even a question whether he, too, like the patriarchal farmer, did not fit a little better into the simpler frame of our now irrevocable past.

Other Times, Other Customs

In the search for something positive, I went to see the superintendent of education in a prosperous manufacturing town with a considerable foreign population. I asked him point-blank, "Do you teach manners?" He smiled ruefully and was evasive. "It is much more difficult," he said, "to teach manners than it is to teach algebra. I often have to tell parents that their son knows nothing about equations or the binomial theorem and cannot be promoted. That does not cause too great a flurry. But if I tell them that their boy is no gentleman ——" He shuddered and went on sadly, "There you hit a nerve.

"Our foreign-born are easily hurt on that point. We all are. You can see that for yourself when you stop to think that everybody complains of his memory, nobody of his manners. That is because we all are much more sensitive about our behavior than about our ignorance. It has sifted down into the minds of our population that the Lord gives children brains, but only their parents give them manners. If I have to demote a pupil because he has failed to pass, it is often accepted with resignation as an act of God. But if we send him home because he does not wash his face or comb his hair or is rowdy, it is taken as a direct reflection upon his family. The boy returns with his parents, the alderman from the ward and a political boss, to tell you that you have insulted good American citizens."

One of the things that add to our national confusion about what constitutes democratic manners is that we have not always had them. Many of our forefathers, alas, were, or strove to be, aristocrats. Even the words we still use in polite address, such as "dear sir" and "esquire," or those we use to describe the best conduct, such as "gentlemanly," "ladylike," "courteous" or "chivalric," date from another age, with other standards. We do not remember sufficiently that democracy is not native here. It is not an indigenous bush that grows without cultivation, like the Osage orange. Even the aborigines did not have it, and we must all understand that we can still have only as much of it as we are willing to take the pains to manufacture for ourselves. At best, it is a slow and difficult process, and it would help considerably if everybody really understood that you cannot make a good American gentleman out of every self-conscious yahoo merely by giving him a vote and a broad-brimmed black felt hat and telling him to go to it.

I remember having discussed this point with a French novelist who has a profound understanding of human nature and a considerable and sympathetic knowledge of Americans. "Manners," he said, "are strange things. A funeral among the Homeric Greeks was a field day. They held athletic contests at the grave. Your manners are not ours. I have traveled in your country," he continued, "and know what you think of us. I have seen your vaudevillists and your audiences go into hysterical laughter over Gaston and Alphonse, and their interminable 'After yous.' You think us effeminate and ridiculous. Your countrymen like to be out in front. Gaston and Alphonse are running a race to be behind each other. That's what makes it funny to you. Our system is different and, at its best, is based upon a saying of Montaigne, that old mayor of Bordeaux: 'Life is a tender thing and one easily troubled.' *C'est chose tendre que la vie et aisée à troubler.* That is the philosophy behind all our *politesse.* Life is hard enough at best, and manners were invented to avoid shock and unnecessary abrasions in what you call contacts."

There was something to what he said, and I admitted that we did make fun of poor Gaston and his friend, Alphonse, and probably would continue to do so. He took this good-naturedly, but closed the matter with a few sentences that are, perhaps, worth remembering in connection with our American problem. "The trouble is that you have made a religion of equality, when in reality it is only a political principle. You will recall that we, too, had a Revolution in France. It upset our politics considerably. But we never let it interfere seriously with behavior. 'Manners as usual,' the French shopkeeper's sign could have read. If it is good democratic doctrine to believe that we were 'all born on purpose to be together,' then the richest life is the social life, with its interdependence and dovetailings. Even your art of business is only the art of meeting many men. You cannot have this richest life where, as with you, there is often too grudging and too deep-seated a conviction of independence and unyielding equality."

Dinner-Table Democracy

Thomas Jefferson was probably our greatest political philosopher. He had drafted the Declaration of Independence, and some time later tried to bring out its social implications. Here he was not quite so successful. He felt that after our political emancipation, manners, too, should no longer be the same. When he was President at Washington, as he put it:

> The principle of society with us, as well as of our political constitution, is the equal rights of all; and if there be an occasion where this equality ought to prevail preëminently, it is in social circles collected for conviviality. Nobody shall be above you, nor you above anybody; pele-mele is our law.

Anybody was to sit anywhere. He could not use place cards and assign seats at dinner, for everyone still recognized that the places at the President's and at the hostess' right were places of honor. If he gave them to anyone, he would be guilty of making invidious distinctions. So he allowed everyone to fend for himself. Yet this free-for-all rush for dinner partners caused more trouble than it cured. Anthony Merry, the British Minister, was deeply hurt when, one night, just as he was about to seat himself beside the wife of the Minister from Spain, a more enterprising congressman rushed in and took the place. Such incidents made for bad feeling and

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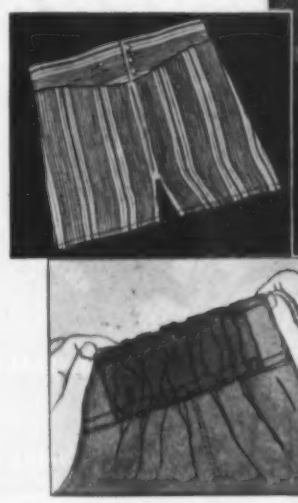

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nearly brought us into war, and on some points of precedence—particularly with regard to the treatment of the ladies—Jefferson did find himself forced to yield. The Jeffersonian social system, on the whole, did not make for easy intercourse, even in our own capital. The difficulties seemed insuperable, even to his friend and successor, James Madison, who found himself compelled to abandon the system; and to make amends, he later formally took out Mrs. Merry to dinner while Merry escorted Mrs. Madison to her seat.

Jefferson has very properly been rated as one of the world's greatest democrats. With him we must all be willing to recognize that prerogatives of birth can no longer be considered. In view of his very great services to his country and to the theory of democracy generally, we may pardon him one miscalculation. In his system of pell-mell he failed to recognize a fundamental fact—order is not only heaven's first law, it is also the first law of democracies. We cannot all be leaders of the band, even in a Fourth of July parade. If it is not to be a mob, a riot or a free fight, only one can lead, only a few can ride up in front. The rest must somehow be content to fall in line behind.

It is well to remember, therefore, that one of the things which make it difficult for the American teacher to inculcate manners is that our political principles seem to be all against them. We really have no philosophy of conduct that we can teach. We have not learned that political principles, however good, do not carry down into the little everyday acts of life. They are two different worlds, and even to be a good citizen it is not enough to be a democrat. Hard as it is for us to learn it, there must be deference, there must be a recognition of inequality if there are to be any manners at all. Our whole scale has become so hopelessly jumbled that, in the American language, a "higher-up" is really a thoroughly low-down person. That is why, in their confusion, many plain people are beginning to wonder whether it wouldn't be a good thing if the schools and colleges traded off a considerable amount of book learning for just a little more appreciation of what constitutes good manners.

Apprenticed in the Art of Living

The age of chivalry did just this, and we still prize highly many of its ideals. Even today it is a high compliment to speak of a man's conduct as chivalrous or knightly. In that time the young lad who was to play a part on this world's stage was sent out to learn the difficult art of life not from books but at the home of someone who had won his spurs. He entered the castle of some great lord and lady as an attendant. He did not study. He learned. He served as a page. For it was held worth while to master the complex art of living, and in it, for a time, he was an apprentice. In other words, he started on the lowest rung of the social ladder on which it was expected that he would mount. The ideal was one of discipline and training, far more than of bookishness. That world frankly recognized a central fact: Men are unequal. You had to learn just what these inequalities were and what you were to do about them. You owed, for instance, a deeper obeisance to your king or lord than you did to your fellow page in the hall. You did not greet a lady as you greeted a man, nor an old man as you greeted a boy. To your superiors you owed respect, and to your inferiors and the unfortunate, the widows and orphans, you owed service. That looks highly complicated, yet in practice it worked out fairly well. It still does, though we are unwilling to admit it to ourselves. That is why we misunderstand some of the great literary masterpieces of other nations.

We Americans like to imagine, for instance, that Don Quixote was somehow a great humanitarian, a forerunner of democracy. This is an egregious blunder. Half the comedy of that great book lies in the fact that he could not tell a scullery maid of doubtful character from a great and good lady. Such discrimination, however, was essential to his code, for he had all the yearnings of the chivalric age. He wanted to be a lord, but had never been trained in a great hall. He was ridiculous because he was an uneducated knight. He had been ruined by reading too many books. Even today this sometimes happens, and we ought to be more careful about it than we are.

The perfect exemplar of the chivalric age was that famous Chevalier Bayard, whom, as we have seen, the French still regard as their ideal. Quick to sense a situation, kindly and even-tempered, graciously giving to everyone his due, he was celebrated throughout Christendom as the flower of chivalry, the perfect knight, "without fear and without reproach." Yet his latest biographer admits that he was almost illiterate.

The American and the French revolutions changed all that. That is why, after them, Edmund Burke admitted that the age of chivalry was dead. We might as well admit it too. These revolutions did abolish all privileges of birth, and no good democrat cares to have them restored. There is, however, no reason why good manners should have gone with them.

Relics of Feudalism

Some of the distinctions which chivalry made still persist. The military salute, for instance, is not a democratic invention. It is a survival of that age of feudalism. The armored knight, off for the wars or for the tournament, with his head hidden under the bell of his helmet, raised his visor in courtesy to reveal his face when he passed his lord. That was chivalric custom. Our private still salutes his captain. To be sure, he does not more than touch the visor of his cap; yet the meaning is plain. He recognizes that they are not equal; in function the captain is his superior. The well-disciplined private is only the soldier who has learned good manners. They are based upon a recognition of varying rights and responsibilities in the military establishment.

So it stands with the well-disciplined American democrat. He is only the citizen who has learned good manners. We must recognize that the basis is still what it was in the age of chivalry—the frank and generous recognition of inequalities. There are no longer inequalities of birth, but in a democracy there are still differences in status; the differences, for instance, between guest and host, between man and woman, between youth and age. Little Johnny, who butts and pushes his companions on his way home from school, becomes really ill-mannered when he uses these same tactics toward his elderly aunts on a visit in their parlor. There are also, in our increasingly complex organization, necessary differences of responsibility and function. The marine is not well behaved if he rough-houses about in the presence of the President as he would when on shore leave in the company of his messmates.

In practice, even though not in theory, this has always been recognized in the business world. The office runner who delivers a message to the president of the corporation with the same offhand familiarity which he used to Joe, the elevator boy, on his way up, soon loses his job. When even business insists on manners, the country can afford to do so.

Our life is no longer rural and patriarchal. It is and it must become more and more highly organized. In the school, in the corporation, in the city, whether we like it or not, there must be gradations of position and relative importance. They are, of course, not so rigid as they are in the army, and are not based on birth, as they were in aristocracies. Every boy shall have an equal opportunity to become a general, provided he has the requisite qualifications and has taken the pains to give himself the indispensable training. That is the essence of democracy. It is a curiously Russian perversion to assume that every private who

(Continued on Page 177)

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF THE FAMOUS "PHILADELPHIA" CREAM CHEESE

The fitting climax to formal or informal dinners—Velveeta and crackers with demi-tasse. Velveeta is delightful, too, for sandwiches and appetizers, and in cooked dishes where you want cheese flavor

*Digestible as milk itself!

Patented

Eat all you want of this *new cheese goodness!*

So deliciously mellow in flavor . . . so rich in healthful milk minerals

WHEN it's served hot, little wisps of fragrance assail your eager appetite. When cold, its creamy texture . . . its mellow tempting flavor . . . delight fastidious palates.

But—there's more in Velveeta than just superlative cheese flavor. Something you've never had in cheese before!

With fine Cheddar cheese are combined precious elements of rich, whole milk—milk-sugar . . . calcium . . . phosphorus . . . and the vitamins A and D. In ordinary cheese, some of these valuable properties have been lost in the making. A secret, patented process, belonging only to Kraft-Phenix, restores them for you in Velveeta.

So—eat all you want of Velveeta's smooth deliciousness! Digestible as milk itself because it *is* a pure milk product. Let the children have it, for their regular meals, and to tide them over, between. New pleasure, too, in any favorite cooked dish calling for cheese.

Velveeta is the most accommodating cheese delicacy imaginable. You can spread it, just like butter. Or, chilled slightly, it will slice without a crumble. When you want cheese sauce, Velveeta melts in smooth and golden splendor. Or turns a bubbly, crackling brown when toasted.

If your ice box can't now boast a package or two of Velveeta, just ask your grocer. It comes in the half-pound size.

Kraft-Phenix Cheese Corporation, General Offices, Chicago, Illinois. In Canada, Kraft-Phenix Cheese Company, Ltd., Montreal.

*Velveeta—a Product of Scientific Research

Velveeta is a product built up as the result of scientific research, carried out in the laboratories of Rutgers University, Newark, New Jersey, in the College of Pharmacy, under the direction of Dr. L. K. Riggs, Ph. D., Director of Research, in association with F. H. Clickner, M. Sc., Nutritional Research Professor. The elements of the original milk are in Velveeta. It is easy to digest. Children can eat it freely.

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Build a FACTORY in a Battleship?

These engineers have done it!

IT WAS no easy task to bring the advantages of electric power to the men aboard ships . . . particularly those aboard battleships. No factory service, anywhere, ever demanded so much of Motors . . . or of Motor Control!

In *no* factory is space at such a premium as in a battleship. Huge engines, and their fuel, scores of motors and their control apparatus must be condensed within a ship . . . *condensed,* but never crowded. In *no* factory is Motor Control subject to conditions even comparable to the shocks of battle in the turret of a warship . . . or to the pitch and roll of a vessel on a stormy sea. In *few* factories must Motor Control combat such corrosive agents as powder fumes and salt spray. Certainly Motor Control which operates unfailingly under such conditions proves well the skill of its builders.

For over a quarter century Cutler-Hammer Engineers have excelled in the difficult field of Marine Motor Control. And in so doing, they have learned economies of space and methods of securing dependability under any and all conditions . . . knowledge not to be gained elsewhere. In other industries, too, Cutler-Hammer Engineers have had experience unique in the lessons taught. Habitually the unusual and difficult problems of Motor Control are brought to Cutler-Hammer, so, at one time or another, Cutler-Hammer Engineers have met *every* Motor Control problem arising in *every* industry.

Such is the diversified experience behind Cutler-Hammer . . . the experience which explains the advanced engineering incorporated in Cutler-Hammer *standardized* Motor Control . . . the features which protect motors, men and equipment, which permit greater savings of steps, time, and space. In short, the features which assure full utilization of electric power wherever motors serve. And it is because of these features that Cutler-Hammer *standardized* Motor Control is incorporated by alert machine builders in their motor-driven machines . . . recommended by far-sighted motor manufacturers for use with the motors they build . . . and carried by reliable wholesalers of electrical goods.

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The Final Result of This Pioneering

Cutler-Hammer standardized Motor Control has features which only pioneer engineering could produce—features which only experience covering all problems of electric motor application could perfect. Thus, Cutler-Hammer "ready-to-use" equipment meets every common requirement with reserve to spare—provides for all usual motor applications the same superior performance, safety and economy for which Cutler-Hammer specially engineered Motor Control has been outstanding throughout three decades of Industry's electrification.

CUTLER HAMMER

The Control Equipment Good Electric Motors Deserve

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has not taken this trouble to train himself is the equal of the general who has. The well-behaved student, the well-behaved employe or the well-behaved citizen is, however, simply the one who knows his place. This does not mean that he will cringe, but he will discharge his own functions in such a way as to beget a maximum of efficiency and a minimum of friction. He, too, recognizes that life is a tender thing, and one easily troubled, and that manners were invented to avoid shock. He will, of course, insist upon his own rights if they have been violated, but he will also recognize the rights, responsibilities and functions of others.

One of our best American dictionaries defines a gentleman as "a man of fine feelings or instincts—irrespective of social position or training—as shown by behavior, and especially by nice or generous consideration for others." This would have fitted the Chevalier Bayard as it fits the modern democrat.

Manner and Manners

It is possible to believe that the story of the cowboy and the bishop, as told to my young friend, and repeated by him in good faith, was, after all, the fabrication of some humorist. It is not ordinarily the dwellers in our wide-open spaces who are our poorest-behaved citizens, but the dwellers in towns—those who are "on the make," are forever preoccupied with their own concerns, who go through life in a perpetual helter-skelter of self-seeking. The lonely man who lives far from the madding crowd is not likely to be so self-absorbed or so forgetful of others when he meets them. "Nature's gentleman" is more than an idle phrase, and, above all else, American manners should be natural. That is why we can still smile at the overelaborate, dancing-master, book-of-etiquette kind which insists that you take one step back—about fourteen inches—clap your heels together—at an angle of forty-five degrees—and bow exactly to the level of the waist. That is nonsense. It is manner and not manners. You cannot measure them by inches. What counts is merely the intention of the person concerned. If he has been really considerate, his manners are good and, we may add, American.

We all have deep down in us the notion of freedom and equality, and it is right that we should have. The Declaration is not something to be made light of. It is easy to criticize, but it took courage to say it with muskets in 1776, and it still rings like a challenge. But it is easier to repeat than to understand its application today. It is a political document and it served notice upon all lords and kings that hereafter in these states no one would enjoy any privilege by right of birth. Yet in this much more complicated age we do need more order and more deference. Not every citizen in a jam at the corner has the right to tell the chauffeur to go or to stop. That is the business only of the traffic policeman in the street. This wearing job we all have delegated to him, and he must do it all day long. His responsibility is heavier than that of the idler or loafer. He stands for order and deserves respect. That is why, in our breathless age, when the red light is against him at the corner the good citizen whose car has been halted should possess his soul in patience and console himself with the sense that, even in a democracy, they also serve who only sit and wait, provided they do so without unnecessary tooting of horns or without thundering insults at the representative of the law.

We have come around by a wide sweep to the incident with which we began. It should be possible for us to understand now what is wrong with that picture. Judged solely as citizens, a bishop who has tired himself out in ministering to the sick is not merely the equal of a drunken cowboy returning from a spree: he is his superior, if only in citizenship. That again is, of course, no reason why the bishop should lord it over the cowboy, or why, as in England, we should be compelled to call him "Your Lordship." It is, however, a reason why, when he is worn out from having done his duty, the cowboy should not slap him on the back in a misplaced access of egalitarian cordiality.

An Independent Gentleman

After all, we have not really changed very much. Time, that makes of new things old, leaves some old things new. Good manners are among them. In this new day, that really seasoned American principle of the greatest good for the greatest number still holds. Such complicating changes as have come into our modern life have merely made hoodlumism more serious than it used to be.

That is why the teacher should be allowed to tell young Americans that it is still possible to give some mark of recognition to those who are older or are charged with heavier tasks, whether in the school, the office, the army or the state; and he might even be encouraged to explain to any doubting, self-willed young Thomas that he can still afford to raise his hat to a lady, address the traffic policeman as "Officer," and greet his mayor or judge as "Your Honor," without forfeiture of democratic dignity and without sacrificing any of his rights and privileges under the Constitution.

Blue Springs, De Land, Florida

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BEST SHAVE

in all your life, or your money back!

MOLLÉ *no brush, no-lather cream must positively sell itself*

This Unique, New-Type Cream Must Win You Like It Has Won Nearly Two Million Other Friends

STEP right over to the nearest drugstore and treat yourself to a tube of MOLLÉ.

We guarantee you a more wonderful shave than you ever before thought possible.

Our guaranty means exactly this: If MOLLÉ does not give you a *quicker* shave, we *return your money.* If MOLLÉ does not make your razor work *easier,* we *return your money.* If MOLLÉ does not leave your face *free from irritation* or *cooler* than other cream, we *return your money.*

Shaving Greatly Simplified—The MOLLÉ shave is as simple as it is quick. MOLLÉ requires no brush. Here are the three simple steps:

1—Wash your face as usual
2—Apply MOLLÉ with finger tips
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The operation is so simple that ordinarily it saves two or three minutes.

Softens Tough, Wiry Beards—MOLLÉ is the ideal beard softener. It completely wilts the horny stiffness of the hairs. It is a heavy-bodied cream, holding the hairs erect so that the razor cuts them squarely and close to the face. There's no scraping—no pulling—no irritation. It's almost like wiping your beard off with your hands.

Ideal for Tender Skins—When you have finished shaving, your face feels soft, smooth, and refreshed. Instead of that old burning, stinging sensation, your skin remains as nature intended it. We neither offer nor recommend any after-shaving lotions or balms after using MOLLÉ, for none is needed.

MOLLÉ was originally the private formula of a skin specialist. It contains no powerful caustics. Instead, we have combined ingredients recognized for their healing and soothing properties.

TRY MOLLÉ. We say *try* it entirely at *our* expense, should it fail to meet your every expectation.

Remember, our guaranty is specific—unqualified. You cannot misunderstand it:

"Go to any druggist, buy a 50c tube of MOLLÉ *(Mō-lay). If you don't get the best week's shaves you have ever experienced, return the balance and we will refund the entire purchase price."*

We also offer free tube of MOLLÉ (*Mō-lay*)—enough for seven shaves. Sent to you, prepaid, upon request.

A Whale of a tube 50c

THE MOLLÉ COMPANY
Dept. 14
Cleveland, Ohio

Illustration: Biltmore Standards

Spring freshness all year 'round!

Dress your car with Biltmore Seat Covers, chosen to harmonize with its color scheme and tailored to fit like a glove. So lovely, so cool, so clean that all year 'round it will look and feel as fresh as a spring morning.

There are *Biltmore Standards*, for all upholstery from floor to window line. Beautiful fabrics accurately tailored. Some have wide bindings of their own materials; others have rich trimmings of colorful leatherette. All have the distinctive quality for which Biltmores are famous.

Biltmore Deluxe Covers are literally made to order for your individual car from fabrics of marvellous beauty, woven on the same looms as the finest woolen suitings. The quality of these covers is superb . . . the fit, perfect. A set of these covers will give your car the distinction of a special upholstering job.

Biltmore Aerocloth, the ultimate in seat covers! A special DuPont fabric of breathless, shimmering beauty that wears like iron, is impervious to dust and moisture and that can be washed with soap and water *right on your car*.

Try the "Slap Test." Note the difference between the dust and grime in an unprotected seat cushion and the cleanliness of any cushion with Biltmore Covers.

Biltmore Slip-On Covers, for seats and back cushions only, look so well and wear so well that they will be a source of satisfaction as long as your car remains in service -- but the cost is a mere trifle.

LIST PRICES	COUPES	COACHES	SEDANS
STANDARD	$6.50 up	$12.50 up	$15.00 up
DELUXE	$12.50 up	$24.00 up	$29.00 up
AEROCLOTH	$13.25 up	$25.00 up	$30.00 up
SLIP-ONS	$4.20 up	$8.50 up	$8.90 up

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THE BILTMORE ERO MFG. COMPANY
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BILTMORE SEAT COVERS
T.M.REG. U.S.PAT.OFF. PATENTS PENDING

THAT'S POLO

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being nursed by that Negro, and speed that she'd inherited from her dam, a not-so-distant cousin of Man o' War, and you've got a combination all polo players dream about. I'd have given a cool hundred dollars just for a five-minute workout on that horse myself.

But Farnsworth was choicer of her than a Moorish prince of the first wife. He never used her in the practice games, and in the tournaments only for one chukker. She was as tough as dried rawhide and could have played three, but he didn't want to take any chance of stiffness or colds. He'd have her brought up for the last chukker of a game, and the minute he jumped off there would be two grooms to rub her down from both sides at once.

And now there was that no-goal dub of a Brierly perched on that wonder mare's back. The only way I could figure things out was that Farnsworth had seen Brierly coming with blood in his eye and had sort of put him off with a quick offer of a ride on Whirligigs.

As soon as Brierly sees me, he waves his hand and, just to show off, drops the reins over Whirligigs' neck, guiding the pony with his legs and voice only. Even with no reins and a boob rider, she followed that ball like a bird dog after a quail, and when Brierly topped a shot, she almost turned herself inside out in her eagerness to get back to where he could hit it again.

He goes up and down the field a couple of times in this fashion; then, without saying a word, gallops hell bent for election toward Farnsworth's stables. That was the last I saw of him or Farnsworth, either, till just a few minutes before the Templeton Heights fracas. Then, as I was buckling on my spurs in the locker room, Farnsworth saunters in, dressed in a gray-tweed traveling suit, and calmly announces he'll be unable to play. I looked up, surprised and mad enough to hit him with a bootjack.

But he just stood there calmly and said things had come up—he was sailing for Europe on the Homeric that afternoon—there wasn't time enough for him to play.

While he was talking I calmed down a bit. After all, if I gave Farnsworth an exact and accurate estimate of himself, he'd never loan us his ponies. And those nags were what we needed, even more than Farnsworth himself.

So I spoke up as politely as possible: "Too bad, old man. We'll miss you! What do you say to young Dick Graham playing your string?"

"Not Graham"—he shakes his head—"he couldn't handle them."

By this time the rest of the players had gathered around, and one of them suggested Don Satterwaite.

"Too heavy-handed," says Farnsworth.

"Herb Stettinius?"

"No!"

"Who then?" I ask.

"Harry Brierly."

At this, we all burst out laughing, thinking it another of Farnsworth's jokes. But he goes on to say that he's watched Brierly wrestle with those two horrible goats of his, and anyone horseman enough to ride them was the man he wanted.

We started to argue, we started to mob, but Farnsworth just pushes through us to the door. "Remember, boys," he says as he ducks out, "Brierly plays this afternoon or not one of my horses goes out on the field."

Well, before we'd had time to assimilate that blow, Brierly himself saunters into the room. He'd put on his togs at home and his boots and spurs were polished like a cavalry colonel's. He looked like a polo player, even if he wasn't one.

"Hello, fellows," he says cheerfully. "Where can I get my Number 1 jersey?"

"Why, Brierly," I say sternly, "have you gone clean crazy?"

"No," he says obstinately, "I just want you fellows to give me a chance."

"But you can't play in this game," I argue. "Why, you've never hit more than three or four balls a game in all your life."

"That's just the point," he comes back at me. "I haven't done much hitting, because my ponies don't take me to the ball, but have you noticed that when I do get a chance I never miss?"

That stumped me for a moment. It really was three months or more since I'd seen Brierly make a clean miss.

"Don't you see?" he continues, pleading. "I don't get the chances you fellows do; so each shot has meant so much to me—I've concentrated so on the ball—that when I do get a chance I know I'm going to hit."

Well, I thought, Brierly had one attribute of a polo player—self-confidence—and with Farnsworth's fast-running nags to give him shot after shot ——

He saw me weakening and wrung my hand.

"Listen," he says: "I swear by all that's holy, if I don't make good the first chukker, I'll throw my pony and get knocked out of the game somehow."

"You're playing!" I consented, handing him his jersey. "But if you ruin us, I warn you I'll run over and knock you out of the game myself."

"You won't run over me," he comes back, laughing. "With the horses I'll have, you won't even be able to catch me."

And the kid proved to be right at that.

On the very first line-up the Templeton Heights back, knowing Brierly by reputation, doesn't bother to guard him. Instead, he moves up to get into the play; so, when I uncork a long nigh-side back shot, there is Brierly with the ball and no one between him and the goal posts. Off he starts and, with six of those little poop shots of his, scores our first tally.

On the next line-up the back keeps his position, but Brierly was on one of Farnsworth's Argentines, and the Argentine leaves the other fellow's pony like he was tied. With a clear field again, Brierly goes plump-plop, twenty yards at a time, and scores his second goal.

He makes a third while the Templeton Heights bunch was still trying to get organized. Then the bell rings to end the period, and when the Templeton Heights four came out for the second chukker, we could see they'd pulled themselves together and adopted a new formation.

They stationed the back twenty yards behind Brierly, and the Number 3 twenty yards in front. These fellows never left their positions, and they boxed Brierly all right, but it left only two of their players against three of ours. Which, I will have to admit, made the game almost even. At any rate, the next six chukkers were full of the meanest, fightingest polo I've ever played in all my life.

Through it all, Brierly did his share and more than his share. Not only did he keep two men guarding him but, true to his word, when the ball did come up to him he never missed a single shot.

However, with the rest of us it was one of those days when every roll of the ball goes wrong, and what with luck and the aid of some unreasonable decisions by the referee, Templeton Heights, by the end of the seventh chukker, had pulled up to within one goal of us.

As we were changing ponies for the eighth and last period, I called the team together. "Boys," I said, "if we let that outfit beat us now, I'm going to sell my horses and take up golf." I guess the other fellows felt the same way about it. If we couldn't win with the start we'd had, we deserved to spend the rest of our lives walking.

Brierly seemed to take it more seriously than any of them. It was the first real game of polo he'd ever played in his life, and from his expression he was getting

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"By the end of a fortnight . . .

the grass was choking out the weeds!"

MISS JULIA MAHONY is a member of the Garden Club of Philipse Manor, N. Y., and is actively interested in everything that furthers the interest of the club. Miss Mahony takes great pleasure in supervising the care of the lawn and the flowers at the home of her sister, Mrs. Henry P. Wall of Philipse Manor.

"It had seemed hard to believe that Lōma could *make* the grass grow, and at the same time choke out the weeds," says Miss Mahony, "so I permitted a demonstration to be conducted.

"An area on the lawn was chosen, and divided into halves, to only one of which Lōma was applied.

"At the end of two weeks' time, there was a marked difference on the side that had been fed with Lōma. The grass was so much taller and thicker than on the unfed side.

"What's more, on the side that had been fed with Lōma, the weeds were being considerably shadowed by the tall, thickly matted grass; and, on close inspection, it was evident that they were being gradually choked out of existence."

Weeds flourish in "sweet" soil. Lōma, the quick, complete plant food, nourishes the roots of the grass *without sweetening the soil.* That's why Lōma discourages weeds at the same time that it encourages the grass.

All over the country, thousands of home-owners have discovered that, if they get the grass off to a good start with Lōma, they don't need to worry much about the weeds.

They have found, too, that the results from Lōma are equally astonishing in the garden, bringing bigger and juicier vegetables, larger and more beautiful flowers.

Use Lōma now—and again in the summer and autumn. You can get it in convenient sized cartons or sacks from any dealer in lawn and garden supplies. Tennessee Copper & Chemical Corporation, New York, N. Y.

"MY zinnia plants weren't doing at all well, and I had just about decided to throw them away," says Mrs. Edwin C. Smith of Sandringham Road, Rochester, New York, "but, instead, I sprinkled Lōma *around some of the plants, and then watered them so that* Lōma *would reach the roots.*

"The results were startling. Actually, the flowers that I fed with Lōma *were at least four times as big as those I had left unfed!"*

Lōma

Use it now + for a finer Lawn and Garden

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A prominent New York hospital surgeon estimates that more than ten million men and women in the United States are suffering from some form of rectal trouble.

Handicapped in Business . . *because of chronic trouble*

WHY do intelligent business men—who know the importance of physical efficiency—expose themselves so carelessly to rectal trouble?

A single contact with inferior toilet tissue may start the way for serious infection—and a long, painful illness.

Yet today, in thousands of homes and business offices, you will find tissues that are utterly unfit for toilet use.

Some are crinkly, sharp-edged. Some are covered with tiny splinters. Some are even chemically impure—made from reclaimed waste material. Scott Tissues meet every requirement demanded by over 580 doctors and 223 hospitals. To be safe, they say, toilet tissue should be soft, absorbent and chemically pure.

Don't take chances! Speak to the superintendent at your place of work, or the man who does the purchasing. Ask him to install health-protecting Scott Tissues.

These famous toilet tissues are just as low-priced as the ordinary "cheap" tissues. And they are specially processed to provide absolute safety from the health standpoint.

ALL three brands, ScotTissue, Sani-Tissue and Waldorf, are extremely soft and absorbent. Without this absorbency, thorough cleansing is impossible.

Crumpled in the hand, they feel like old linen . . . suave, yielding—actually cloth-like.

Fresh materials—and nothing else—go into Scott Tissues. No cast-off newspapers or reclaimed waste paper. They are pure . . . sanitary . . . absolutely safe.

Today, equip your bathroom at home . . . as well as your business toilets . . . with hygienic Scott Tissues. Your family deserves this protection. Scott Paper Company, Chester, Pa.

Scott Tissues

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NOTE: ScotTissue and Waldorf are the two largest selling brands in the world . . . Sani-Tissue is the new popular priced white toilet tissue embodying the famous *thirsty fibre* qualities.

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enough excitement to make up for all he'd missed. He just stood staring with an eager, fanatical look in his eyes, and when the bell rang he was in such a daze we had to tell him to get on his horse. That horse was Whirligigs. And when I saw her, trim and dancing, I calmed down somehow. Even if all the rest of us blew up, that sweet mare knew her business.

The first thing that happened that chukker was a foul called against us, or rather against me; though I swear that no matter how fast the Templeton Heights forward was coming, I had twenty feet to spare when I cut in front of him and stole the ball.

Polo is supposed to be a gentlemen's game, but that only goes when it's played against and refereed by gentlemen. I'd been boiling against that referee all afternoon, so at last I started in on him, with mention of his business, club and family life, until he threatened me with Penalty 11 unless I got back into the game.

So I lined up with the team and, sure enough, Templeton Heights scores on their free hit and the count is tied. After that, the game went wild. The referee, after the bawling out I'd given him, contracted paralysis of the whistle, and we played like the old Persians, each man for himself and no rules to hinder. It was murder, suicide and sudden death, and the grandest sport I've ever been in. I guess all polo players have a dream of something like that—both teams so worked up they forget to be afraid, and a dumb referee who's let all rules of safety go by the board.

I caught the Templeton Heights forward that had had the foul called against me and drove my horse right into him. He lit a full twenty feet over the side boards, but comes right up again on a fresh mount. Ted Stuart gets slashed on the cheek from a mallet, but aside from that, by some miracle, nobody gets hurt.

With all our wild riding, the ball just goes up and down the center of the field and nobody has even a chance to score. Then, with about half a minute to play, the Templeton Heights Number 2 gets away for a run and is almost up to our goal when my Chaffinch colt catches up to and stops him.

The fellows that were guarding Brierly had moved up for a kill; so, when I hit a long back shot, it gives Whirligigs a chance to make one of her fancy stops. She follows this by turning in a space not much larger than a handkerchief, and there was Brierly with a clear run for the goal. He had almost the whole length of the field to go, but what difference did that make, with him hitting those twenty-yard shots of his like he was a machine, and that dainty Whirligigs mare running low and true, and outdistancing the Templeton Heights pursuers with every leap? The game was in the bag all right, and I pulled up to wipe the sweat out of my eyes and try to calm down my pony. Then, just a couple of strokes from the goal, Brierly does what he hasn't done all afternoon—makes a clean miss of the ball. It was overeagerness, I guess, or perhaps it was just that the nerve, the self-confidence, that had kept him going all afternoon finally snapped.

Whatever it was, it led up to the weirdest thing I've ever seen on a polo field. For as soon as Brierly missed that ball, he grabbed at Whirligigs' reins like they were his last chance for salvation. I guess it was the first time that good horse had ever had a real pull at her mouth. She jumped about two feet up in the air, and when she hit the ground her feet were spread all over the place like so many jackstraws. But through it all she never lost her polo sense, and when she jumped up, she also jumped sideways out of the right of way; so, when the Templeton Heights back comes thundering up, a split second later, Brierly just leans forward with his mallet and hooks the fellow's stick.

This left Brierly with the ball, and he starts off toward the goal again, plop, plop, plop, twenty yards at a time. The back finally gets his horse in hand and lays for Brierly near the goal posts. But that Whirligigs mare bumps the big bay, knocking him and his rider clean out of the picture. This gives Brierly the easiest kind of a set-up and he makes the goal by two inches.

I don't think Brierly even knew what was happening when they presented the cups. Just stood there with a trancelike grin on his face and wouldn't even have taken his mug away if someone hadn't stuffed it in the pocket of his ulster. He didn't hang around the locker room to drink or chin over the game either. Just stuffed some sugar in his pocket and said he was going down to the stables to have a look at his horse, Whirligigs.

That was the last we saw or heard of him till the late evening edition of the New York papers. Then there were twin headlines, as though different reporters had turned in stories and there hadn't been time to connect them. One said that Mrs. Harry Brierly, wife of prominent clubman and polo player, had left that afternoon on the Homeric to seek a Paris divorce, and refused to answer questions about her possible marriage to Wigmore Farnsworth, sailing on the same boat.

The other, right in the next column, told how Harry Brierly had been instantly killed at a railroad crossing, shortly after taking part in a polo game where he had just made a sensation with his playing. It went on to say that the police were puzzled about the accident, because the gates were down and other cars on the highway had pulled up and stopped. Another strange feature was that a motorcycle policeman had been following him for some time on account of his eccentric driving, yet no traces of alcohol had been found by the police surgeon.

Of course, all our crowd believed it was suicide. That Brierly, finding out about his wife somehow, had simply chosen the gentleman's way out.

Just one thing puzzled me: the remark of Brierly's about going down to look at his horse, Whirligigs.

That remark had led up to the investigations that had led up to the story I would have to tell Lou Huntington that very afternoon. In preparation for the recital, I had just ordered the boy to bring ice and soda, when I heard Lou limping into the room. I could tell him by that peculiar klump-klop walk he's had ever since he was fouled and tossed into the side boards during the finals of the 1927 Twelve-Goal Open.

He walked right up to me and held out his hand.

"Hello, doc," he said. "I hear you're hitting them all over the field these days."

"Oh, not so much," I came back. "It's just that my ponies are giving me some good rides." Then I turned serious.

"Lou," I said, "you're just back from the Denver tournaments, and before you go poking around town much, I think I ought to tell you how poor Brierly really died."

"Why, everyone says it was suicide," he interrupted, his face shading.

"But it wasn't suicide," I cut in. "Whatever Brierly may have been, he wasn't yellow."

"No, he wasn't yellow," agreed Lou. "Anyone could see that by reading the accounts of that Templeton Heights game. What a chukker he must have played on that Whirligigs mare!"

"God never made a better pony," I said solemnly.

"What puzzled me," broke in Huntington, "is how a fellow could have committed suicide after a game like that."

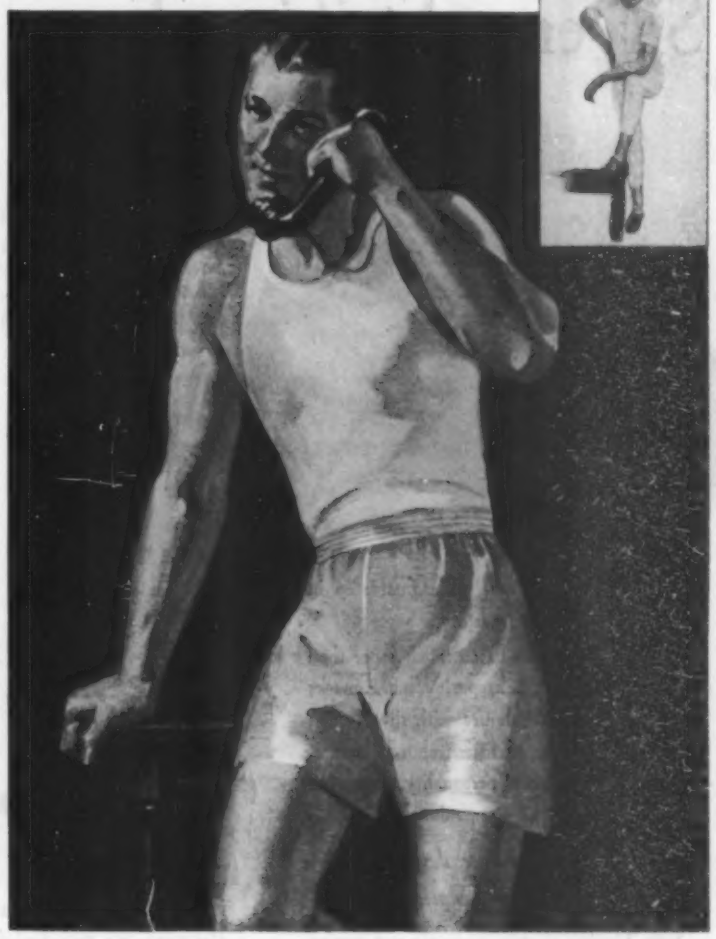
"That's what got me too," I answered. "I kept on thinking and thinking about it until one day I went down to Farnsworth's stables and had it all out with his head groom. He told me that Brierly and Farnsworth had had two rows there. Before the first could get serious, Farnsworth had put Brierly off with an offer of a ride on Whirligigs. But the last time, Brierly got right down to cases.

"Then Farnsworth, scared through and through, cooked up the darnedest lie you

No Buttons to Button!

None to come off

None to sew on . .



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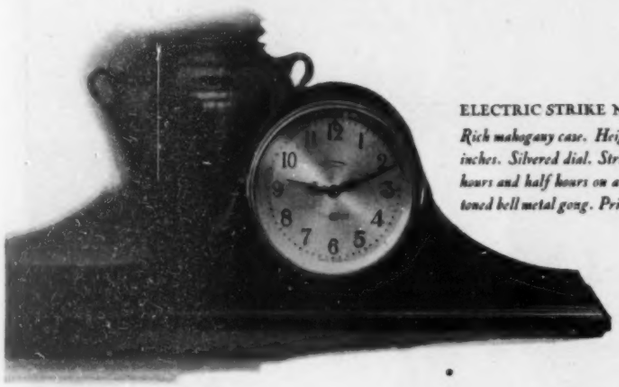

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Rich mahogany case. Height 7¾ inches. Silvered dial. Strikes the hours and half hours on a silver-toned bell metal gong. Price $40.

THE electric clock! The final step in *dependable* timekeeping.

But a clock can be so much more than even the perfect timekeeper. When it marks the passage of the hours with silver-toned notes reminiscent of distant church bells, it becomes a friendly personality, unobtrusively cheerful and companionable.

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Write to the Seth Thomas Clock Company, 19 West 44th Street, New York City, for FREE booklet showing Seth Thomas clocks in many lovely designs. In cities over 100,000, dealers are listed in classified telephone directories under "Seth Thomas."

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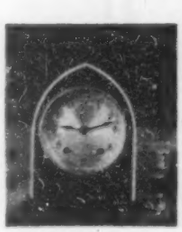

COMO
Mahogany inlaid case. Eight day. Height 5¾ inches. Price $10.

CHIME 99
Non-electric, in American walnut or mahogany. Height 9½ inches. Silvered dial. Melodious Westminster Chimes. Price $60.

SHARON
Eight day. Strikes on cathedral gong. Height 14¼ inches. Price $20.

SETH THOMAS CLOCKS

ever heard of. He claimed that the reason he was so much with Brierly's wife was because they were talking over Brierly's polo. Really conspiring to help him. When Brierly didn't exactly seem to fall for this, Farnsworth tried to prove the point by unfolding the plan to work Brierly into the Templeton Heights game. And finally, to clinch the argument, he said Mrs. Brierly had been secretly saving up to buy Whirligigs and give her to Harry as an anniversary present. That's why she'd come to the stable that afternoon—to pay over the money. Brierly would get the bill of sale in the morning. Then, seeing he'd finally got Brierly going, he had the groom lead Whirligigs out, and at the sight of that four-footed miracle, Brierly was ready to believe in anything, even Santa Claus—as who wouldn't, coming into possession of a horse like that?

"No, I'm sure Brierly didn't commit suicide, and I don't think he knew about his wife. Farnsworth had timed everything so perfectly. Brierly on the field playing the game of his life at the identical moment Farnsworth was making his get-away.

"Now, my theory—and it's backed up by what the cop told me of the car's eccentric swerving before the accident—is that Harry Brierly was simply daydreaming, and died, going through the movements of that game again, in traffic. And for all I know, he may be playing it still. When I saw him at the inquest, he had the happiest kind of a smile on his face."

All the time I'd been talking I'd noticed a sort of dark, determined look settling on Lou's features. I knew his recklessness and his temper, and I wondered just what he planned to do to that sister of his and the man she'd run away with.

Finally he spoke, low-voiced and deliberate.

"What you are really trying to tell me is that Wiggie Farnsworth gave up Whirligigs just to wangle poor Harry out of his wife?"

"It's the cool truth," I nodded.

He smacked his hand down hard on the locker-room bench, then jumped to his feet.

"I oughtn't to do it! I have no business to do it! Those last four ponies I bought left me close as the devil, but if what you say is true, my sister now owns Whirligigs, and she'll have to sell that mare to me or I'll never speak to her again!"

Without another word, he klump-klopped out through the locker-room door, and pretty soon I heard him shouting to a club attendant for a telegraph blank.

"Well," thought I, "that's polo!" Here was Lou Huntington, a chap of good family, of real standing in the community, and the first thing he saw in the disgrace of his sister, the dishonor of his friend, was the chance to buy a horse.

And it was all so futile. Half an hour after I had cleared up the facts of the tragedy, I had completed arrangement for the purchase of Whirligigs myself.

THE APPETITE FOR STOCK

(Continued from Page 17)

owned it outright or so nearly free from claims as to make them impervious to the break in prices. The number of names on our books has increased one-third since the end of last year, which seems to indicate that it is the big holders who had to sell and that the little fellows jumped in to put their money on the bargain counter."

A very similar story could be told by nearly all the prominent corporations. The increase in the number of small stockholders since the fall panic has been unprecedented. It is true that numbers of speculators paid for their stocks in full when the blow came, and took them up, thus adding their names to the companies' books in place of brokerage names, and so increasing the total number of holders. In other words, there were speculators who became involuntary investors. Then, too, the many split-ups and stock dividends placed stock more generally within the reach of small investors. But neither of these facts modifies the assertion that no investors' panic took place. We merely have further evidence that stockholders as a class were not wiped out.

On November twenty-seventh, exactly two weeks after prices had reached their lowest point, the Pennsylvania Railroad offered $72,000,000 in new stock, although the market had toppled over partly because of the large amount of new securities put out all through the year. The percentage of the stock subscribed for was 98.5, and 97.8 per cent of it was paid for in full, only a negligible number of the 200,000 shareholders taking advantage of the option to pay in two installments instead of one.

An Unfulfilled Tip

Consider another well-known stock—American Telephone. A good many people had never thought of buying it until the price had reached 300. At that time the newspapers were filled with immense tipster advertisements saying that the stock was headed for much higher prices. Everybody was talking 500, and I was solemnly informed that at a meeting of forty or fifty big brokerage houses it was decided that the stock must sell at that price. Indeed, one of the most distinguished bankers in the country guardedly intimated to me that some such price was warranted. Perhaps it was; I do not pretend to know.

I am not a stock-market forecaster, but I do know that after reaching 310¼ in September, the stock fell in November to 193¼, and is now around 230, with enormous numbers of small investors buying it in recent months. My only reason for going into these rather intimate details is to drive home the point once more that great numbers of small investors are quite sensible people and nothing like as unstable as some other persons who might be expected to know a great deal more.

Winners and Losers

Or consider still another well-known stock—United States Steel common. A careful study of the floating supply made by the New York Stock Exchange through the years has shown that investment holdings rise as the price of the stock declines, and decrease as the price advances. On the other hand, speculative holdings are usually larger at high prices and smaller at low prices. This indicates roughly that investors profit at the expense of speculators, or expressed in another way, when the two classes pass stocks back and forth, the investors have the best of it, on the whole; although, of course, it does not prove that all investors profit or that all speculators lose.

Certainly, the broad conclusion from this study fits in with other known facts. We know, for example, that the great fortunes have not come from market operations but from the long-time profits of ownership. It is not the gambler who wins, it is the man who sits tight on a good thing. Looked at in this broad way, it may be fortunate that security panics come along now and then, provided they do not upset business too much. Whole new battalions of investors are enabled to share in ownership on favorable terms. Those already in may be momentarily disturbed, but if they hang on they lose nothing, while the new groups are that much better off.

We must take still another fact into consideration in connection with this whole business of stock buying and ownership—a fact to which singularly little real thought has been directed. I refer to the increasing ownership of stock by women. This is one of the really significant changes going on in this country. It comes about partly through gift. Men of means make over

(Continued on Page 185)

An even better

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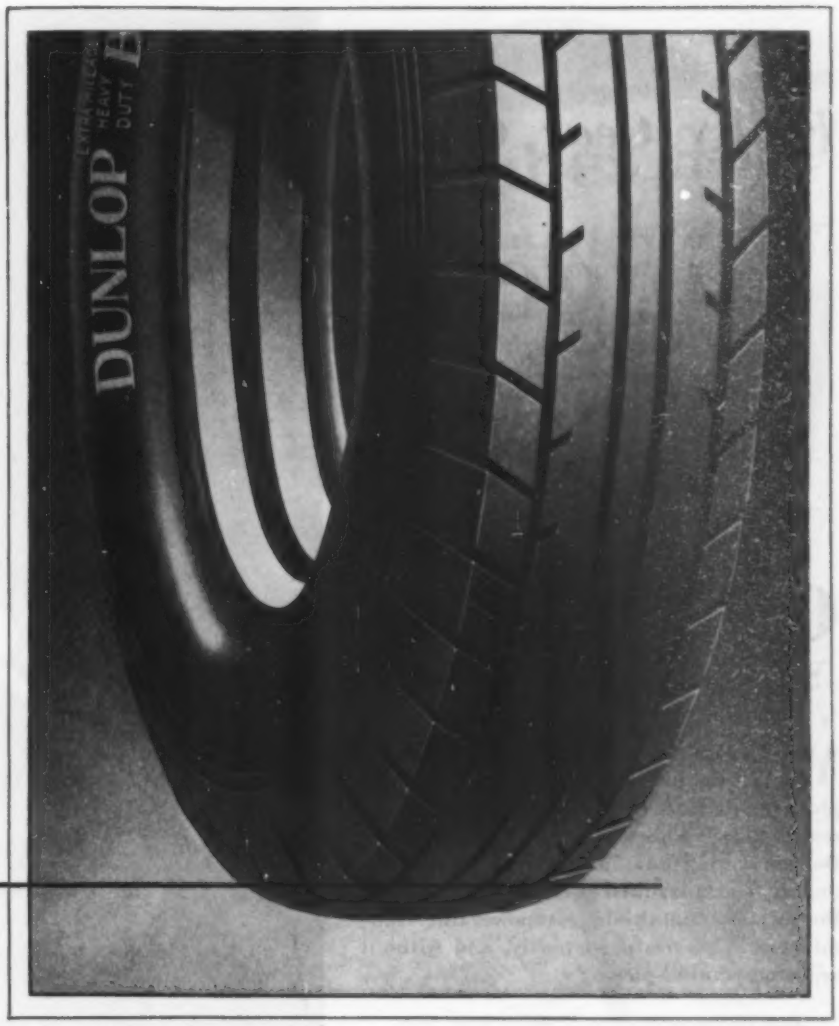
20% MORE TREAD



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And what a tire it is! 20% more rubber, mostly in the tread-depth, partly in the tread-width. Scientifically designed grooves that keep the tread clean for traction... a sharp, clean tread-profile that grips the road.

A new slow-wearing tread compound, the toughest tread rubber Dunlop engineers have been able to develop in more than 41 years' experience.

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DUNLOP *founders of the pneumatic tire industry*

Faulty Gear Grease

Biggest thief of power

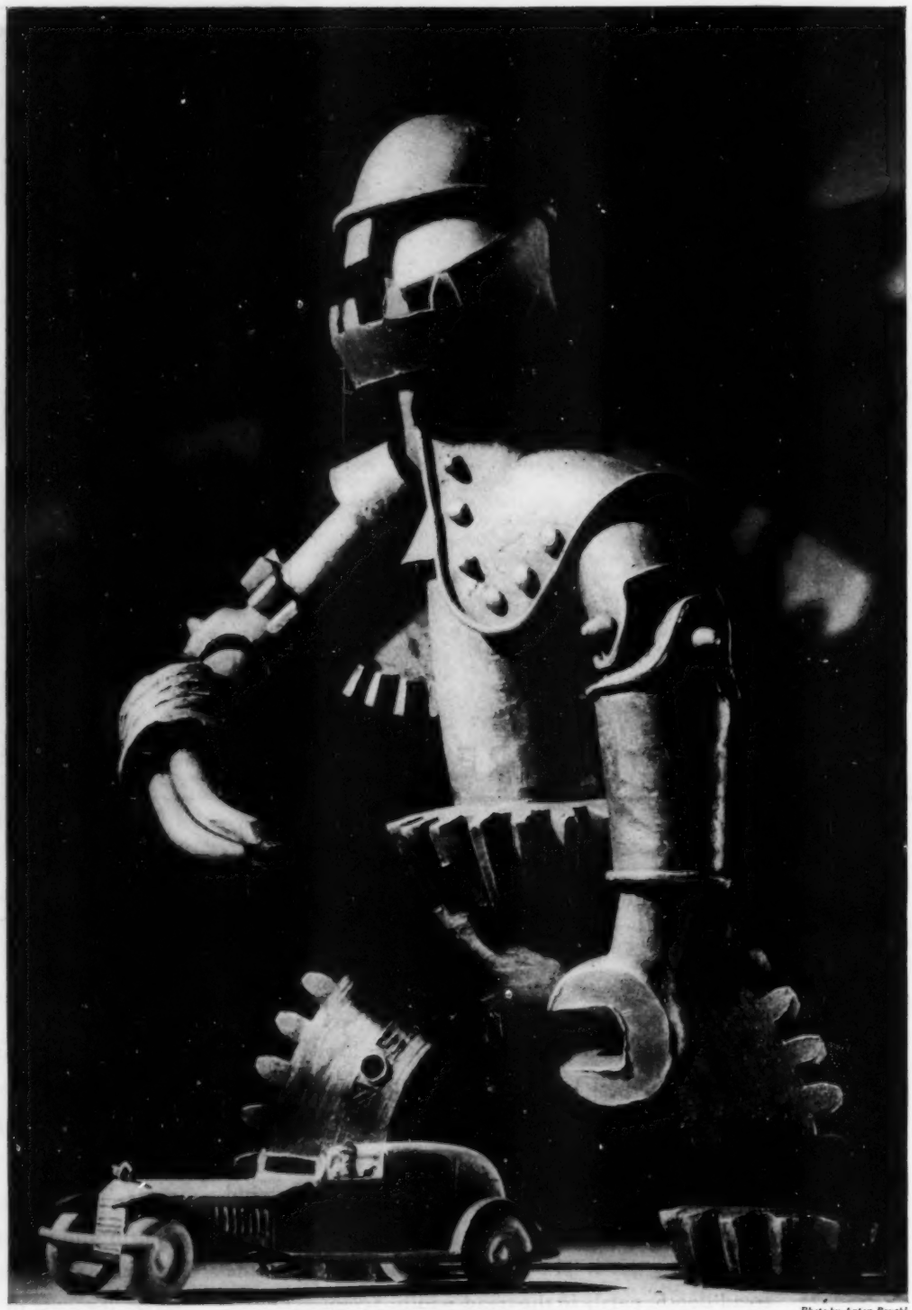

Photo by Anton Bruehl

YOU'VE learned that power is often stolen by carbon in the cylinders, faulty spark plugs, maladjusted carburetor. But do you realize there's a bigger thief than any of these? Do you know that Faulty Gear Grease frequently steals as much as 40% of a car's power? Do you know that this biggest power thief commits his robberies persistently, and without arousing your suspicion?

Just as important to change your gear lubricant regularly as to change your crank-case oil

If you neglect your car and allow stale, worn-out grease to clog the gears, your car will still run—of course. But every mile of operation will mean needlessly high gas and oil consumption, needlessly low pick-up and hill power. Each day your gears will be expensively grinding their way toward the scrap heap and a three figure repair bill. As soon as possible, the shrewd motorist will see to it that stale gear grease is replaced with the heavier lubricant required for warm summer temperatures. Your gears should have received fresh lubricant on April 15; they will need another change of lubricant on October 15; and every 5,000 miles in the meanwhile.

Replace faulty grease with Whiz

—the gear lubricant that's made from pure high grade oils. Many of the so-called "gear lubricants" offered for sale are as faulty as the gritty grease they replace, for they consist of too-thin distillation residues which have been artificially thickened by adding tar, asphalt, rosin—harmful adulterants that seriously impair lubrication. Whiz is the gear lubricant that is blended from the finest oils—just pure oils of wonderful lubricating ability—cooked together for 48 hours. Churned and whipped, in the same way that butter is made from cream, until at last the great kettles are filled with the smoothest, richest grease that ever cushioned a gear. It will pay you to visit a Whiz service station today and, for just a few dollars, have your old gear grease quickly replaced with fresh, efficient, economical Whiz.

The R. M. Hollingshead Co., Camden, New Jersey, and Toronto, Canada.

WHIZ

GEAR LUBRICANT

THE SMOOTH, CREAMY GEAR LUBRICANT THAT CONTAINS NO ADULTERANTS

(Continued from Page 182)

property to their wives, and no doubt make gifts to their mothers, sisters, both married and unmarried daughters, aunts, cousins and nieces, and to their wives' female relatives. Then, too, men of moderate means quite often prefer to have securities which have been bought with their earnings stand in their wives' names.

But the shift of wealth to women is taking place chiefly by means of inheritance. Women are heirs to many fortunes and competences, and especially does the use of life insurance make for this disposal of property. Great numbers of widows, divorcees and daughters, married and unmarried, are living in whole or part on moderate or small incomes invested in stocks, the title to which they have secured through legacy or settlement. As long as these stocks pay reasonably large dividends most women keep them.

Now, it is true that many women became rabid speculators in the great bull market of 1929. But the number of them as compared with those who live upon relatively small incomes in the form of dividends, or who eke out their own small earnings with the dividends upon their modest inheritances, was and is insignificant. It is well known that women, as a rule, hold onto small blocks of stock more tenaciously than men, and also value the little driblets of dividends and interest more than men do. This is natural, but it is also very important, and makes for an increasing stability of stock ownership.

Of course, the fact that the appetite for stocks represents, in the main, an investment rather than a gaming urge does not free it wholly from criticism. It creates problems just as democracy creates problems. Diffusion of ownership is said to enfeeble management, since no one individual or group is vitally interested as proprietor. Then, too, it is said that with widespread ownership the actual control and power become more concentrated than ever before, and beyond the ability of the public to unravel the maze. Finally there is the even more serious charge that with such expanded and dispersed share ownership the public conscience will be dulled and complaints against corporate abuses silenced. If the number of stockholders keeps on increasing, who will raise a voice against corporate rapacity and in defense of the mere consumer? Is it well that profits on one's stock holdings should outweigh all other considerations?

Dispersed Ownership

These questions do not properly belong within the scope of this article. They have been considered by this and other writers in great detail in this magazine on other occasions. Briefly, in passing, it may be replied that corporations with large numbers of stockholders seem able to secure competent managers, and surely they have as much sense of responsibility to the public good as the owners of closely held businesses. As for the dulling of the public conscience from dispersed ownership, one would have to range the whole problem of trusts and the evolution of industrial society to comment on it at all. Even if stock ownership does make the average person more friendly toward corporations, I do not know what we are going to do about it, or how it can be stopped.

That is, the dispersion of stock appears to be absolutely inevitable. We can halt it by fault finding about as well as we can check the changes in the crust of the earth. No one can forecast where these forces will take us in the future, or how they will work out. On the one hand, the whole tendency of business is to shift from private to public form, and the need which so many expanding industries have for additional capital compels the extension of the stockholders' list. The corporation would rather obtain capital from its own miscellaneous list of stockholders than from the banks. The whole tendency is toward the rounding out or integration of industry through mergers and the absorption of one company by another. Each such arrangement widens the public investment scheme. A publicly owned company of great size buys out an important, if smaller and closely held, concern, but to do so it is forced to increase its own stock issue and sell more stock to its existing shareholders.

On the other hand, there is a growing multitude of men and women who have the means to share in corporate profits and insist upon doing so. In a country whose people can afford to own 25,000,000 or 30,000,000 automobiles, it is self-evident that the possibilities of extending share ownership are practically limitless.

Now, though the managers of the great corporations recognize these facts, they talk in less general terms. Their reasons for dispersing stock are very direct and concrete, and they promote it consciously by every device, regardless of whether it be in the direction of social evolution or not.

Breeding Goodwill

In the first place, the managers of big business are determined to make as many friends for it as possible. Their first consideration is not the general welfare but the success and progress of the companies which they direct. It is only fair to say, however, that most of them are sincerely convinced that the public will be benefited if their companies are prosperous. Whether this be so or not, it seems obvious to me that if we are going to have these giant corporations, they should be owned by as many people as possible. We live in an industrial age, and this is one way to make people intelligent participants in the civilization they live in.

But in any case, the managers of companies want all the goodwill and loyalty they can get. The owner of five shares of stock may not actively fight for the company, but if there are 100,000 or more small owners, the corporation feels that its position is that much stronger. The president of a corporation engaged in a vital service to the people, but frequently accused of being part of a monopoly, writes me as follows regarding the recent four-for-one split-up of its stock:

"The shareholders of a sound company are its friends, and this business needs all the friends it can get. There is still a great deal of popular prejudice against the industry. I believe that in changing the par value of our shares we are only doing our duty among American industries in helping the people of small means to become capitalists. If capitalism is the preferred order—and I thoroughly believe in it—the more capitalists we have the better."

There is frankness for you. Or consider the big packers. One of their representatives said to me that when they formerly "went to Washington" they merely represented five families. "We only had five votes," he said. "Now there are two hundred thousand stockholders."

In the second place, it is considered desirable to enlist as many employes and other small investors as possible in order to create customers for the company's goods. This is becoming an increasingly important motive in the wide distribution of stock ownership. To measure the direct sales benefit is very difficult, but there appears to be no difference of opinion that it is at least one method of increasing sales.

Consider the recent four-for-one split-up of General Electric stock for the officially announced purpose of making the shares available for wider distribution. Now, it will be found that this company, over a period of years, has gradually become more and more a producer of electrical appliances which are sold to the small consumer, as well as a producer of generators and other equipment for the generation and distribution of electricity. It may be assumed that a General Electric shareholder is somewhat more inclined to buy a washing machine, a refrigerator, a vacuum cleaner or a fan of that make than if he or she had no proprietary interest. This much, at least, we may

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be sure of—that the stockholders make an unusually appreciative body of readers for the company's advertising. As the secretary of one large corporation writes:

"The wide distribution of our stock is one of the best and most conservative means of institutional advertising which we could undertake. We spend considerable sums in the current magazines to carry the message of our accomplishments and ideals of service. Naturally, our message through these advertisements and through our quarterly pamphlets to stockholders, as well as our annual reports, has its most attentive, interested and sympathetic audience among our own stockholders.

"Furthermore, we receive from our stockholders suggestions for the improvement of our service and the betterment of our products. In one recent case a comparatively small stockholder has actually done some very excellent selling work in connection with a new product which we had just put on the market. Undoubtedly a great deal of minor sales work goes on continually."

I have referred already to the increasing number of women who own stock, and the reasons therefor. This change is welcomed by corporations whose product is purchased by women, for they are the housewives and, therefore, the direct purchasers of many commodities. I recently asked an official of Swift and Company why the stock was being split four for one, and among the reasons given in reply was that many housewives and domestic servants might be able to buy the small new shares.

Then, too, women are supposed to be rather more personal than men. They take a less abstract, detached view of their personal property. They are obliged to, because in most cases they cannot or do not go out and earn a large income from a business or profession. The man is more absorbed in his earnings than in the rather vague, petty benefit which may be had from buying an electrical appliance from a company in which he owns ten shares of stock rather than from one in which he has no ownership. But the poor widow living on a small income finds those ten shares and every possible advantage connected with them of peculiar worth. They are precious to her in a sense which they can never be to those whose earning power is greater.

But it is when we come to the methods by which stock dispersion is brought about that we reach the more human side of the subject. Though large quantities have been sold direct to employes and consumers, distribution has, in the main, taken place through the regular market channels—that is, stocks have been sold through bankers and brokers, and listed upon the stock exchanges. But these are only the first stages in the process, and in themselves they do not go to the heart of the problem. The essential idea is popularization, and that, in turn, may be expressed by saying that stock must be brought within reach of the small investor.

Poor Man's Stock

As soon as this idea of bringing shares within reach strikes home, the appropriate mechanism suggests itself. The idea and the means to effect it are among the most striking of the newer developments in finance.

Formerly company directors and everybody else assumed that if a stock went to several hundred dollars a share because of the large dividends paid or profits earned, nothing could or should be done about it. True, under such circumstances it became a rich man's stock, and others could buy only a few shares. But the attitude was that if most people could afford to buy only a share or two, why, let them buy that. Now an utterly different attitude prevails. When a stock goes to several hundred dollars a share, the par value is reduced from $100 to $50, or $25, or $20, or $10, or perhaps the par value is removed altogether. Then the stock is split four for one or five for one. Or possibly another course is taken, and a large stock dividend is declared.

Now, the plain fact of the matter is that the small investor will buy five shares of stock at 50, where he or she will not buy one share at 250. The gradual percolation and application of this fact are causing what almost amounts to a financial revolution. It is true that the purveyors of get-rich-quick shares long ago understood and profited by this psychology, but then they had to use it to exist at all. They could not possibly sell stock at $250 or even $100 a share. They had no choice in the matter; they had to sell it at ten cents a share or not at all, because there were no earnings to make it sell at $250 or $100.

After all, it is a matter of deliberate choice with the directors of the Canadian Pacific Railway whether they prefer to have the stock held closely at $200 a share by a few capitalists, fire-insurance companies, and estates in London and New York, or whether they shall split it four for one and have it held in small lots at $50 a share by many plain people in Canada. The get-rich-quick artists had no choice in the matter; they had to use popular psychology or not sell their stuff at all.

Reasons for Split-Ups

Now, this whole matter of split-ups, stock dividends and low or no par value contains real possibilities of serious abuse. It may be a vehicle for inside unloading, for barefaced manipulation and the deliberate whetting of public speculation. Moreover, many foolish ideas regarding stock dividends and split-ups prevail. Before these problems the human mind is frequently incapable of the most simple arithmetical calculation. It is often quite disturbing to find the investor unwilling to pay $200 for a single share of stock and yet eager to buy one-quarter of it for $60 or $70.

But these are problems which must be left to another article. In spite of the dangers which they suggest, I insist that it is both human and proper to prefer four shares at $50 each rather than one at $200. People who are willing to put in an order for four or five shares are mortified to buy only one. It does not seem worth while. In the same way, among the more speculative purchasers there is always a desire to deal in 100-share lots rather than in odd lots. Perhaps from the strict mathematical standpoint there is a bit of the absurd in this. Certainly there is a touch of vanity about it.

But human beings are more than mathematical figures. They have pride and dignity. They dislike to be obscure, poor and humble. They hate, above all things, to be considered cheap. They feel less cheap buying more shares at a lower price. Now we may laugh at this trait in human nature and talk about it sarcastically. But there are very few of us that do not have it. The significant fact is that the great industries of the country have but recently seized upon it to modify the whole aspect of property ownership.

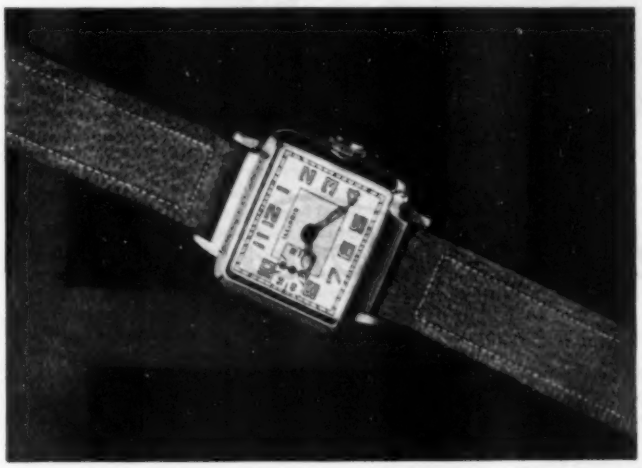
How far will this movement go? I do not know; perhaps it has only begun. If the idea should extend to the banks generally we might see an even greater spread of stock ownership in the next ten years than in the past. It is true that the stocks of several large bank holding companies are selling around 40, and in one case it is the ambition of one of these companies to secure 500,000 stockholders. But most banks as yet, whether small or large, are neither in the holding-company movement nor have their stocks been popularized in price. The possibilities seem boundless enough for the most ambitious.

This much we may conclude: that stock ownership is undergoing such an extension that all its details and ramifications touching the individual must come to possess far more general concern and interest in the future than ever they have held in the past.

Editor's Note—This is the fourth of a series of articles by Mr. Atwood. The fifth will appear in an early issue.

Illinois Watches

cases by Wadsworth



Shown on this page is a representative group of watches with movements by Illinois and cases by Wadsworth.

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Case makers for the leading watch movements

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Cooking Authorities *agree on the* QUALITY of the *new* G. Washington's coffee

THE BOSTON SCHOOL OF COOKERY

applauds the cup quality of G. Washington's, the modern coffee made from the finest coffee grown.

MISS FARMER'S SCHOOL OF COOKERY

demonstrated that a little can of G. Washington's is a household service and economy. There is no waste whatever.

THE HOME MAKING CENTER

of the N. Y. State Women's Clubs proved the uniform freshness of the fine coffee. It is always made exactly the same—made and packed immediately after roasting, to preserve original flavor.

LOVERS of good coffee are finding a new enjoyment in the new G. Washington's. Everything that makes for quality—fine flavor, freshness, uniformity, convenience—you will discover now in greater measure than ever.

The Boston School of Cookery tested this modern coffee for its value to the housewife. They stated, "The new G. Washington's Coffee is certainly a labor saving product, far more uniform in quality than the average 'Coffee-pot Coffee'. Everybody will appreciate the speed and ease with which it can be served, as well as the unvarying quality."

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Made from the finest coffee beans, roasted, ground and percolated in glass containers; the moisture is then removed, leaving only the coffee part of the coffee bean. All you need do is add hot water to have a perfect cup of coffee, uniform and fresh.

G. Washington's COFFEE

the coffee part of the coffee bean

PHANTOM OF THE ASPENS

(Continued from Page 31)

Wintering again in the lowlands, Phantom heard again those vicious reports and now saw members of his band go down during those fatal halts to look back. Toward spring his horns began to loosen round the bur and presently dropped off as a new velvet growth pushed through. That fall after the rubbing season, he found himself possessed of a straggling set of antlers with three points on one side and four points on the other.

It was shortly after these new ornaments had matured that Phantom had an encounter that nearly cost him his life. The faintest scent of the tawny menace was wafted to his nose by a curling shift of the breeze. On the instant he was galvanized into precipitate, headlong flight down the mountain. Already the slayer had started his rush. A mighty leap carried him to Phantom's rump, where his fore claws seized in a wicked grip while the talons of his hind feet raked the buck's legs to secure a hold.

The cougar had not quite attained his mark because of Phantom's speed in starting, and now the buck's rushing momentum down the mountain prevented the big cat from attaining a secure hold. The buried claws slipped, sliced back and down across Phantom's haunches and the killer was spilled as the hold gave way.

The tawny killer gave up the chase, but Phantom kept on and on in blind terror. When at last he did halt, he was weak from loss of blood. Later, when the wounds healed, he joined a band of does and fawns.

The horror of the cougar attack was still fresh in mind after he had accompanied his new friends down the migration trail to winter quarters. Perhaps that experience served to instill added terror in his heart at the sound of every report in the hills. In this low country he was apprehensive and uneasy, ever on his guard against surprise.

Appleton sighted the band through his glasses and made a perfect stalk against the wind. Presently he peered round the shoulder of a ravine and surveyed the white carpet of snow above which the brush and cottonwoods afforded a measure of concealment for his quarry. His questing eye focused on the hindquarters of a fat buck—the only portion of the animal that showed from behind a snow-covered spur of a hill seventy-odd yards away. Appleton was too seasoned a hunter to shoot a deer in the hams and spoil the meat. As he maneuvered for a more favorable shot a loose rock beneath the snow turned under his foot and precipitated a tiny snowslide into the ravine.

Phantom had caught not so much as a taint of man scent, but so fearful and alert had he become that it needed no more than the soft rustling of the little snowslide to start him into instant flight. At top speed he bounded up the course of the draw out of Appleton's sight, the other members of the band racing with him.

Calmly Appleton waited, the big Airedale trembling excitedly beside him. Appleton knew mule deer. They would have to cross out of that draw within range of him. Three to one they'd stop in that fifty-yard opening between the trees on the ridge. The first of the band, an old doe followed by twin fawns, bounded into the opening in great leaps. Halfway across she came to a dead halt and looked back.

Then, across that opening came the buck at express-train speed, traveling in twenty-foot leaps. For the first time fear led Phantom to violate the custom of his kind. He did not halt with the others. Instead, he gathered speed, as if his one thought was to place that perilous open space behind him.

"Whew! Look at that buck travel!" Appleton murmured.

The buck mounted steadily until he had reached the aspen jungles of those high benches where he had first seen the light of day.

The snow lay deep, but here and there the tips of brush and saplings showed above it. Phantom made a meal of the handiest forage, moved into the heart of an extensive stand of aspens and bedded in the snow. Often after that he stood on the rims and gazed down across the rolling country so far below. But he had found that he was unmolested here, and he would not venture to descend. The low country knew him no more.

Appleton, repairing to those high benches and scanning the country through his glasses, discovered several lines of buck tracks across various openings. He had no idea where the maker of those tracks might be bedded, but he began a careful cruise upwind, feeling sure that if he did jump the buck he would stop within two hundred yards to look back.

It is instinctive with a deer to know that its back track is a source of menace. A wary buck almost invariably circles before bedding, so that an enemy on his track will pass either within view or upwind. In the low country Phantom had acquired such cautious habits.

He had followed that custom in this instance. Appleton, it happened, was neither following the track nor taking a course that would place him upwind from Phantom. But a low aspen limb swished from his coat. The buck's ears caught the alien sound. Without waiting for his eyes or nose to confirm the message received by his ears, he leaped from his bed in full flight.

Appleton caught only fleeting glimpses of a speedy gray ghost between the aspen trunks a hundred yards away. Then the apparition had vanished while the hunter still remained poised for that almost inevitable halt that would give him his opportunity for a shot.

"Did I see a deer or didn't I?" he inquired of Rick.

He moved cautiously ahead, feeling sure that the buck had halted and would be looking back. He struck the tracks and followed them.

"The deuce!" he said at last. "That buck never did stop or even tarry."

For two miles he followed the trail and found it uniform—bunched tracks spaced from fifteen to twenty-odd feet apart, with which sort of stiff-legged bounds a mule deer travels when in hot haste.

Twice again before spring Appleton cruised those high benches. The sign revealed the fact that the lone buck still held forth in that country. Twice again Appleton jumped him, on each occasion only to catch fleeting glimpses of a gray wraith between close-growing trunks. Appleton tried to secure a running shot.

"Sho!" he said to the Airedale. "In any kind of open timber a man can get in a snap shot. Trying to catch him in your sights going full speed through these aspen trunks is like trying to shoot through the cracks in a picket fence off a railway train. It ain't down in the cards. But I'll catch that buck napping yet. So far, except that we find his tracks each time, I'd think it was a phantom, the way he fades without a sound."

So he began to refer to the buck as Phantom in his conversation with the Airedale.

Phantom, moving up country as the snow line receded, felt a vast disinclination to associate with the bands of does and fawns. Instead, he mounted to the high country where the dense forests opened out into open stands of gnarled and twisted timber-line trees, thickets of stunted spruce and tangles of ground pine. There, in an isolated pocket of the peaks, he selected his summer's retreat. To this high country also came the monarchs of the elk herds, old bulls with their growing antlers in the velvet. One day he chanced across two giant bull moose in a boggy timber-line meadow. Other mule-deer bucks were to be found among these high gorges.

Into Phantom's chosen retreat strayed a mighty buck, his frame as big and powerful as Phantom's own, while his new antler

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growth was of even greater proportions. Phantom recognized him as one he had met as a fawn, later as a fork horn on the migration trail. The usual antler form of a mule-deer buck consists of five points on either side. Any deviation from this pattern indicates a freak growth, a departure from the normal. And the new arrival's velvet growth revealed a pronouncedly freakish pattern. The velvet-sheathed antlers were of massive proportions, heavy in the beam and adorned with ten points on one side, a dozen on the other.

Phantom and Freak-horn associated in comradely fashion throughout the summer. They bedded in the same areas of down-timbered forest, grazed forth side by side into alpine meadows to crop the tender shoots of alpine willows and munch the crisp mountain clover. This bachelor friendship was highly satisfactory on both sides.

Phantom nursed his tender velvet growth from harm, taking particular pains to avoid bringing the forming antlers into rough contact with heavy limbs or underbrush. The velvet growth expanded and grew in length and heft.

September ushered in the cold crisp days and the nightly freezes of the northern autumn. The velvet sheath began to shred away from Phantom's antlers, revealing the white, blood-streaked, horny substance underneath. Sometimes these fluttering shreds gave him a ragged appearance until the loosened strips dropped off. His horns began to itch and, to allay the irritation, he rubbed his antlers vigorously against the feathery tops of young spruce and pines. Freak-horn, too, was rubbing, as were the bull elk and bull moose of this bachelor country at timber line.

The first few snowfalls of the autumn melted, except in the sheltered spots. Phantom was increasingly conscious of a vague excitement that stirred within him as October was ushered in. He had fits of belligerence that led him to horn small spruce and pine trees viciously. Once he snorted angrily at Freak-horn as his comrade buck drew near. Freak-horn stared at him from eyes that were bloodshot and proceeded to slash a young fir to ribbons with his mighty antlers. The constant horning of young trees and underbrush cleared the last of the shredded velvet growth from Phantom's antlers and the whiteness of the new horns turned brown, except at the tips, where repeated friction polished them to lighter points.

The bull elk, too, were polishing their horns, as were the antlered monarchs of the moose clan. Phantom's neck began to swell until it was far thicker than in normal times. His heavy iron-gray coat of the previous winter had been shed long since, to be replaced by new hair growth of a reddish-brown tinge. Now this new, short hair had been transformed into a sleek coat of bluish gray. A hunter of the Wyoming hills would say of the mule deer that they were now in the "short blue." The lakes and streams, freed of the sediment of earlier summer floods, now showed a clear deep blue in the valleys. The sky overhead was a vault of flawless blue. A bluish haze hung in the hills—the "short blue moon" of the red men of the Western hills.

There came a day when Freak-horn, glaring redly at Phantom, snorted his anger and quit the high country. Phantom was not sorry to be rid of his presence.

A great bull elk moved to the rim of the pocket and peered down across the lower country. Then he extended his head, his massive antlers tossed back almost on a level with his shoulders, and the clear, silvery bugle note of his challenge pealed across the Wyoming hills. An answering peal was bugled defiantly from afar, while up from the forested slopes below drifted still a third bugle note. Phantom snorted defiantly, stamped his forefeet and set off for the haunts of the does and fawns. For the "short blue moon" also ushers in the mating moon of the antlered tribes.

Phantom was adorned with a heavy set of five-point antlers. He had come into his own at last. He had reached his prime. When he joined the first band of does and fawns that he encountered, it was no longer in the rôle of an associate on equal terms but in the guise of lord and master. A dainty two-year-old doe was in a lovelorn mood. She was Phantom's first love and he lingered with her for two days. Then, with the fickleness of his kind, he deserted and traveled far in search of new loves.

The mule-deer buck is the philandering gallant of the hills, constant to one love but for a few hours or for a few days at most, wandering on then in search of new conquests, engaging in desperate duels in defense of his fancied right to become the supreme lover of his tribe. As a philandering blade he tops the list. As a family man he is by all odds at the foot of it; so with Phantom. A model of inconstancy, he consorted with three new loves within the week.

It was not until the running moon was half over that Phantom found it necessary to engage in physical combat in order to establish his right to become the consort of a young doe in a band that he had just joined.

Within ten minutes of joining the doe, Phantom heard the angry snort of a rival buck. Freak-horn moved purposefully into view and charged viciously down upon Phantom, who met him head-on in a burst of homicidal fury. Their antlers met with a clang that resounded across the hills. Both bucks staggered from the terrific impact and each whirled, catlike, in an effort to make a thrust past his adversary's guard. Neither succeeded. Horn met horn again.

Phantom braced himself to heave with all his strength in an effort to overthrow his enemy. Freak-horn similarly brought to bear every ounce of his heavy strength. Phantom felt his neck and back buckling under the pressure. He backed swiftly in a half circle. Freak-horn, following closely his advantage, pressed on with a rush, overreached himself, and was forced back in turn as Phantom secured a foothold and braced for a return thrust. For a space of minutes neither gained decided advantage. As if by mutual agreement, both backed away a few feet to resort to another savage charge, again to test their strength in heaving attempts to overthrow the enemy.

Minute after minute the furious conflict raged. The forest resounded with the occasional clash of horns that met after short, desperate charges. The soft earth was torn up by churning hoofs. Phantom's eyes were red with fury. Freak-horn's orbs glared redly back at him. Bits of froth spattered the sleek blue hides. Freak-horn had the advantage of his heavier set of freak antlers. Phantom's breath came in short spurts and the muscles of his neck seemed cramped to the bursting point.

Presently his hind legs gave way as he backed before a furious, lunging rush of his stronger adversary. Almost he lost his footing. Instantly Freak-horn disengaged himself and leaped in again with lowered head to take Phantom in the side before he could interpose the shielding guard of his antlers. But Phantom, with a lightning shift, met him again horn to horn.

The first flakes of a heavy storm were floating down through the trees. The does in the band, as if no longer interested in this battle of giants, were moving down country along the migration trail. Freak-horn, after another furious rush that forced Phantom back five yards, suddenly left his weakening foe and moved off on the trail of the does. Thus Phantom was saved the humiliating choice of fleeing for his life or remaining to take a terrific slashing.

His muscles ached from the recent strain. Deer were coming down the migration trail and after a few hours he joined another band of does. The elk, too, were traveling down country ahead of the storm. The hills echoed the silvery bugle peals of the bulls. On occasion there sounded the challenging grunt of a bull moose or the yelping bark of a cow elk. The migration route of the elk branched off from that of the mule deer. The running moon of his clan had ended when the deer herds reached the

(Continued on Page 193)

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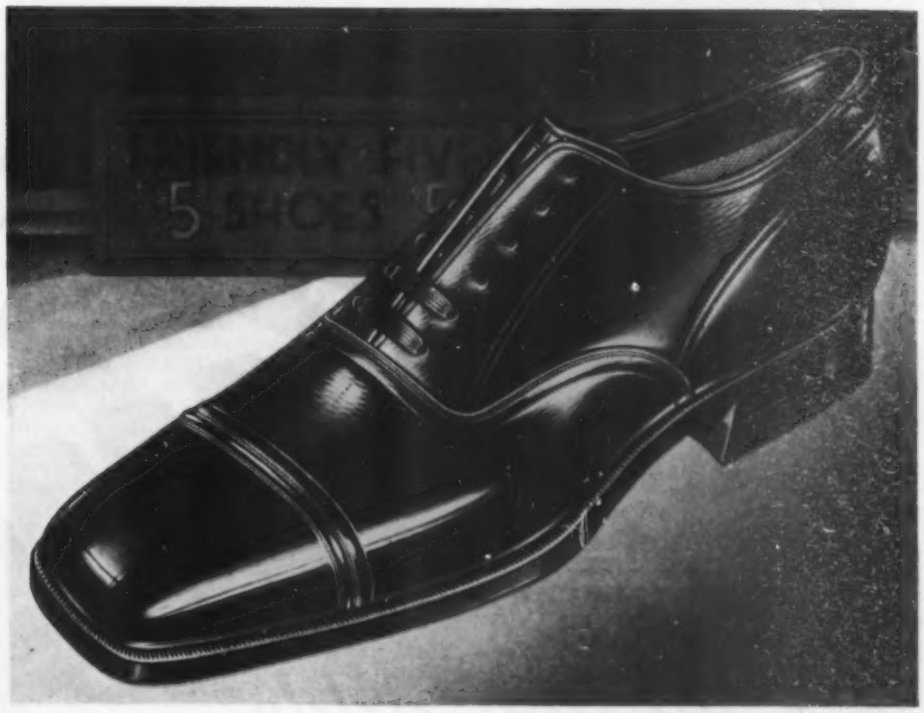

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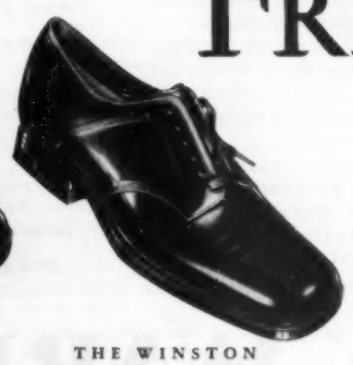

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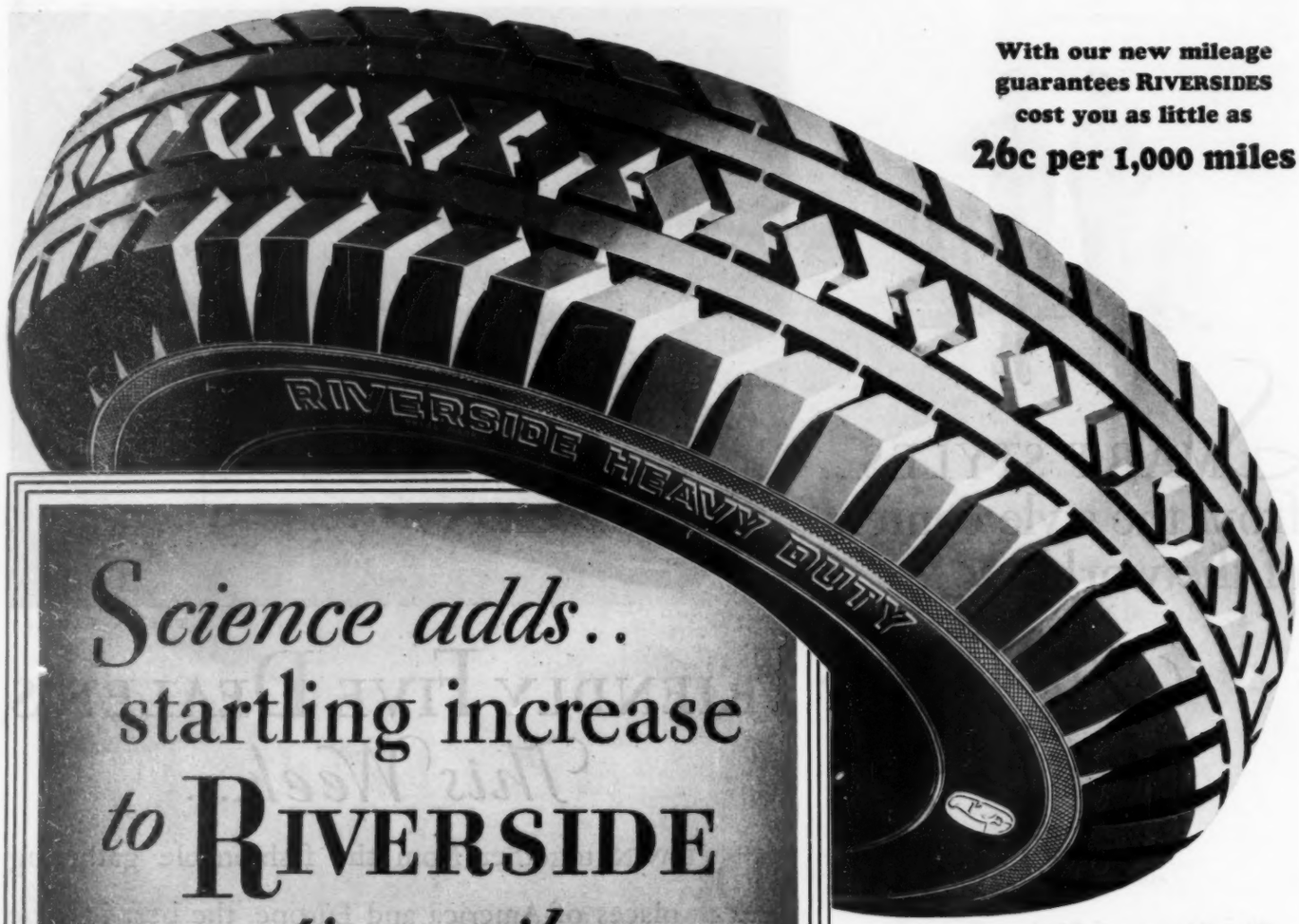

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(Continued from Page 190)

aspen-clad benches of Phantom's birthplace.

Fear again reigned over Phantom, replacing the insane fury and lack of caution that had characterized his actions throughout the past month. He remained here among the aspen jungles when the mule deer descended into the lower country. And to these aspen thickets in midwinter, turned wary and having departed from the mob customs of his kind, came Freak-horn. He was slightly wounded, the ball having furrowed across his chest. Appleton, trying a long running shot, had led his target a mite too far.

The two bucks renewed their friendship of the summer, all the recent enmity forgotten. Each was wary in the extreme.

Appleton, a confirmed bachelor, in addition to working his little ranch single-handed and caring for his bunch of stock, was fated to do his own cooking and housework as well. He had not too much leisure time, therefore, in which to hunt for Phantom. But one morning he rode to the upper benches, dismounted and set forth on foot, accompanied by the Airedale. A mile away he sighted two big bucks standing at the edge of the timber in an open park.

"One is that big buck with the freak horns we shot at down below a month or more ago, Rick," he said. "The other is Phantom."

The bucks moved into the timber, and Appleton, hoping that they would bed there, began his stalk. But the bucks had traveled for a mile or more before bedding. Appleton, knowing that when a mule-deer buck turns hunter-wise and wary he is one of the most difficult instead of the easiest creatures to bring to bag, followed the trail with all caution. He was rewarded only by wraithlike glimpses of fleet gray bodies far away between close-growing ranks of aspen trunks.

"Well, Rick, old Phantom and Freak-horn has teamed up as partners," he said on the homeward way. "We'll bag the pair of them some day!"

But that day seemed long in coming. The single-handed running of his ranch and the preparation of his meals required long hours of steady work.

"I'll get me a cook some day," he kept promising Rick. "But I won't marry me any female to cook for me. I'll hire a man cook. Womenfolks comes between a man and his friends. I had me a good partner once. We teamed it together fine. Then he up and married a widow woman. We'd be partners just the same, he claimed. But she figured me out of it, turned him against me to the p'int where we come close to having a private war and shooting it out. No, sir, Rick. No females for me. We'll hire a man cook one of these times and take more days off to hunt that brace of cagy old bucks up on the mountain."

Spring came again without Appleton's having secured a shot at either of the bucks, though he had made three hunts among the aspen jungles of the benches. The two bucks summered again in their high pocket. That year Freak-horn grew a normal set of five-point antlers, heavy and massive, a wonderful head that would have roused the cupidity of any hunter, but without the irregularities of the former year. Phantom, too, grew a tremendous set of antlers, larger even than those of his bachelor friend, sporting a glorious head that would fulfill any hunter's most ambitious dream.

The "short blue moon" came again, and with it the deadly enmity between all bucks. Phantom chanced again to come into conflict with Freak-horn over the right to mate with a lovelorn doe. Phantom bested his antagonist, leaving him slashed and bloody and half dead. When they met again in the aspen jungles where they wintered, all enmity was forgotten.

The snows fell deep that winter. Great drifts and combs that overhung the rims made it impossible to reach the benches on horseback, and Appleton did not care to make the arduous trip on snowshoes, so the two bucks passed the winter unmolested.

Appleton hunted the aspens just often enough during the following winter to keep Phantom in a state of constant preparedness. He never bedded now in open forests of lodgepole, but invariably took his rest in rank stands of aspens. Often he crossed an opening against the wind, circled back and bedded a hundred yards inside an aspen thicket, so that any who crossed that opening on his track would be within view of him while the wind would carry tidings of a chance enemy approaching from the opposite direction. Freak-horn followed similar tactics and one or the other of the bucks saw, heard or scented Appleton on each of the rancher's periodical pilgrimages to the aspen benches. Always the quarry kept to cover when in flight.

"I've pulled within a hundred yards or so of them a time or two every winter," Appleton complained to Rick, "but they hang out in the quakers. The trunks grow so close that shooting a running buck a hundred yards away is like shooting a humming bird through a picket fence. But ol' Phantom will forget himself some day and bed in open lodgepole timber. Then we'll down him."

That year and the next the two bucks wintered in the dense aspen thickets and summered in the inaccessible timber-line pocket among the peaks. They failed to face each other in combat during the running moon, though each engaged in several sanguinary encounters with other bucks. That second winter was very mild; so springlike, in fact, that many mule deer wintered on the benches without descending to the lower country. Feed was abundant, and Phantom was rolling fat when the first green grass peeped through. He was still in his prime, and that summer his velvet growth assumed massive proportions. Freak-horn, too, grew a tremendous set of antlers. Each sported almost a record head.

Appleton took unto himself a partner, a bachelor crony named Wilson, who bought out the owner of the next little ranch and pooled forces with Appleton. The two men took up quarters in the latter's two-room log cabin.

"This winter we'll have a little more time off to hunt them two old bucks up in the quakers, Rick," Appleton said. "We'll hang those two old boys up for sure this winter."

Winter came early. September snows were heavy and remained on the ground. Deer and elk were crowded down migration routes six weeks before their usual time. Migration and the running moon occurred simultaneously. Storm followed storm and through the drifting flakes the challenging grunts of bull moose, the silvery bugling of old herd bosses among the elk, the hopeful squeals of younger bulls, yelping barks of the cows and the occasional whistling snort of a mule-deer buck punctuated the earliest migration of the antlered tribes in two decades.

Phantom, wandering tirelessly from one band of does to another, worked lower with the others of his clan. The mating moon was drawing to a close when he reached the aspen benches where he had first seen the light of day. Already his fickle fancy was turning from the doe who was his latest consort. He deserted her as she followed the rearmost of the migrating deer down over the rims toward the low country.

The following day a few belated bands of deer came through, traveling steadily to beat the storm that hovered over the hills. The night was still as death while the storm gods gathered force for the fury that was to come. And in the early gray dawn a single doe came down the migration trail. She traveled with a pronounced limp, having had a foreleg shattered by the rifle of a careless or excited hunter the preceding winter.

She was seeking a mate and Phantom accosted her. It is to be doubted that he recognized her as that slender, dainty creature who had been his first love when he had attained his prime as a three-year-old. Casanova of the hills could not be bothered with recollections of old loves, but he would

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fight to the death for the favors of any new one. So when he heard the hoof beats and the challenging snort of a rival buck, he whirled and faced up the migration trail.

Freak-horn, hot upon the trail of the lovelorn doe, sighted Phantom and charged him with utmost ferocity. Phantom, with the madness of the mating moon upon him, rushed to meet this interloper. The forest echoed the clang of horns as the two maddened beasts came together.

Muscles were tensed to the breaking point as the two great bucks strained head to head. Backs buckled and hind legs churned as each gladiator held his own despite the other's efforts to force him to give ground. As if at a given signal, they backed and charged again in a short, furious rush.

Unheeded, the forefront of the storm discharged its volley of white flakes upon the embattled pair. Neither observed the fact that the crippled doe headed down country on the migration trail. Minute after minute the battle went on. The foemen were well matched. Neither gained more than temporary advantage. For the twentieth time they drew apart and lunged back in a venomous charge, with every ounce of power behind the drive. Again the aspens trembled to the clang of horns.

Antler met with antler squarely. The force of the driving bodies spread Phantom's great antlers and those of Freak-horn slid inside them. Neither buck realized the fact and both settled again to a heavy test of strength. When next they sought to draw back for a fresh charge, it was only to discover that neither could retreat. Locked horns! Each struggled valiantly to free himself of the other. The storm raged itself out and the skies cleared. Similarly the rage of the bucks had spent itself. The mating moon of the mule-deer clan had passed. With returning sanity, Phantom found himself eye to eye with his old friend. He had no quarrel with this fellow, and he was hungry.

He tried to crop a tip of brush that thrust above the trampled snow. Freak-horn's similar move defeated his purpose.

The battle light had died out of the eyes that stared into one another across a narrow space that could never be widened. Perhaps in this predicament each found consolation in the presence of a comrade of years' standing.

Freak-horn weakened first, and when he could no longer stand, Phantom stood with braced legs, his head lowered and locked to that of his prostrate friend. He backed in eccentric circles in his efforts to crop a few brush tips that showed above the snow. But he was very tired. It had been more than a week since the start of that fatal battle. Already there was threat of another storm.

Freak-horn stirred restlessly and Phantom went to his knees, then bedded facing his old friend and enemy. He was conscious of no discomfort as he closed his eyes in the last long sleep while the flakes of the new storm—a savage one that raged for days—drifted deep over him.

"We'll get 'em this trip, Rick," Appleton promised. "We'll have more time to hunt this winter. And we'll hang those two cagy old bucks up sure."

But when he scanned the country with his glasses, Appleton felt a curious sense of loss. The white surface revealed not so much as a single line of tracks in any glade, bald ridge or sidehill park. It had come to be something of a game with him to hunt the phantom buck and his running mate. Appleton still referred to the latter as Freak-horn, though the buck had not grown a set of freak horns since that first winter when he had joined Phantom in the aspens.

Appleton was schooled in the signs of the open. As he sat there he observed a golden eagle pitching down out of the blue to a point a mile or more away. Presently two ravens flew high overhead, croaking as they winged their way and slanted down toward the spot where the eagle had disappeared. A pair of camp robbers and a nutcracker took a similar course. Appleton knew what this feathered conclave presaged.

"The meat-eatin' birds is gathering to the kill, Rick," he said. "There's a carcass over there somewheres. We'll have a look."

The Airedale ranged ahead. Arickaree Boy, whose keen nose had failed to lead him to Phantom the week after his birth, discovered him now a week after his death. Rick's excited barking at the meat-eating birds that had scratched off the blanket of snow led Appleton to the spot.

"Huh!" he said. "Locked horns. That's what I've always told you, Rick. Females make trouble. This pair of old he ones has been friends since they was fawns. Likely they fell out over some spindle-shanked doe that wasn't worth the trouble. And this is what come of it!"

The ranch at the foot of the mountain has prospered. Appleton and Wilson, both personable men, though somewhat past the prime of life, are rated well-to-do. It is current gossip that their log cabin is a mess, cluttered with this and that, and with pack saddles, traps and equipment piled in odd corners—no system. It is known that they could well afford wives and everyone realizes and comments upon the fact that the place needs the touch of a woman's hand. Whenever visiting ranch families bring up this matter, which frequently occurs, the two men merely grin—while Rick, very old now, thumps his stump tail—and their eyes, as if unconsciously, seek the massive set of locked horns nailed above the cabin door.

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Courage

I'D LIKE to think that I can look at death
And smile and say,
"All I have left now is my final breath,
Take that away,
And you must either leave me dust or dreams
Or in far flight
A soul that wanders where the star dust streams
Through endless light."

I'd rather think that I can look at life
With this to say:
"Send what you will of struggle and of strife,
Blue skies or gray,
I'll stand against the final charge of hate
By peak and pit,
And nothing in the steel-shod fist of fate
Can make me quit."

—Grantland Rice.

A Hobo's Confession

AFTER the first few places where you strike
Back doors for hand-outs, letting go your pride,
You learn by their surroundings what they're like—
The folks that stop inside.
Not by the front they put up, bright and gay!
Gypsies judge people, looking at their hands;
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Of judging those they beg from; in a town
They'll turn the prosperous-looking dwelling down—
And they will get a feed where children play!

—Harry Kemp.

Spent Arrows

A YEAR ago, if I had spoken thus,
As I spoke harshly to you here, today,
A wave of crimson would have hotly thrust

(Continued on Page 198)

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WIDER than famed Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington, or the Mall, London, Canal Street, New Orleans, has long been known as the widest and one of the finest business streets in America. The lighting of such a thoroughfare is no small engineering problem.

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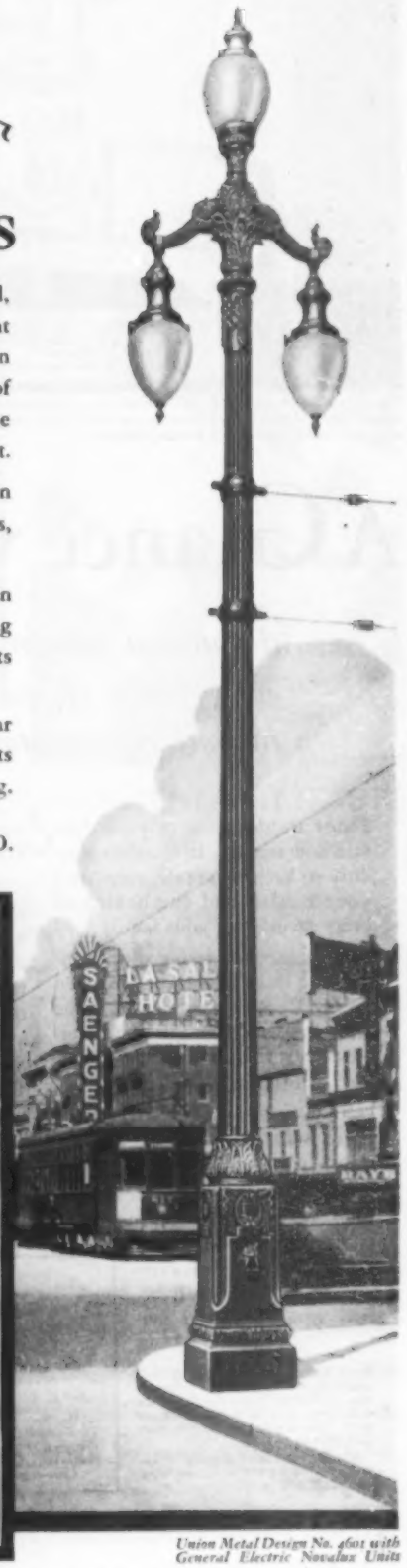

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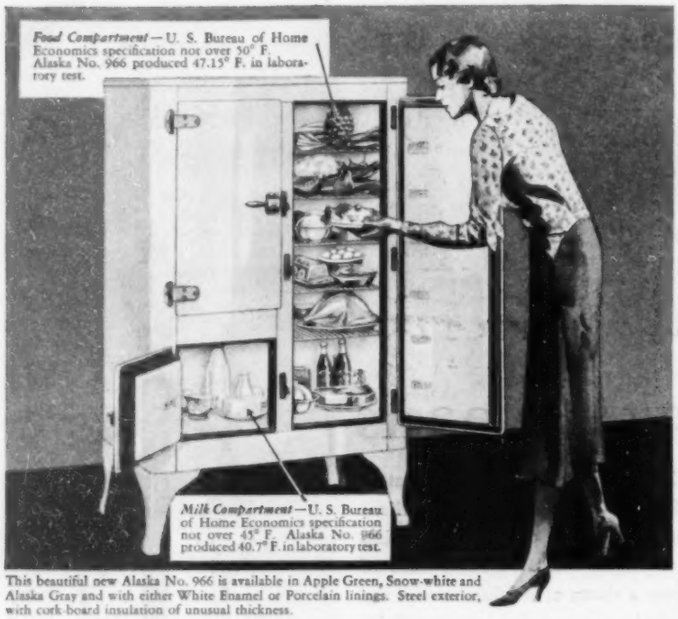
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While every precaution is taken to insure accuracy, we cannot guarantee against the possibility of an occasional change or omission in the preparation of this index.

The Evening Bulletin
HOOVER ACTS TO SPEED TARIFF AND HELP BUSINESS
THREE SEA POWERS FAIL TO AGREE
TARIFF EXPECTED TO BENAM BOLD
MASKED BANDIT MURDERS WOMAN
BROWN RESIGNATION PETITIONS DELAYED
CIRCULATE YANK'S SENATE PETITIONS HERE TOMORROW
GAMBLER IS JAILED AIDING BOOTLEGGER
ATTORNEY ARGUES OWN DIVORCE CASE
LATEST NEWS

THE CONFIDENCE OF BUSINESS . . . OF THE HOME

THE CITY OF HOMES
In the Philadelphia Market there are 572,600 homes, and half of them are owned by their occupants. The Bulletin, with a daily circulation of 555,711, reaches nearly every home in this area.

Confidence—the basis of all business, the foundation of all permanent growth—has created in Philadelphia a newspaper condition which exists in no other metropolitan market in America.

The confidence of the Philadelphia home has given The Evening Bulletin a circulation coverage that is unique in newspaper history: A market of 572,600 homes; a circulation of 555,711 copies daily, almost entirely concentrated in this trading area.

The confidence of business gives The Bulletin, year after year, more retail store advertisements than all other Philadelphia newspapers, daily and Sunday, combined.

The confidence of agencies and advertisers everywhere gives The Evening Bulletin, in six days, more national advertising lineage than any Philadelphia seven-day newspaper.

A great city has been won to this newspaper by thirty-four years of day-after-day performance; beginning in 1895 with a mere handful of readers; growing through a third of a century to undisputed leadership in its own territory, to a place among the great newspapers of America.

A permanent growth in which premiums or prizes, coupons or circulation contests had no place, in which sensational news treatment played no part.

Philadelphia, today, presents a merchandising opportunity. Here in America's Third Largest Market, with its annual "billion dollar" volume in retail sales, one newspaper reaches nearly every home in city and suburbs, at an unusually low cost.

The Evening Bulletin CITY HALL SQUARE
WILLIAM L. McLEAN, PUBLISHER **PHILADELPHIA**

New York Office: 247 Park Ave. Chicago Office: 333 N. Michigan Ave. Detroit Office: 321 Lafayette Blvd. San Francisco: 681 Market St.

$20,000.00

in prizes for photographs of LOVELY MOTHERS & ATTRACTIVE CHILDREN

444 BIG CASH PRIZES - - - - -

CHARLES AYLETT

FANNIE HURST

MARY ROBERTS RINEHART

These world-famous people to decide the awards

THE TIME is short. Soon the judges will meet to make selections in their quest for America's loveliest mothers and most attractive children. May 10 marks the final date of this unique photographic contest.

Will *your* family prints be among those considered for the 444 cash awards, totaling $20,000? Will *you* share in the fame and public acclaim that also will reward the winners? You still have time to enter—but you must act at once.

Read the simple rules. Note that no cost or obligation is involved. Make up your mind to accept this golden opportunity. Call on your local photographer now, for entry blanks and assistance. If unable to secure entry blanks in your community, use the coupon below. Address Contest Department, Photographers' Association of America, 2258 Euclid Ave., Cleveland, Ohio.

AWARDS

America's Loveliest Mother

FIRST INTERNATIONAL AWARD	$1,500.00
SECOND INTERNATIONAL AWARD	500.00
THIRD INTERNATIONAL AWARD	250.00
FIRST SECTIONAL AWARD, SIX SECTIONS	100.00
2ND TO 11TH SECTIONAL AWARDS, EACH SECTION	50.00
12TH TO 33RD SECTIONAL AWARDS, EACH SECTION	25.00
FIRST CANADIAN AWARD	100.00
2ND TO 11TH CANADIAN AWARDS, EACH	50.00
12TH TO 21ST CANADIAN AWARDS, EACH	25.00

America's Most Attractive Child

FIRST INTERNATIONAL AWARD	$1,500.00
SECOND INTERNATIONAL AWARD	500.00
THIRD INTERNATIONAL AWARD	250.00
FIRST SECTIONAL AWARD, SIX SECTIONS	100.00
2ND TO 11TH SECTIONAL AWARDS, EACH SECTION	50.00
12TH TO 33RD SECTIONAL AWARDS, EACH SECTION	25.00
FIRST CANADIAN AWARD	100.00
2ND TO 11TH CANADIAN AWARDS, EACH	50.00
12TH TO 21ST CANADIAN AWARDS, EACH	25.00

CONTEST RULES

1. Contest is open to any resident of United States or Canada, except persons or members of families of persons connected in any way with photographic industry.

2. Any photograph taken by professional photographer, after Feb. 20, 1930, shall be eligible for competition. Entrant may submit as many such photographs as desired.

3. Each entry must be accompanied by entry blank, properly filled in. If more than one print is submitted by entrant, each must be accompanied by separate entry blank. Obtain entry blanks from your local photographer, or by using coupon below.

4. Combination or group pictures of mother and children are not eligible for either contest. Each entry must be single figure, mother or child.

5. Photographs of mothers may only be entered by subject herself, or with her written consent; photographs of children only by parents or guardians, or with their written consent.

6. Each prize-winning photograph becomes property of Photographers' Association of America, whose right to use it for advertising, publicity and exhibition purposes is acknowledged by entrant. All other prints will be returned if requested.

7. Any one entrant may receive only one prize. International prize winners are not eligible for sectional competition.

8. Size, style or quality of photograph shall not be given consideration. Awards made solely on appropriateness of subjects as "the loveliest mother" or "the most attractive child."

9. In event of a tie for any award, each tying contestant receives full amount of that prize. Decisions of judges shall be final.

10. All entries must be mailed to Contest Dept., Photographers' Association of America, 2258 Euclid Ave., Cleveland, Ohio, postmarked not later than midnight, May 10, 1930.

* * *

PHOTOGRAPHERS' ASSOCIATION OF AMERICA
Contest Department, 2258 Euclid Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio.

Please send me entry blanks for your $20,000 Contest. I have been unable to secure them in my community.

Name _____

Address _____

(Continued from Page 194)

Across your cheek its quick resentful way;
You would have shot me with barbed words of scorn,
Turned on your heel and left me stabbed and torn.

And as I'd watch those light, disdainful feet
And see the hem of your white skirt fly out,
Mad blood would rush from up my rooted feet,
One thousand answers burst and roll about,
Knife-edged retorts, although no doubt too late,
Matching your venom with my caustic hate.

But now I'd give my highest hope of heaven
To see the light of battle in your eye,
And know to me the subtle strength was given
To loose those darts which strike when hearts beat high;
I cannot break today's cool courtesy;
I love you so; come flaming back to me!

—Maud Newlin Page.

Townsman

YOU shall find Beauty in the curve of a valley;
You shall hear a sea wind's anthem in the pines.
You shall stand silent, when a crescent moon shines,
Riding through the night like a silver galley.
At the shore's edge, you shall bend to the salt spray,
Thrill to the storm-tossed gannet's soaring,
Gladden to the gale-flung breakers roaring,
Lift your face to the blue and the cloud-gray.
Turn to the moors, and the hills, and the beaches,
Turf to your feet, and soft, damp mosses,
Or smooth, worn stones where the river crosses,
Or yielding sands where the high tide reaches.
Breathe of the cleanness of earth and water;
Sigh at your crowds, and your bricks and mortar.

—Raymond Ferrers Broad.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million Seven Hundred and Fifty Thousand Weekly)

IS fully protected by copyright and nothing that appears in it may be reprinted, either wholly or in part, without special permission. The use of our articles or quotations from them for advertising promotions and stock-selling schemes is never authorized.

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A REQUEST FOR CHANGE OF ADDRESS must reach us at least thirty days before the date of issue with which it is to take effect. Duplicate copies cannot be sent to replace those undelivered through failure to send such advance notice. With your new address be sure also to send us the old one, inclosing if possible your address label from a recent copy. Persons canceling their subscriptions will receive a proportionate refund.

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Publishers also of the *Ladies' Home Journal* (monthly), in U. S. or Canada 10c the copy, $1.00 the year, 2 years for $1.50, 3 years for $2.00; and of *The Country Gentleman* (monthly), in U. S. or Canada 5c the copy, 3 years for $1.00. Foreign prices on editorial or title page, or quoted on request.

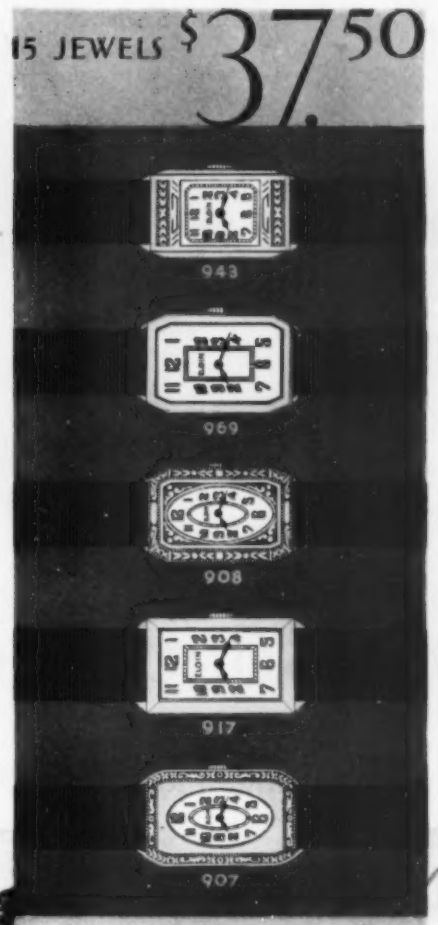
SLICING RUBIES AND SAPPHIRES
TWO OF NATURE'S HARDEST GEMS, INTO JEWELS
FOR THE NEW ELGIN WATCHES

Take the "Black Prince's" ruby now gleaming in the British Crown. Or the famous French Crown sapphire. Slice them into tiny discs of wafer thinness to protect the pivot points of your watch. Even then you would have no finer jeweling, no greater efficiency than these new beautiful 15-jeweled $37.50 Elgins bring to you.

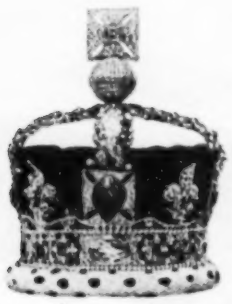
Rubies and sapphires . . . two of nature's hardest stones . . . are superbly cut and placed within these Elgins to keep accurate time for unnumbered years.

And now you can buy this jeweling, this timekeeping for $37.50 in the five new Elgins just introduced.

Flawless timekeeping sheathed in smartly-fashioned cases, the rigid Elgin guarantee, a new low price—a combination of qualities that place these new Elgins among the greatest watch values ever destined for your wrist.



4 other new models, 17 jewels . . . $47.50

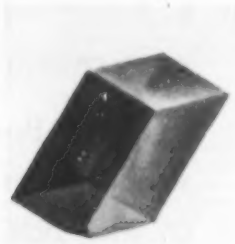


THE WORLD'S MOST FAMOUS RUBY

The "Black Prince's" ruby . . . now in the British Crown. Its value? . . . priceless! Taken by Pedro the Cruel of Castile from the Moorish chieftain Abu Said. And given by Pedro to the Black Prince for his aid in war. Later, in 1415, to be exact, this same ruby glowed in the helmet of Henry V in the battle of Agincourt. And so on through the English dynasty until this very day.

CHINESE COOLIES MINING IN CEYLON

Deep in gravel they dig with infinite Oriental patience, mining the sapphire . . . and years later you make your train, keep your appointments, arrive home in time for dinner, because your Elgin keeps correct time with sapphires guarding its moving points.



THE FAMOUS RUSPOLI SAPPHIRE

It's bluer than blue . . . bluer than seas and skies or my lady's eyes . . . one of the finest sapphires in the world. 132 karats . . . yet without a single flaw. Found in Bengal by a poor man, a peddler of wooden spoons, came into the hands of the Ruspoli family, was owned by a German prince, and, in 1791, became one of the French Crown jewels. Today rests in the Jardin des Plantes of Paris.

© ELGIN, 1930

43,040 HOUSEWIVES HELPED PERFECT IT

"...and a loaf of Bond Bread, please"

SOME housewives have a habit of saying "a loaf of bread" when ordering groceries. Others ask more particularly for "a loaf of your best bread."

Recently Bond Bakers prepared an attractive window sign which carries this message: "'A loaf of your best bread' means Bond in this store."

The latest count shows that more than 20,000 grocers in Bond Bread territory are now using this sign.

After all — *there is no bread like* Bond

The *home-like* loaf

Bond Bread *is delivered fresh from the oven each day to most grocers within 50 miles of these cities:*

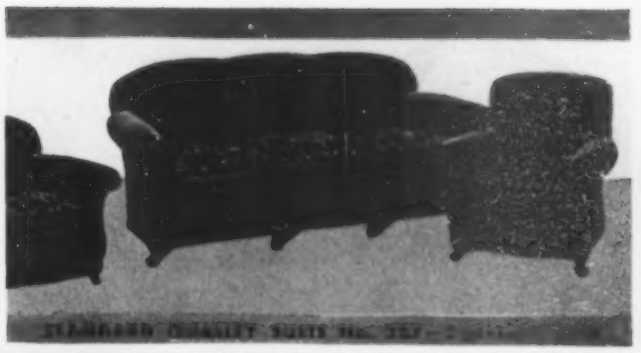
Albany, N. Y.	Brooklyn, N. Y.	Columbus, Ohio	Hutchinson, Kans.	Kansas City, Mo.	New Orleans, La.	Omaha, Neb.	Rochester, N. Y.	Syracuse, N. Y.	Waterbury, Conn.
Allentown, Pa.	Buffalo, N. Y.	Detroit, Mich.	Indianapolis, Ind.	Louisville, Ky.	New York City	Philadelphia, Pa.	St. Louis, Mo.	Toledo, Ohio	Wheeling, W. Va.
Baltimore, Md.	Canton, Ohio	Enid, Okla.	Jersey City, N. J.	Newark, N. J.	Norfolk, Va.	Providence, R. I.	Springfield, Mass.	Tulsa, Okla.	Wichita, Kans.
Boston, Mass.	Cleveland, Ohio	Hartford, Conn.	Kansas City, Kans.	New Haven, Conn.	Oklahoma City, Okla.	Reading, Pa.	Steubenville, Ohio	Washington, D. C.	Worcester, Mass.

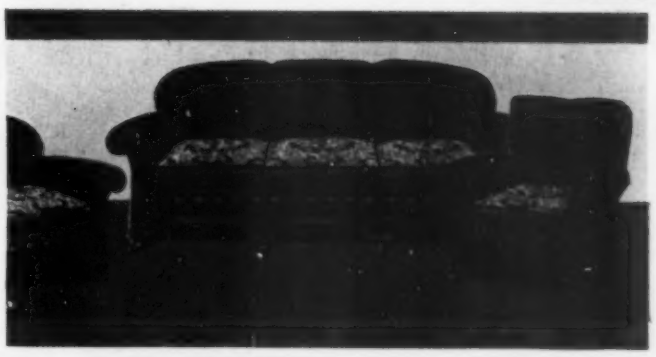
GENERAL BAKING COMPANY

© G. B. C., 1930

Choose your new living room suite from these KROEHLER super-values...

—the maximum of PROVED QUALITY at each price





No. 237—Typical two-piece suite from the Standard Quality group. Large sofa of serpentine design and extra deep cushioning. Smart button-back chair to match. Covered all around in rich taupe mohair with reversible cushions of colorful jacquard moquette. Same suite available in many other beautiful colors. Kroehler non-warping hardwood frame and patented Spring Steel Underconstruction. Davenport bed in place of sofa at small extra cost. The two pieces priced at only $150. Extra chair to harmonize, where three pieces are desired, $48.50 **$150**

No. 445—A super-value at the moderate price quoted. Large davenport and matching button-back chair. Smart-looking extended front design. All around covering of apricot mohair with harmonizing, colorful figured jacquard moquette on reversible cushions. Kroehler non-warping frame of finest hardwood. Patented Spring Steel Underconstruction. Davenport bed in place of sofa at slight extra cost. Two pieces, only $190. Extra matching chair to complete a three-piece suite where desired, $63 . . . . . **$190**

Prices slightly higher in Western Canada

CUSTOM-MADE SUITE No. 939—2 pieces—$230

ONLY six months ago your selection of living room furniture would have been made with much guesswork and uncertainty. But these new and amazing Kroehler Value Standards have completely revolutionized everything.

Here you have *three definite standards of value* —three definite *price groups*—each of which offers the maximum of proved quality, of beauty and of comfort at its price.

No matter from which of these three price groups you select your new living room suite, you are assured that each piece is *"quality"* built; with a non-warping, lifetime frame of finest hardwoods; with the patented Kroehler Spring Steel Underconstruction in place of common webbing. You know, too, that the most deeply hidden detail has been as conscientiously built as the parts you see. The Kroehler label guarantees these things, as thousands of people know.

Take advantage of this revolutionary development perfected in the great Kroehler factories. See these new and amazing Kroehler Super-Values at your nearest Kroehler dealer's store. He has many other models in each group; many beautiful fabrics, too, from which you may choose.

If you do not recall a nearby dealer who features Kroehler Living Room Furniture, *write us.* We will send you his name and address and a free copy of our booklet, "Enjoyable Living Rooms by Kroehler," without delay.

No. 939—*Kroehler's finest quality.* Luxurious sofa and button-back chair to match. Covered all around in rich, silver taupe mohair. Reversible cushions of jacquard moquette. Kroehler non-warping hardwood frame. Patented Spring Steel Underconstruction. Davenport bed in place of sofa at slightly higher cost. May also be had in a choice of many other attractive coverings. The two pieces, $230. Lounge chair No. 8956 in figured green tapestry, $75 . . . **$230**

Prices slightly higher in Western Canada

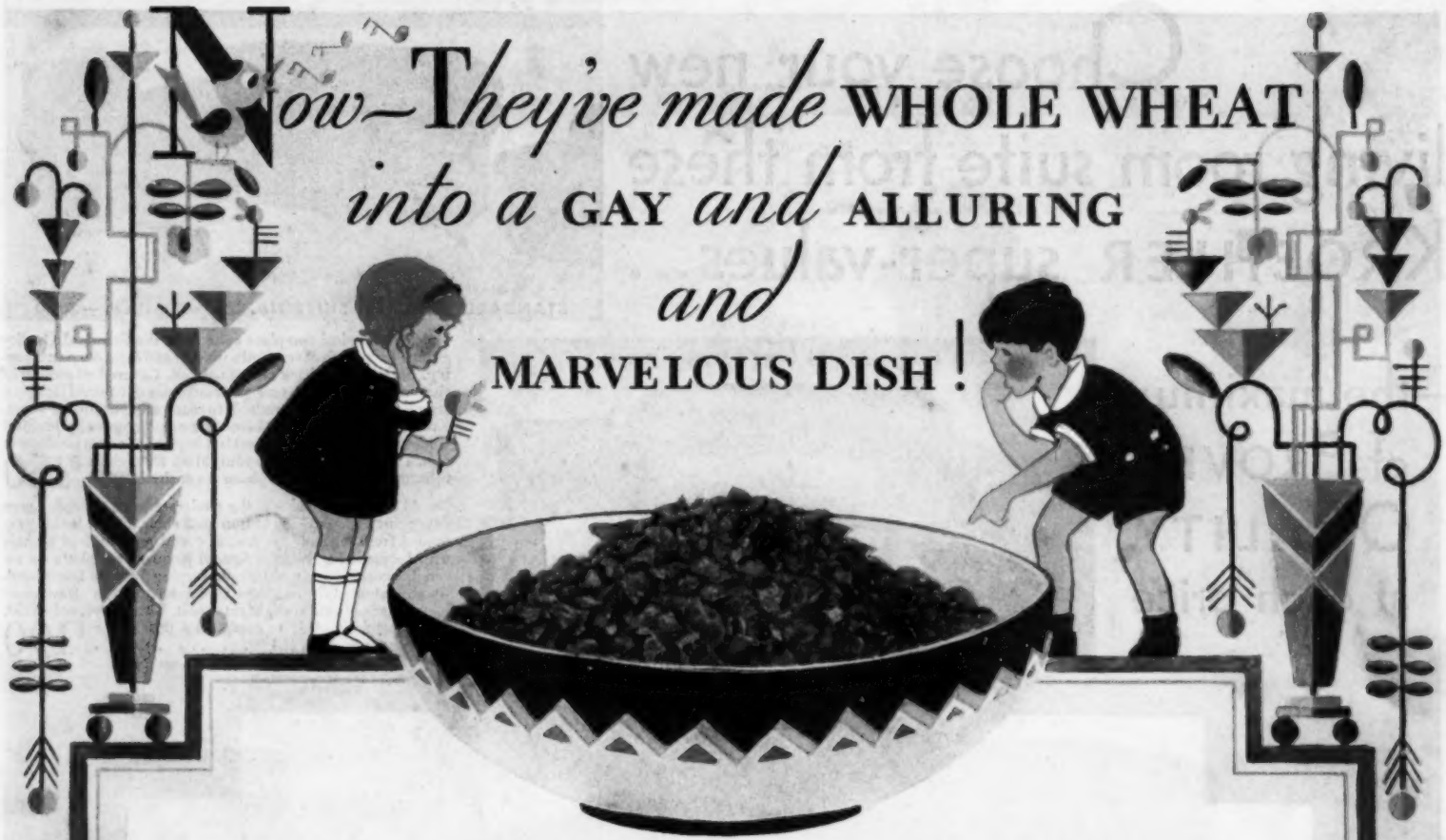
KROEHLER MFG. CO., CHICAGO, ILL.
or STRATFORD, CANADA

Factories at: Chicago, Ill.; Naperville, Ill.; Kankakee, Ill.; Bradley, Ill.; Dallas, Texas; Binghamton, N.Y.; Los Angeles, Calif.; San Francisco, Calif.; Cleveland, Ohio. *Canadian Factories:* Stratford, Ont., and Montreal, Que.

KROEHLER

LIVING ROOM FURNITURE & DAVENPORT BEDS

Now—They've made WHOLE WHEAT into a GAY and ALLURING and MARVELOUS DISH!



A New Form of Whole Wheat that Makes Children Adore It And Eat It.. *every day*

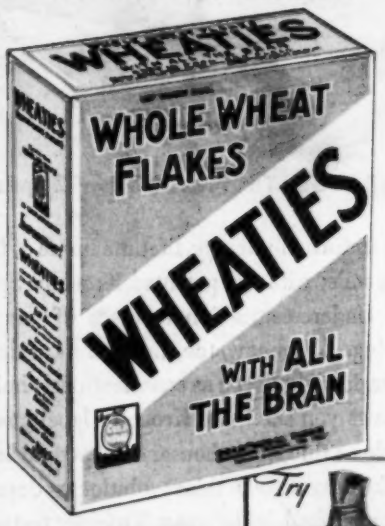
YOU can have whole wheat now in an *alluring* form. Whole wheat in flakes that crinkle and crunkle—that children will eat every day in the year, because they taste like whole wheat never tasted before!

The leading experts of the world in wheat products—the millers of Gold Medal "Kitchen-tested" Flour, the leading wheat flour of the world—have magically transformed whole wheat from merely a "necessary" food to a food that's delightful and marvelous and tempting...the crisp whole wheat flakes called Wheaties.

They've taken *nothing* out. The bran is there, the minerals are there, the carbohydrates, proteins, vitamines, all the elements that form the world-admitted *Staff of Life.*

They've expertly made sun-ripened whole wheat into a gloriously enticing dish...flaked it and crisped it till it's light as a snowflake, as gay as a French confection.

WHOLE WHEAT
with all the BRAN



LARGE **BOX**
15¢ *at all* GROCERS

You Pay But 5¢ More To Have It

It costs but 5¢ more than ordinary flake cereals. Wheat, as you know, is the most costly grain. It contains more real nourishment than other cheaper grains. Doctors recognize wheat as the most valued grain food in the human diet.

So for that extra 5¢ you pay, you get the best grain food of the world. A whole week's supply. Which makes the difference *nothing!*

Get today at your grocer's. "W-H-E-A-T-I-E-S"—Wheaties is the name. Try them—when you serve them you serve WHOLE WHEAT, in a new, appetizing form, instead of an ordinary cereal.

LISTEN IN GOLD MEDAL FAST FREIGHT
Every Wednesday Night at 8 P. M. Eastern Standard Time, 7 P. M. Central Standard Time, 10 P. M. Mountain Time and 9 P. M. Pacific Time. The Gold Medal Radio Organ—The Wheaties Quartet—Coast-to-Coast Over the Columbia System.

Try these WHEAT PRODUCTS *made by the Millers of* GOLD MEDAL "Kitchen-tested" FLOUR